

WESTERN THE HOME MONTHLY

JULY, 1912

PRICE 10c.



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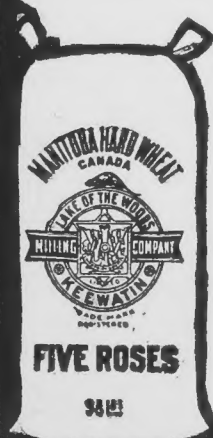
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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. XIII.

Published Monthly

No. 7.

By the Home Publishing Co., McDermot and Arthur Sts., Winnipeg, Canada.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is \$1 per annum to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

REMITTANCES of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more it would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

POSTAGE STAMPS will be received the same as cash or the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. We prefer those of the one cent or two cent denomination.

WE ALWAYS STOP THE PAPER at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for it another year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must state their former as well as new address.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month. WHEN YOU RENEW be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

A Chat With our Readers.

OFFICE SECRETS.

One of the most brilliant members of the editorial staff arose in conference some months ago and expressed the opinion that for August we could not do better than present our readers with a "Fiction Number."

Fiction, the youngest member said, is dear to the heart of woman. August, she said, is the month when people, especially woman, "want what they want."

Despite the slang, the youngest member received due consideration. It was deemed well to make The Western Home Monthly for August a number rich with the spirit of fiction—love and adventure of man and maid, and stories of good deeds done.

dress tag on the cover always shows to what date your subscription is paid, so that as a matter of fact, it is quite unnecessary for us to write and tell you when to renew. By taking an active interest in your subscription and promptly renewing when the time comes, you save us a great deal of trouble, and in addition insure for yourself uninterrupted receipt of the magazine. Some of our readers, who, on failing to renew, have been cut off our list, and have expressed surprise at our high-handed attitude. A magazine, however, should be paid for the same as anything else, and while some publishers are philanthropic enough to take long chances in this respect, we cannot, and only guarantee continuous receipt of

THE JULY NUMBER.

The publishers submit this issue of the Western Home Monthly to its readers with full confidence that it will please them. Every one of its 96 pages is crowded with interest and altogether the magazine appears in its best garb. Particular attention is drawn to the front cover where His Royal Highness The Duke of Connaught, the Governor General of Canada, occupies the position of honor. This portrait in five colors is published by special permission of His Highness who has cordially approved of it and complimented the publishers on the excellency of the work. It may be mentioned that every detail was executed by the artists and printers of the W.H.M. The question of Industrial Education so vital to the West is treated in a masterly article on page 3 by one of the leading Educationists of the West, and all other departments seem to excel their own good records, while there is a wealth of choice fiction and illustrations. Will our good friends—our subscribers—kindly show it to the other fellow.

Straightway a search was begun for such fiction as would make a worthwhile Fiction Number—stories serious and stories light; some that would please everybody and others that would please anybody. We believe you will like our August issue.

Summer is a very busy season for most of our readers, but even while in the midst of work preparatory to the harvest, many opportunities are afforded our friends of saying a good word for The Western Home Monthly. Some of your neighbors may be recent arrivals in the Great West and they would appreciate your courtesy in drawing their attention to a magazine which they could really enjoy reading. We obtain the greater part of our circulation through the recommendations of our readers and this is why we emphasize the importance of any little thoughtfulness which you may care to exercise on our behalf. This idea of getting subscribers for us is by no means a one-sided proposition. Every new subscriber means a step in the advancement of the magazine and those of our readers who have been on our mailing list for any length of time will readily concede that we are constantly adding new features and making The Western Home Monthly more and more attractive.

When you come to Winnipeg for the Fair don't forget to look us up and renew your subscription. The majority of our readers renew promptly, and it might be remarked that a renewal is the surest sign to the publisher that the periodical is appreciated. The ad-

The Western Home Monthly to those whose subscriptions are paid in advance.

It is no unusual thing for us to receive by a single mail, twenty or thirty letters, expressive of the gratification of our subscribers. We appreciate these kind missives and are especially well pleased with the knowledge that our readers really have the interests of the W.H.M. at heart. We are going to further encroach on your good nature and solicit your help to add to our circulation. As you are probably aware, The Western Home Monthly enters an enormous number of homes every month. Having regard to Western conditions, this is very gratifying, but we are not satisfied. We want an even bigger circulation and believe that you can be of material assistance to us in achieving this object. Suppose, for instance, that each of our present readers succeeded in getting us just one new subscriber—surely a very simple thing—our circulation would double—in other words our figures would jump to about 80,000. Suppose you try this. The majority of our readers live in well-settled districts and we believe that many of their friends and neighbors would gladly subscribe to The Western Home Monthly if they saw a copy so that we are not asking you to do any hard canvassing work for us—simply to show the magazine to your acquaintances. Again, you may have some friends in a distant part of the country who might be interested in our publication. Just send us their names and addresses and we will mail them sample copies.

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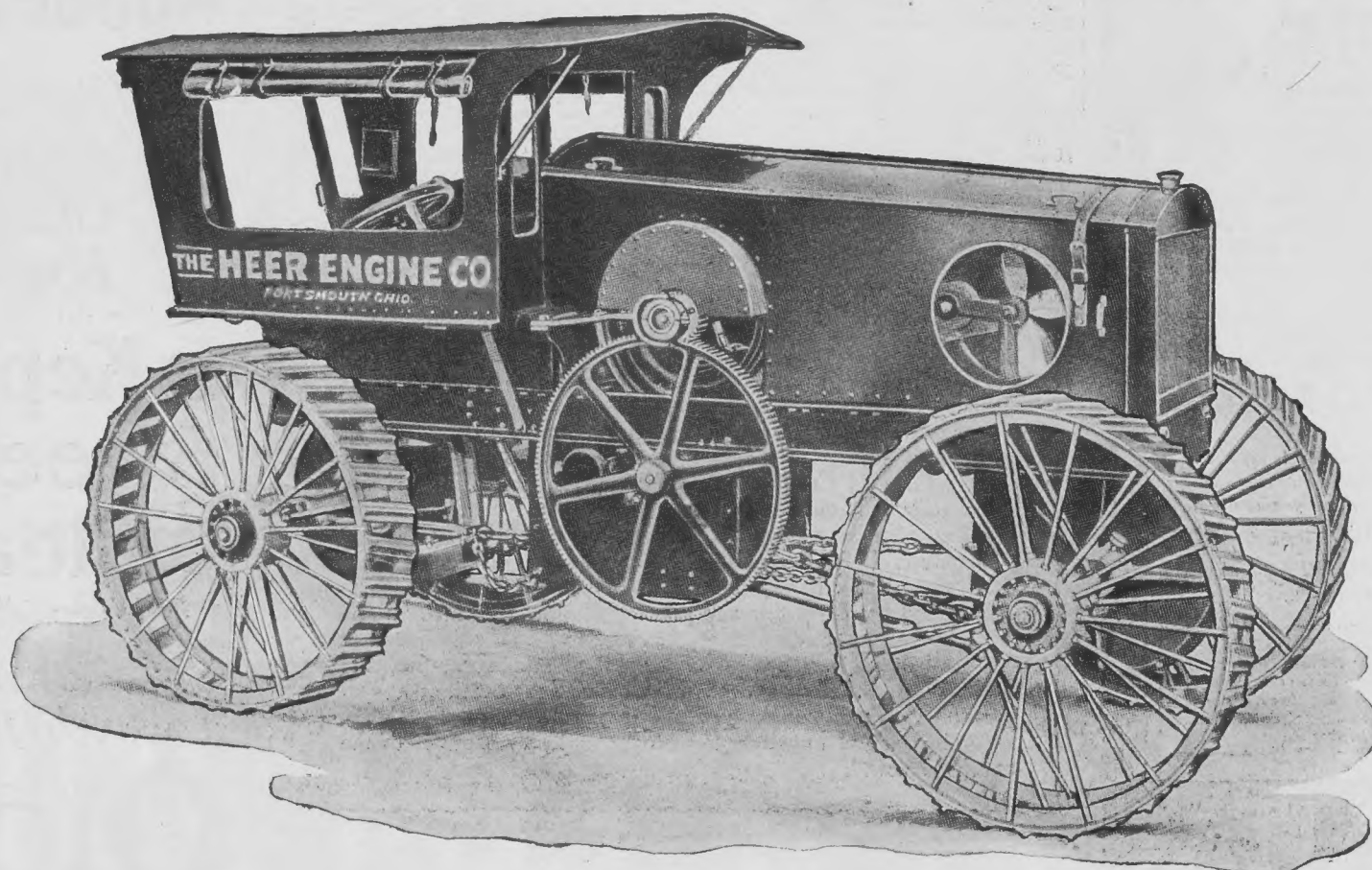
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Industrial Education.

By W. A. McIntyre, LL.D., Principal Normal School, Winnipeg.

AN UNSATISFACTORY CONDITION.

There are many things we cannot make in this country because nature has not supplied us with the raw materials. There are many things we cannot make because our people have not the skill and intelligence necessary to manufacture. We need not regret the first fact. We should deplore the second. Because of our inability to use our brains and our hands to the full we endeavor to get most of our wealth from the soil. We sell the natural products for a mere song. We buy back manufactured products for a fortune. Wheat brings less than two cents a pound. Imported biscuits which require skill in the making we buy at thirty cents a pound. We sell our soil wealth, and our hand labor; the foreign manufacturer sells his brains. We dispose of raw hides for a trifle and buy back shoes for a king's ransom. We ship our pig-iron and buy watch springs because we lack the skill to handle the raw products. Not occasionally but repeatedly there come into our shops from other lands those who lead in directing operations. They have the intelligence and the skill required. Our own boys and girls are but underlings—mere hewers of wood and drawers of water. Surely it is not right that such bargaining as ours should continue. Surely we should see to it that our own people shall hold their own with the world in the number and quality of manufactured articles. Of all the forms of waste in this land none is more pronounced than this, that we waste the opportunity of conserving our wealth. We sell in its raw form what we should sell as a finished product, and often because of ignorance we rob the land of its wealth by our methods of crop-production. Agricultural efficiency and industrial expansion we must have if we are to conserve our wealth. The key to the whole question is the development of intelligence, moral quality and skill in our young people. And the chief argument for aiming at such ends is not that we shall remain wealthy and build up our industries, but that we shall save our young people. Over fifty per cent. of the boys and girls in towns and cities drop out of school at or before fourteen years of age. Some of them do chores, some engage in low forms of industry, some enter the blind alleys, others suffer shipwreck. Is it not worth while considering how their manhood and womanhood might be preserved? Would it not be worth money and effort and outpouring of feeling if good, wholesome, serviceable life could be guaranteed for each member of the community, and if at the same time the wealth of the country could be conserved?

PROPOSED REMEDIES.

Roughly speaking, there are three ways of meeting the need. In the first place Secondary schools or High Schools may open industrial courses, courses in agriculture, courses in domestic economy. In the second place there may be evening classes—in the day schools or elsewhere—for those working in the industries. In the third place there may be part-time teaching either in school-rooms or in shops and stores for those actually engaged in daily work.

THE VOCATIONAL HIGH SCHOOL.

When a secondary school in a city or town opens courses directly leading to trades and occupations it becomes a vocational school. As such it may be of great value to a community and particularly to the young people who attend. To make provision for teaching all the vocations, and even the chief vocations of a community is not an easy matter. It costs money and it is difficult to secure instructors. They must be skilled workmen and have the gift of teaching. Two or three advantages pertain to a school of this kind. It is a good thing for a boy to see several trades taught side by side. He has an opportunity of judging among them and of selecting that which is most attractive. As things are now, most boys stumble into their occupation. In the next place, boys who learn their trade in a modern shop become narrow in their sympathies and in their range of work. They become little more than machines. For example, in making shoes there may be 450 distinct operations. In a properly organized vocational school their activity takes a wider range. Furthermore everything is done thoughtfully and one might say scientifically. The reason for operations is perceived at the time the operation is performed. For example, a carpenter's apprentice is told to lay shingles in a certain way. In a school he finds out both theoretically and practically why that is the best way. On a farm a boy is told to observe a certain rotation in crops. In the school he learns why this rotation is necessary.

THE DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY.

Yet it is evident there is something in the vocational school yet to be desired. It can reach only a few, for few are able to bear the expense in time and money. Then in the smaller towns few vocations can be prepared for and these in an imperfect way. More than this when young people are going to school all the time, even if it be a vocational school, they do not seem to be in touch with reality. They tend, not necessarily, however, to become theorists. The boy who learns his farming at the agricultural school somehow cannot always turn his knowledge to practical account. Indeed he frequently does not go back to the farm at all. And so it is in other callings. This very fact leads many to favor the continuation school rather than the vocational school. They say that a boy who is working at a trade will receive more instruction in an hour in all that pertains to his trade than a non-participant can possibly receive in a day.

THE TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL.

There is nevertheless a value in the study and practice of some industry in the secondary school even if it is never turned to practical account. A boy who uses his head and his hands in learning printing or blacksmithing or farming gets as much training from it as if he spent the same time on Latin. Indeed it seems to be pretty well agreed that every boy should have some practical hand-work as a part of his education. A boy must learn to use his mind in producing something by the use of his hands if he is to save himself as a boy. At least this is true of most boys, but this fact has been overlooked in the educational systems of the past.

Accepting it as containing a germ of truth, it is clear that if towns and cities are not able to open vocational schools to suit the needs of all the boys and girls from fourteen to sixteen, they can at least open courses in say printing, wood-work, iron-work, domestic science, sewing and dressmaking. Those who take the courses will receive education from following these courses even if they never put all their knowledge into practice. Further than that, they will be prepared for admission to many industries and for entrance into higher technical schools.

A QUESTION OF COST.

To operate technical or vocational high schools costs money. It is not difficult to secure the money if all the parties concerned join hands. In the first place the community may pay its share. Then the province can pay its part, and there is much to be said in favor of the argument that the federal government should give a grant to this form of education. It has just given a large sum to the various provinces for the development of agriculture and much of this will go to agricultural institutions. Most of it should go to that form of agricultural education which will reach the masses. In the same way a grant might well be made towards industrial schools and towards schools in which girls are prepared for household duties.

Of all the courses suggested for secondary school education, five or six stand out prominently—agriculture, wood-work, business methods, sewing, cooking, and the household arts. These branches should receive just as much prominence as algebra, geometry, ancient history and physical geography and they provide as much culture for the individuals who follow them. So the high school may come to mean a vastly different thing from what it was in the olden days. For purposes of education the schoolmaster and the trained workman must join hands. Even if the products of the school shops are sold for money to support the school it will be a gain rather than a loss. Nor will organized labor object to this since the producers are their own children and their progress is very dear to them.

THE EVENING SCHOOLS.

But the great mass of those who leave school at fourteen cannot take advantage of the technical or vocational high school. What can be done for them? The first solution is the evening school. Here instruction is given in the trade and in branches related to it, and all the general education the students will stand is added. For instance, a boy is in a printing office and is kept at press work all the

time. In the school he may get a command of other processes and other machines; he may learn about paper, inks, making out of estimates, keeping books, and may add to his knowledge of composition, science and literature. It is wonderful how much a student from 14 to 16 may learn in two years in an evening school. There are many institutions in Winnipeg and western cities where these evening schools could be established. They might lift the laborer from the rank of drudge to that of a skilled and intelligent workman. It is not strange that in many cities twice as many are to be found in the evening classes as in the regular day classes in the vocational high schools. Yet it will be agreed that evening classes are not ideal. They are an invasion of the rights of adolescence. Germany is probably right when it insists upon compulsory day education for all from 14 to 16 (soon it will be 18). The recent legislation in Ontario looks in the same direction. Of course it would be absurd to compel attendance at school from 14 to 16 if the school followed in the old lines. But if there is a practical twist given to things, if the education really suits the needs of the students and the community, then state control is more necessary than at any other period of life.

THE PART-TIME SCHOOL.

And so because the vocational or technical high school reaches only a few, and because evening classes have their dangers and can at best give but a very limited instruction, the minds of men have turned to the part-time scheme of instruction as the most likely solution of the problem that is being felt and struggled with in Germany, England and other European states, United States and Canada. This part-time scheme varies greatly in its operation. Where agriculture is studied the teacher takes his holiday in winter and the rest of the year he gives to superintending the work of his pupils who carry on "projects" on their home farms. In the early spring and fall more attention is given to work in the school, but during the practical season the teacher goes to his pupils, directing, inspiring and informing. In cities sometimes the boys put a week in the shop and then a week in the school; in other cases they give a few hours a week to the school. In other words part of the time of each boy and girl is given to shop and part to school. In Germany this part-time schooling is being treated seriously by the state. They expect that in ten years there will not be any untrained or uneducated adolescents in the country. On our side a little has been done by private effort and there is now a general movement in most of the states of the union and in nearly every province of the dominion. Industry, agriculture and life in the home must be rendered more efficient. Private effort is leading the way. Owners of canny factories noting the monotony and narrowness that followed the pursuit of this occupation, have opened classes in home economy and the girls are given an opportunity to attend without loss of pay. They learn how to sew, bake, make beds, decorate a room, choose furniture and wall paper, how to buy and how to economize. The result is that when they leave the factory they know many of the things that are demanded in the mother of a home. What an opportunity is open to employers of labor in Western Canada in this matter! Suppose the girls in a departmental store were given two hours a week for instruction in (1) the art of selling goods; (2) home economics; (3) literature and composition. How much better would their lives be!

So this matter of educating the youth of 14 to 16 and of 16 to 18 should begin with private effort. Employers must be the first to provide for themselves proper helpers and worthy successors. Then the community and the state, for the sake of the children and the industries, must give liberally to support day and evening schools for the same purpose. The great waste of time and habit in the idle two years must be no longer permitted. If ever compulsory education is warrantable it is just at this time.

There is not a point in all that has been said which does not require amplification and which is not open to question. If people will only recognize the seriousness of the situation, both as regards the youth and the industries, a beginning will be made, and no one can foresee the end. As yet we are in the experimental stage. Slowly and steadily the principles of procedure will be set forth. Let our own people be among the first to "follow the gleam."

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The Game by Wire.

By Arthur Stanwood Pier.



If you have any explanation to offer, you may make it to me on the dock."

So the angry letter concluded; and in consequence John Stanley journeyed for two days eastward. He had several consoling thoughts; one was that, however the affair was adjusted, he might now see the Yale-Harvard football game at New Haven.

He arrived in Boston on Wednesday evening; Mr. Prentice's steamer was due on Thursday. Now, although Stanley came from the West and was a Yale man, he knew his way round Boston; and after dining he betook himself up Beacon Street to Mr. Prentice's house. While he waited in the hall he heard from above Lucy Prentice's clear voice reading aloud as follows: "At left end is Prentice, who though new to 'Varsity football this year, and opposed by perhaps the strongest player in the Yale line, is expected to give a good account of himself. His speed in getting down under kicks and his—"

The reading ceased; a moment later John Stanley was ascending the stairs to the library. There, standing by a table expectantly, was Lucy Prentice alone; she came forward with a little start of nervous eagerness, with a jubilant welcome shining in her face.

"John Stanley! I had no idea you were in town! How splendid! Mamma's so sorry not to see you, but she's not very well—I was reading to her."

"About young Prentice—yes, I heard you."

"About him and the man that plays opposite him. Tell me—what does your brother say? You'll go down to the game with us—we have a special car. It will be full of Harvard people; and it will be perfectly fine to have one lone Eli. We will all have such fun jollying you."

"Except on the trip back," observed Stanley. "Then it will be my turn."

She scoffed at the confidence of Yale men; he listened without resentment. In that yellow dress, with her dark beauty, she was quite enrapturing; and he enjoyed her prattle. He had made a note of her nervous, eager start toward him. Perhaps it was one of the little tricks that made her so popular with men; but perhaps it had in this instance a special genuineness. Her talk flowed on, easily, happily.

"And isn't it funny," she was saying "to think that my Tom doesn't know your Ted at all!"

"They will know each other pretty well after Saturday," he answered.

"Does your Ted slug?"

"Does your Tom hold in the line?"

"Oh, you must—you must come with us in our car!" she exclaimed. "I so want to exhibit you to my Harvard friends."

"As a—as a possession?" he ventured.

"As my dearest enemy," she answered.

"Well—even that tempts me. But I'm not sure."

"Why not?"

"Oh, business may prevent. I'm in Boston on business."

"Paving business?"

"Yes."

"Then it's all right. Father wouldn't miss this game for anything; and he wouldn't have you miss it."

"When will his steamer get in tomorrow?"

"Not till late in the afternoon—and perhaps not until Friday morning. They've had fog and a rough passage."

"A combination which is likely to make one irritable," said Stanley meditatively.

"Oh! Then things haven't been going well?"

"Not very," he admitted.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" She looked at him with such compassion that he exclaimed:

"I—of course I wanted to make good in this job especially; it's rather a disappointment. But however it comes

out, I'm not beaten; I'm really not, you know. I want you to understand that."

"Not yet, of course—not till Saturday," she answered lightly. "And Saturday we'll count on you in our special car."

"I'd rather leave it open until I've talked with your father. To be frank—he may prefer not to see me in your special car."

"Dear me!" she sighed. But she did not press him for any further confidences. She returned to the subject, however, late in the evening when he was taking his departure.

"If it's such a deadly feud, perhaps we'll never meet again—unless you come to luncheon to-morrow. Mamma would be sorry to miss you entirely."

So he came to luncheon the next day. It was blowing a gale; resort to the telephone elicited from the Cunard office the information that the Bohemia would not arrive before Friday night; a wireless to the station on Cape Cod had announced some mishap to her engines.

"Well," said Lucy Prentice, "father is making pretty close connections."

"Oh, I hope," cried Mrs. Prentice, "that nothing more will happen to detain him! This is Tom's last year at Harvard, Mr. Stanley, and Mr. Prentice regards Tom's playing in this Yale game as the greatest event of his own life; he wouldn't miss it for worlds. And I don't know how I could endure it myself if Mr. Prentice could not be there; it makes me faint whenever I think of it."

"You will have my strong shoulder to lean on," said Lucy. "But the old boat will get in on time; don't worry."

When late in the afternoon he was taking his leave, John Stanley suggested to Lucy that, as they might never see each other again after Friday, they celebrate this possibly last evening by going to the theatre. He generously included Mrs. Prentice in the invitation. Lucy thought nothing could be more agreeable. Mrs. Prentice decided that she did not care to go; but that Lucy was old enough to go alone with a young man if she chose to. And she suggested that Mr. Stanley come to dinner.

When at the end of a cheerful little play they emerged from the theatre rain was falling. Therefore, during the drive home they discussed not the play but the weather probabilities for Saturday, and the comparative merits of the two teams on wet grounds. When they reached the house Stanley accepted an invitation to come in for supper. He was led into talking about Western cities as places to live in. He believed that every woman ought to live for a while in a Western city. "Rather than Boston?" Lucy suggested doubtfully. "Oh! distinctly rather than Boston." She looked as if—though his convictions were different from hers—she liked to have him so emphatic.

Into his leave-taking he infused a note of melancholy. "We'll probably meet to-morrow night on the dock," she reminded him. "And if not there—Saturday in our special car." He admitted the possibilities, but indicated his preference for a touching farewell, in case—He left it vague.

It rained all night; all Friday until three o'clock in the afternoon—a steady, still, warm rain. Then the rain ceased in a drizzle, and a fog steamed up from the earth and met another fog shutting down from the sky.

Stanley had tried to spend a profitable morning. He had visited the Art Museum and the Public Library, and, finally, Harvard College. At this institution, however, instead of inspecting in a reverent spirit the glass flowers and other improving objects, he sought out certain undergraduates and—like a typical Yale man—goaded them into betting on their team. At two o'clock he returned to Boston, through the weltering fog. From the Touraine he telephoned to the Cunard wharf; yes, the Bohemia had arrived at noon off Boston Light and had anchored to await high tide—which would be at six o'clock.

But if the fog did not lift before seven o'clock she would not dock until Saturday morning.

With sudden concern Stanley left the telephone booth and gazed out of the window. The fog was thicker than ever; the lights in the windows across the street made a golden blur, revealing nothing; cabs and wagons emerged suddenly from nothingness, and were as suddenly consumed by mist. Stanley returned to the telephone. Miss Prentice was at home; Miss Prentice, in fact, answered his call.

Yes, she had telephoned to the wharf; wasn't it disgusting? Of course the fog wouldn't lift. She felt awfully sorry for her father; he had sailed especially to see Tom play. And her mother was almost prostrated with sympathy and disappointment. "But there's one good thing, any way," she added. "Now you can join us in our special car."

"Oh, but I'm worse off than ever," said Stanley. "Your father told me to meet him on the dock."

"Don't be any silly Casabianca," urged Lucy. "You'll see him to-morrow night—and that will do just as well as the morning."

"But it won't. I must get back and bid on some contracts Monday. And I can just do it by leaving New York to-morrow night; I couldn't do it by leaving Boston."

"Dear me! Well — if papa's ship doesn't get in, why don't you come round to dinner this evening and cheer us up?"

"Delighted—especially as it may be the last chance I shall ever have—"

"Oh, yes. We must never forget that. We'll expect you at seven — if papa's ship doesn't come in."

The Bohemia did not dock that night. And again it was after midnight when John Stanley left the Prentices' house. He bore affectionate messages from wife and daughter for the husband and father; he had Mr. Prentice's ticket for the football game in his pocket, for the chance still remained that the boat might dock early enough in the morning to permit an enthusiastic parent to catch a train for New Haven.

Stanley rose at five; by six he was at the dock. The fog had not yet lifted; the minutes and hours slipped by; and at last Stanley gave up hope. Then suddenly at ten minutes past nine the harbor and its islands emerged and soon lay clear and shining, and the Bohemia was steaming up from quarantine.

Mr. Prentice was the first passenger off the boat. He ran into the customs room; Stanley pursued him.

"If you're lucky, you can just get the ten o'clock," Stanley said, trotting up by his side. "The last special left at nine. Here's your ticket to the game."

"Thanks." Mr. Prentice glanced at Stanley and seized the ticket. "I've fixed it with the inspector — passed through without my trunks." He went down the steps three at a time, with Stanley at his heels. "South Terminal," he said to a cabman. "Five dollars extra if I catch the ten o'clock."

Stanley climbed in beside his chief, and the cabman started the horse on a run.

"So you're going, too?" said Mr. Prentice.

"Yes. It's the only chance I'll have to explain to you. I must leave New York to-night if I'm to put in a bid on those Fryeville contracts."

"Oh, very well. Twelve minutes to ten. We'll never do it."

"Just a chance," said Stanley. "If we do make it—and the train's on time — we'll miss only the first twenty minutes of the game."

They swept down to the East Boston ferry just to see the gates closed—just to see the ferry-boat slide out from the slip.

"Damn!" said Mr. Prentice. "That does us." He took off his hat and thumped the brim of it angrily upon his knee. "I have a son playing in that game to-day; I've come all the way from Europe to see him play."

"It's hard luck," said Stanley. He made no allusion to his own disappointment. "But we may get the train after all—if it's late in starting."

They reached the station at ten minutes past ten; the train had gone. "You can take me back to the dock," Mr. Prentice said to the driver. "After

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I have got my luggage through the customs, I will see you, Mr. Stanley, at my office."

"It might be better," said Stanley, "if you would let me talk with you now. For about those contracts—I ought to leave this afternoon if we're to bid for them. I could explain matters to you, Mr. Prentice, while we're driving back."

"Oh, very well; if it's as easy as all that."

Stanley flushed.

"I understood," he said, "when I was made Superintendent of the Tristate Section, that I was to get the business—that this was more important, to begin with, than to show profits."

"But it was never intimated to you that you were to sacrifice profits—to undertake heedless, reckless, extravagant contracts. You were to get

all the business possible regardless of profits—but not regardless of loss."

"With two competing companies against us, I did the closest figuring I could," Stanley replied. "If we had had normally good luck, we'd have come out about even. But after getting the contract, we were delayed in our work by two weeks of rain, and by having to wait for sand shipments. Because of these delays we ran behind—but it wasn't because I had been reckless in my figuring."

"That may all be true—but it's your business, when you find unexpected expense developing in one direction, to economize in another—and bring the company through without loss. You've had charge of three big jobs since you were made superintendent; every one of them has stood us a big loss. I don't

deny that there's been some hard luck about it—but what I want—what I mean to have—is a superintendent with ingenuity enough to cope with hard luck."

"You mean by—evading the specifications?"

"I mean nothing in particular. I do not inquire into the methods by which ingenuity is applied—but what I want, what I must have, is ingenuity—resourcefulness—and you haven't it. I happen to know that the superintendent of the Etna Company has made big profits for his concern under conditions similar to yours."

"Yes," said Stanley. "He scamped on the concrete and filled up with sand and gravel beyond what the terms of the contract called for. His work will need to be done over again within a year. I



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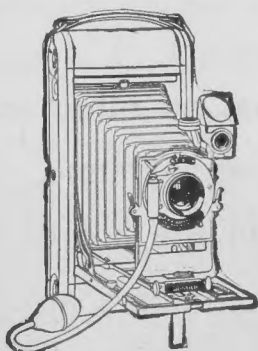
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don't know any other way of coming out even when bids are low and luck is against you, Mr. Prentice."

"I don't know what ways there may be, and I don't care to know," replied Mr. Prentice irascibly. "But as long as they exist and there are men of ingenuity who can operate our plant at a profit instead of at a loss, my company will avail itself of those men."

"I only do honest work," said Stanley.

"Young man, that observation is offensive. If the only resources open to your ingenuity are dishonest, don't arrogate to yourself all the ingenuity there is in the paving business. Other men may accomplish better results than you by methods that are perfectly legitimate. Since your feeling is what it is, perhaps you feel that you had better separate yourself from the service of the company."

"Perhaps I had." Stanley drew out of his pocket some papers. "I left everything in good shape; Holmes understands all about the matters in the office. I've drawn up a statement for

where. He had sacrificed, all for nothing, his chance of going to the game with Lucy—of seeing the game. And it was the last year that Ted would ever play; and next to his mother and Lucy he admired Ted more than anyone in the world; if he had had nothing else to consider, he would have spent his last cent to see Ted play. And Ted would think he was there, and would be looking for him in the stand, and after the game.

On the ferry-boat John Stanley leaned with both elbows on the rail and stared down into the water with a woe-begone face.

* * * * *

Mr. Prentice's irritation grew. In his painstaking fashion, he had made out a complete inventory of his purchases abroad and handed it to the customs officer with his declaration. It was a modest list, reaching a total, as he had laboriously computed, of \$347.53. With this in hand the inspector was going methodically through all Mr. Prentice's possessions. Meanwhile, Mr. Prentice



H.R.H. The Duchess of Connaught.

you of the situation; here it is. And here are all the data that will be needed in bidding for the Fryville contracts."

Mr. Prentice took the papers and thrust them into his pocket.

"I wish you success, Mr. Stanley, in your next venture."

"Thank you," Stanley called to the driver, and the cab stopped. "Good-by, sir."

"Good-by."

Stanley alighted, touched his hat, and walked away.

He had kept control of himself; now, however, his lips tightened angrily, and he walked on without noticing where his steps were leading him. He had foreseen that this outcome was possible, and had calmly prepared for it; the accurate notes which he had turned over to Mr. Prentice had been made for this very contingency. Yet all the while he had never really believed it could happen. Dismissed because he would not be dishonest! "It's the only way of looking at it—the only way," he insisted to himself as he hurried blindly along. And to think that Mr. Prentice was that kind of man!

There wasn't a gleam of light any-

sat on a trunk and watched him with a hard, disgusted eye. "Young man," he barked suddenly, so that the inspector spun about startled, "you're the second person to-day that's taken me for a crook."

"Oh, no, sir," the inspector replied. "Only it often happens that the persons who hand in itemized lists are the very ones that are hoping to conceal things of value and—well, I haven't had much to do this morning—"

"It must be a fascinating recreation," observed Mr. Prentice. "I have handed in my statement and taken my oath that it is correct, but there is no reason for you to believe that I am animated by fear of God, reverence for truth, respect for law, or any feeling of patriotism whatever. As I say, you are the second person to-day who has taken me for a crook."

The inspector flushed angrily. Then, after a brief survey of Mr. Prentice's face, his indignation disappeared in a grin.

"If you looked any different from what you do and talked like that," he said, "I'd think you were a crook, sure. But I guess I have some sense. I won't annoy you any more."



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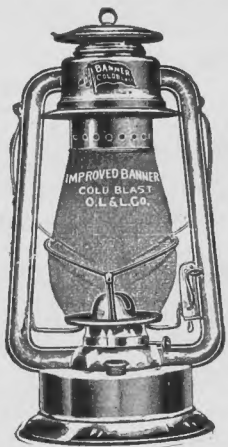
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He closed the trunk and affixed his stamp to the label.

"This way, sir; and they'll figure out the duty."

Mr. Prentice followed him to the assessor's window, paid the fifty-three dollars demanded, and then turned to the inspector.

"I lost my temper; I'm obliged to you for your courtesy," he said. "I like men that can see straight when they're mad. I can't do it myself."

He swung round and marched away.

Yes; that was the trouble with young Stanley—he couldn't see straight when he was mad. If he had had a grain of common sense he'd have known better than to take a few peevish and perverse utterances so literally. Driving home, Mr. Prentice began to heap reproaches upon himself, however, rather than upon Stanley. He had been irritated by Stanley's poor showing as superintend-

ferent rooms and renewing in this desultory way the feeling of being at home again. Then he went to his office, where he was reminded of the Fryeville contract and the necessity of telegraphing instructions to Holmes. He remembered the papers which Stanley had given him; they proved to be the complete statement of the Fryeville specifications and requirements, the complete figuring to meet them—figuring which, as Mr. Prentice, after long study, recognized, was of the closest, most expert kind.

Mr. Prentice despatched a long telegram to Holmes, the assistant superintendent of the Tristate Paving Company. In it he incorporated all the items which Stanley had left with him, and gave orders to bid for the Fryeville contract. He added that Stanley's return was delayed for a few days.

Then he began telephoning round to the hotels. He learned that John Stan-



H.R.H. Princess Patricia of Connaught, daughter of the Governor General of Canada.

dent, and had thought a good scare and scolding would be beneficial. But he had meant to turn a mild, indulgent ear to the young man after Stanley had been sufficiently cowed. Instead, he had let himself be cornered unpleasantly, and then, with the devil of wrong-headedness and pride in command, he had been unable to extricate himself from a false position. And the poor young thing felt he had been dismissed because he wouldn't stoop to dishonesty. It would have been ludicrous had it not been so annoying, so unjust. That upon which Mr. Prentice prided himself was his integrity in all business dealings.

"I suppose I'll have to get hold of that young man again and smooth things out," he grumbled to himself. "Confound it, I don't know where he's stopping—or where he'll go when he leaves Boston!"

At home Mr. Prentice found affectionate, commiserating notes from his wife and daughter—a pathetic welcome for the returned traveller. He wandered about the house, poking into the dif-

ferent rooms and renewing in this desultory way the feeling of being at home again. Then he went to his office, where he was reminded of the Fryeville contract and the necessity of telegraphing instructions to Holmes. He remembered the papers which Stanley had given him; they proved to be the complete statement of the Fryeville specifications and requirements, the complete figuring to meet them—figuring which, as Mr. Prentice, after long study, recognized, was of the closest, most expert kind.

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Stanley had gone to the station, meaning to take the first train for New Haven. He could not see the game, but he would at least be on hand to share his brother's rejoicing or sorrow—shake his hand or hold it. Then it occurred to him that if he took this train he would get no news of the game until it was over. And he remembered reading in the morning newspaper that the plays were to be reproduced by wire at Mechanics Hall. So he decided to wait over for the returns; he could still get to New Haven in time for any jollification.

The game was to begin at two; at a quarter before the hour Stanley entered Mechanics Hall.

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agement. The roof displayed a red, white, and blue vertebrate appearance; one long, broad streamer of tri-colored bunting extended like a backbone down the middle of the roof and threw out on either side ribs of similar material. Also bunting framed the three pictures at the back of the stage—pictures of "The Boston Tea Party," "Eliza Escaping Over the Ice," and "John Eliot Preaching to the Indians." At the front of the stage was the apparatus for recording the progress of the game—a blackboard marked out like a football field, with an imitation football suspended over it by a wire along which it could be moved at will. A telegraph operator was busy with his instrument, and near him stood a large man in a frock-coat. The front half of the auditorium was closely filled with people; there was a sprinkling farther back and in the gallery, and the crowd was flowing in faster and faster and spreading over the floor. Stanley secured a seat near the aisle. He looked round. People were standing up beckoning to friends, pretty girls were nodding and smiling across distant spaces, middle aged and elderly gentlemen and small schoolboys filed down the aisles and off right and left to seats; also many persons whose academic associations were obviously remote, whose cigars pointed at angles from their mouths, and whose hats were canted at angles on their

mutilated cheer was an unshaven, red-nosed person with an Irish mouth, a soiled collar, and a debilitated silk hat. With him a coterie of younger but equally unattractive "sports" stamped and whistled their jubilation. Stanley surveyed them with disgust. In New Haven it had always seemed perfectly reasonable for the muckers to cheer for Harvard; it was offensive to find that in Boston the muckers cheered for Yale.

Then he caught sight of Mr. Prentice advancing down the aisle, casting about for a seat. And instantly he faced round toward the stage.

Someone, he was aware, passed in and took a seat behind him.

"The two captains are talking with the referee. The referee flips a coin."

There was a moment's silence, during which the announcer bent over the telegraph operator. Then he straightened up.

"The two elevens are going to their places. It is Yale's ball."

Stanley had an instant mental picture of his brother Ted, out on the right end of the line, left foot advanced, bending forward on tiptoe for the start; Stanley's hands were cold with excitement, and he felt the nervous tremor that he used to feel at this moment when he was actually present at the play.

"Thompson kicks for Yale to Harvard's fifteen-yard line; Williams

STRENGTH.

Who is the strong? Not he who puts to test
His sinews with the strong and proves the best;
But he who dwells where weaklings congregate,
And never lets his splendid strength abate.

Who is the good? Not he who walks each day
With moral men along the high, clean way;
But he who jostles gilded sin and shame,
Yet will not sell his honor or his name.

Who is wise? Not he from the start
With Wisdom's followers has taken part;
But he who looks in Folly's tempting eyes
And turns away, perceiving her disguise.

Who is serene? Not he who flees his kind,
Some mountain fastness or some cave to find;
But he who in the city's noisiest scene
Keeps calm within—he only is serene.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

heads. Among them all Stanley saw no familiar face.

The large man in the frock-coat, who had been bending over the telegraph operator, advanced to the edge of the platform.

"There is no wind," he proclaimed in a truly stentorian voice.

This momentous announcement was received with applause. Stanley began to feel excited—he began to feel very much as if he were actually in the New Haven stand waiting for the game to begin.

The man in the frock-coat advanced again.

"The Harvard team has just trotted on the field."

There was then great applause—clapping of hands and an inarticulate loud bawl from the middle-aged and elderly gentlemen, the small schoolboys and the pretty girls.

Stanley felt that his part this afternoon would indeed be lonely and conspicuous.

"The Yale eleven has just trotted on the field."

"A-ay!" shouted Stanley, clapping his hands; but to his surprise he was not alone in this demonstration—there were noisy outbreaks in different parts of the hall. "Brek-ek, Koax, Yale. Siss boom oh, rah, Yale!" shouted some one behind him. Stanley turned and saw with indignation that the deliverer of this

catches and runs the ball back to Harvard's thirty-five yard line."

The announcer's assistant pulled a string and the ball hopped to position. "Hinchman gains two yards through centre."

"Williams tries Yale's right end, but is thrown by Stanley for a loss of three yards."

"A-ay!" shrieked Stanley, beating his hands together.

"Well, well, well!" shouted triumphantly one of the Yale sympathizers in the rear. The tone was so offensive that Stanley turned his head—and saw Mr. Prentice in the row behind, smiling at him.

Mr. Prentice leaned forward. "We cheer for opposite sides."

"Yes," said Stanley. He again faced round to the stage.

"Hammond drops back to kick."

"Hammond kicks to Baird on Yale's thirty-yard line, and Baird is tackled by Prentice and thrown in his tracks."

Harvard cheered; Mr. Prentice let out a great bellow and pounded on the floor with his cane. He leaned forward and said to Stanley in a jubilant voice, just as if they were friends, "That's my boy."

Stanley nodded. "I've heard he's good."

"Morris tries Harvard's centre, but does not gain an inch."

Again there was applause from Har-

vard. "Should have tried right end," Stanley muttered.

There was silence, during which the click of the instrument was audible even to those in the middle of the hall. The announcer, who had been bending over the operator, straightened up.

"With Stanley blocking off for him beautifully, Mercer circles Prentice for fifteen yards"

"A-ay!" shouted Stanley, and elsewhere there rose small cheers. And when these had subsided one of the pseudo-Yale contingent in the background ejaculated, with loud, insolent satisfaction: "Well, well, well! How about it?"

Mr. Prentice leaned forward again.

"I don't like your man, Stanley," he said good-naturedly. "I wish he'd leave my boy alone. Any relation of yours?"

"Brother."

"What! And you're not there to see him! Why—why didn't you go?"

"Oh," Stanley said rather bitterly, "the reasons are no longer important."

The remark seemed to have effectively silenced Mr. Prentice.

The next reports recorded small but steady Yale gains. By assaults upon Harvard tackles, which won two or three yards invariably, Yale progressed to Harvard's forty-yard line. Here the Harvard defence stiffened, and on two downs Yale had still five yards to gain.

Then there was a long wait.

"They're slow in sending," murmured the schoolboy who sat with his father next to Stanley, and who had been cheering for Harvard on the slightest provocation.

The announcer advanced portentously. "With magnificent interference by Stanley, Mercer circles Prentice. He is pulled down by Hall on Harvard's ten-yard line."

The massive, disapproving silence seemed to emphasize the sparse, vigorous applause. Stanley was clapping his hands, bouncing round in his seat, and yelling.

"Well, well, well! What's going to happen?" came the derisive inquiry from one of the Yale sympathizers.

"Brek-ek Koax; Siss boom, rah, Yale!" bawled the red-nosed Irish-looking person.

"Watch for a touchdown round Prentice!" cried another.

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From the movement behind him, Stanley imagined that Mr. Prentice had turned to glower indignantly at the author of this suggestion—and Stanley chuckled. "That's the place, though," he said to himself. "Mercer and Ted can do the trick."

Then the announcer flung up his hand in excitement and shouted:

"Yale fumbles!" The crowd sprang up with a yell. The announcer implored silence, stretching out his hands, and the noise quieted. "The ball rolls out from a scrimmage; little Prentice is Johnny on the spot, and starts with a clear field for a touchdown." Then the tumult broke loose again; they were all on their feet, shrieking, flourishing hats; all but Stanley and a few half-hidden figures here and there; the announcer still stood smiling. And when the shouting had subsided again, "He is overhauled by Stanley on Yale's eight-yard line."

With a final joyous clapping the audience resumed their seats. The schoolboy beside Stanley turned round. "Well, well, well! What's going to happen!" he cried viciously at the Yale enthusiasts.

"Sh-h, Jack! Don't be cheap!" his father rebuked him.

It gave Stanley an excuse for looking round; disappointed as he was, he had somehow a desire to see Mr. Prentice at that moment. He caught Mr. Prentice in the act of wiping his eyes with his handkerchief.

The Harvard centre was stronger than the Yale centre; and in three more plays Harvard crowded across the line for a touchdown. The auditorium resounded with the cheers; presently these were diverted into a great chorus as the crowd swung into the song,

"Glory, glory, glory to the Crimson,
For this is Harvard's Day."

And Stanley muttered to himself, "It is certainly not much of a day for the Stanley brothers."

Soon it was announced that there was just three minutes of the first half left to play. The ball had wavered back and forth above the middle of the blackboard, and had come to rest on Harvard's fifty-yard line—in Yale's possession. The crowd had settled back into comfortable assurance.

After a pause the announcer paced forward with great deliberation. There was something solemn in his manner.

"Yale had executed a trick play," he spoke with reluctance; he hesitated, and the crowd hung upon his fateful, carefully spaced words. "Burke passes the ball to Stanley, and from nearly the middle of the field, with the whole Yale team interfering for him, Stanley carries it over Harvard's line for a touchdown."

Stanley leaped to his feet; and while the supporters behind him were yapping out taunts and jeers at Harvard, he swung his arms as if he was leading a multitude, and cried out all alone the real Yale cheer. The Harvard people turned to look; some of them smiled at him a little wistfully, and because he was so clearly a Yale man they clapped him when he sat down.

"Why don't you cheer for Stanley?" asked the schoolboy next to him in a resentful voice. "He's the whole Yale team."

"I'm cheering for him, all right," said Stanley with a grin. He felt someone nudging him from behind. He turned; Mr. Prentice put his hand over his shoulder.

"That run of your brother's," said Mr. Prentice. "It's got my boy—but it must have been a corker. Shake."

Then Stanley put out his hand.

The schoolboy had been taking this in with open eyes.

"Are you Stanley's brother?" he asked.

"Yes," Stanley laughed. "And that gentleman that I just shook hands with is Prentice's father."

The boy glanced behind him and then at Stanley again with puzzled but respectful interest.

The half ended with the score six to six.

"Mr. Stanley"—Mr. Prentice leaning forward spoke in a low voice—"I tried to reach you by telephone an hour ago. Will you allow me a few minutes?"

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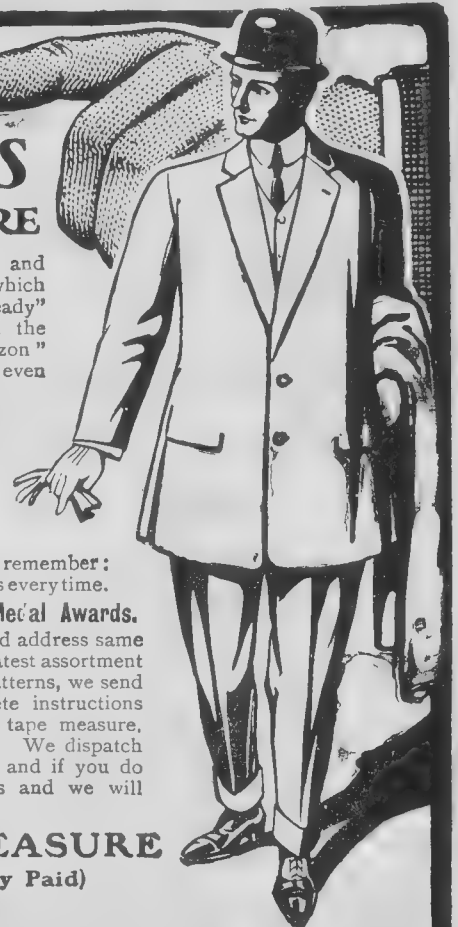
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talk with you after the game?"

"Of course—if you wish it." Stanley's mood had altogether changed; he was feeling friendly now with all the world.

Mr. Prentice sat forward and asked him about his brother, and how old Ted was and how heavy and where he had learned to play; and also he told Stanley about his boy Tom. And as the immediate neighbors began to understand that the father and the brother of two opposing players were discussing their heroes together, the group gathered near them in the aisle and listened curiously.

The intermission came to an end; the wanderers returned to their seats. For the first ten minutes the reports showed that both teams were playing on the defensive; it was chiefly now a kicking game; back and forth travelled the ball, with neither side gaining advantage. Then came the statement:

"For Harvard, Williams makes one yard round Stanley. Stanley is hurt. Prentice is disqualified for slugging him. Harvard protests the decision."

There was a dead silence, then an excited hum all through the audience.

"My boy never slugged; he never slugged!" Mr. Prentice declared it passionately in Stanley's ear.

"I don't believe he did," Stanley replied.

Mr. Prentice sat forward with his head up, anxious and defiant. Stanley crouched with his elbows on his knees.

"I hope your brother isn't much hurt," said the schoolboy next to him.

"Thank you; I guess he'll be all right," said Stanley.

But he still sat forward, hugging his arms in suspense.

At last came the message:

"Dunlap is warming up to take Stanley's place, but Stanley refuses to leave the field." And Harvard as well as the brother clapped at that. "Stanley supports the Harvard protest. The referee reverses his decision—Prentice is allowed to play; and before the line-up Prentice and Stanley shake hands."

The applause for Prentice's long run, and for the Harvard touchdown had been no greater than that which now erupted from the audience. And Mr. Prentice, while he clapped and shouted, babbled intermittently into Stanley's ear—babbled emotionally: "That brother of yours—I—well, I hope Tom would have done the same."

But Stanley was too happy at that moment to have the slightest thought of Tom.

"William tries Stanley again, and gains a yard," proclaimed the announcer. "Stanley is hurt again."

"That's it; they're tryin' to do him up!" shouted one of the Yale sympathizers. "It's the only chance they've got."

"Cut it out!" retorted an irritated Harvard man from across the aisle.

"What do you think is the trouble with your brother?" Mr. Prentice said to Stanley. "Had he a bad knee, or something of that kind?"

"No; not a weak spot. He was in perfect condition."

"Oh, then he'll be himself again. Wind knocked out, most likely."

"I hope he can go on playing," said the schoolboy. "Guess I never wished that before about the best man on the other team."

"Thanks." Stanley smiled at him gratefully.

There were two or three minutes' suspense. Then:

"Dunlap takes Stanley's place; Stanley is led off the field." The announcer gave the news with some gusto—but it met with no joyous response.

"It can't be serious," said Mr. Prentice. "Led off—not carried off."

"It's pretty bad," Stanley replied. "If it wasn't, they would never have taken him out—and he wouldn't have gone."

"I'm awfully sorry," said the schoolboy.

Yale man though he was, Stanley's interest in the game had been abruptly stifled. While the reports were being dealt out at intervals he was thinking of Ted—would ring if the boy was lying on the side-line, or if the boy was badly hurt that he had been immediately removed from the field. And Ted would be looking for him after the game—wondering why he didn't come to give his sympathy—to talk it all over. Stanley winked tears from his eyes.

"Williams goes round the new man Dunlap for twenty yards; the ball is Harvard's on Yale thirty-yard line," cried the announcer.

Harvard was up with a shout; Stanley was startled out of his melancholy indifference. Then gradually the audience settled down.

"Williams again takes the ball and circles Dunlap for twenty-two yards. The ball is Harvard's on Yale's eight-yard line."

Again there was a mad springing up, a wild tumult of cheers. "Touchdown!" "Touchdown!" The cries, mingling from different parts of the room, swelled into importunate demand.

And Harvard scored—crushing through Yale's centre for short gains until on the third play Hinchman lay across the line clasp the ball.

The young schoolboy and his father were on their feet, thumping each other, shouting while they laughed; Mr. Prentice behind was holding aloft his hat, motionless, in supreme salute, and emitting a monotonous inarticulate roar. Then down in front a man of fifty climbed on a chair and called for the Harvard cheer, and a cheer was organized out of the tumult. After that they sang, "Glory, glory to the Crimson"—and the song got a fresh impetus when the announcer interjected that Williams had kicked the goal.

Stanley saw the schoolboy looking down at him from his cheerful eminence and ruefully smiled. The boy dropped into the chair beside him.

"It's great," he said. "But I know we'd never have got it if your brother had been in the game."

"Thank you," said Stanley. "But your man Williams is a good one."

"He never got round your brother once," said the boy.

Mr. Prentice touched Stanley's shoulder and bent down.

"If it hadn't been for your brother my boy couldn't have shared in this," he murmured; his voice was tremulous. "And your brother is not among those who are beaten."

"That won't make it any easier for him," Stanley answered.

"But for you, perhaps."

He again touched Stanley's shoulder—with a sort of shy friendliness.

There was no more scoring; in ten minutes the game had ended.

"Three times three, and nine long Harvards!" shouted a young man who had sprung upon the stage. "Gather up close, and everybody cheer!"

Mr. Prentice touched Stanley's arm.

"I won't ask you to wait for anything like this," he said.

"Mr. Prentice," said Stanley, "please excuse me—I want to get the first train to New Haven and find out about my brother—"

"You'd better come home with me and call up New Haven on the long-distance. You'll get the information quicker. And perhaps you can get your brother on the wire. Won't that do?"

The Harvard cheer was rolling out; Stanley nodded in silence, and with Mr. Prentice walked away.

Not until Stanley had learned that Ted's injury was a dislocated shoulder and, though painful, not serious—not, indeed, until he had actually heard Ted's voice over the telephone and talked with him about the game—did Mr. Prentice embark upon his theme. Then, sitting in the library, which overlooked the Charles and gave a view of the lights which had just flashed out on Harvard Bridge, and beyond that of the clouded, heavy red sunset, sitting there comfortably with whiskey and soda and cigars, the young man and the old came to an understanding.

"And in conclusion," said Mr. Prentice, reaching out and laying his hand on Stanley's knee, "I want to say that in business or in sport the Prentices mean to play just as fair as the Stanleys—and they want the Stanleys to help them."

They dined together—Mr. Prentice celebrated his son's victory by opening champagne—and afterward they sat in the library smoking long cigars. Late in the evening Mrs. Prentice and her daughter arrived from New Haven.

"O, Thomas!" cried Mrs. Prentice, throwing her arms about her husband. "Our boy—our dear boy! If you could

only have seen—" She burst into tears.

"She had a horrid time—she's a nervous wreck, poor dear," said Lucy, and while she kissed her father she patted her mother soothingly.

Then she turned to Stanley, and as the parents were absorbed in each other she drew him to the farther side of the room.

"You've fixed things up all right?" she asked.

"Yes. But—" he dropped his voice and looked at her entreatingly—"it's of no importance to me unless it's of importance to you."

"Well," she said, and humor as well as gentleness danced in her eyes, "our

family owes yours something. I saw Tom after the game; and he said your brother was perfectly sweet to him all through."

"So it is only decent that you should be the same to me," said Stanley.

She smiled and met his eager look.

"I would always try to be—John," she murmured.

* * * * *

Some ill-natured reader will probably point out that Harvard never beat Yale at New Haven by a score of 12 to 6. The answer is that the score had to be fictitious otherwise the Stanleys and the Prentices would be recognized under their real name and would object.

Love's Conquest.

Written for Western Home Monthly by Tina Forrester, Emerson.

THERE! That's the last, thank goodness. Mrs. Lever covered the loaves with a snowy cloth and flung herself into a chair. She closed her eyes and tried to rest, but bitter thoughts surged

through her mind.

"It's nothing but work from morning till night. Jack thinks more of his old farm than he does of me, his own wife."

She opened her eyes and looked down at her hands. Once they had been white and soft; her friends had often laughingly told her that she was very vain over them. That was ten years ago when her days were spent in practising Beethoven and Mozart, or sitting cozily in her father's library, reading one of the many volumes from the well-filled shelves.

Ten years ago! Her mind travelled back to the day when she had said good-bye to it all and come out west as a bride. She had spent one summer on a farm before she was married, and it was then she met the man for whom she gave up her city home with all its luxuries. She had been sure she could manage the work, yes, and keep up her practice too, she had declared with happy enthusiasm. Now her hands were stiffened with labor, and for days at a time she would never open the piano.

"I hate it all! There is work enough at any time of the year, but it is a thousand times worse in threshing time. I don't see what Jack wanted to buy a threshing outfit for anyway. It's just another proof that he thinks more of the farm and raising wheat than of me. Now he has to pay for it, and I wanted a new dining room suite. Most likely the money he got this spring for the cattle will go on the machine. Well, it won't." She rose with a new determination. I am going to get that furniture if he never pays for the old outfit."

The clock struck six. In two hours the men would be in, and there was oh, so much work to do in that two hours. There were four cows to be milked, and all the separating had to be done. After that, supper must be prepared for twelve hungry men who must not be kept waiting a second. Mrs. Lever picked up the milk-pails and started for the barnyard.

The western sky was aflame with golden glory, and all the land was bathed in mellow light. Mrs. Lever stood and watched it. In front of her lay a valley, rich and fertile, covered with a goodly harvest of ripened grain. She saw the paths of golden sunlight change to long shadows as the sun disappeared behind the purple hill tops. Nothing had ever robbed her of her love of the beautiful, but to-night as she gazed at the panorama before her, it spoke not of peace and plenty, but of hard and relentless labor. She went on, quickening her pace as she thought of the moments she had wasted.

Darkness fell and the men streamed in to supper. Mr. Lever watched his wife as she flew back and forth from kitchen to dining-room, filling tea-cups and replenishing empty plates. He noticed how weary and worn she looked, and after the men had gone, he went to where she was standing, and putting his arm

around her, said: "You are tired to-night, Margaret, can I do anything to help you?"

"Tired? Yes I am tired, and who wouldn't be with all this work. Whenever are you going to get through threshing, Jack?"

"I don't know, Margaret, I must meet the payment this year for they won't carry me over another, and if I don't put up the amount the company will take the machine. There is only fifteen days until I have to send the money."

"How much money do you need yet to make up the payment?"

"Two hundred dollars. I won't have enough out of the wheat to make up the payment, for all of that will have to go to pay off the mortgage on the south quarter, and the banks won't lend a dollar."

"What are you thinking of doing?" asked Mrs. Lever, as she started to gather up the dishes."

"Well, that is just what I wished to consult you about. Rob. Hamilton wants his threshing done, and he can't get anyone to board the men. I thought that when his farm is so near ours that if you would board the men I would take the job. There is more than two hundred dollars in it for he has a big crop."

Mrs. Lever turned around with blazing eyes. "Jack Lever! What do you mean? What do you think I am made of? I am sick and tired of cooking for a lot of men, and I never wanted you to buy this machine anyway. It wouldn't matter to me if you never paid for it." She stopped suddenly as she saw the pained expression on her husband's face.

"All right, my dear, I will have to find some way alone then," was his reply, as he turned and went out.

All that evening and the next day Mrs. Lever went around with an aching, empty feeling in her heart. In spite of the hard work and occasional rebellious thoughts, she loved her husband dearly, and this was the first time she had refused to help him. He had not referred to the matter again, nor had he given her any chance.

Once she felt she must tell him she would help him, but he had been called out at that moment, and she had not seen him since.

Her mind was in a turmoil. There was that money Jack had got for the cattle. He had put it in the bank for her. She might let him have that, and by careful saving they might have enough without any unnecessary expenditure of energy in threshing; and Jack needed a rest as well as she.

But the money was hers, she argued to herself, and she really needed that dining room suite. No, if she did anything she would board the men. But then, she thought, it would be so much easier for both if she gave up the money, and next year she might be able to get the furniture.

So she battled with herself until love conquered. Going to a writing desk she took from it a bank book, and wrote out a cheque for the whole of the money payable to John Lever.

"There goes my furniture and everything else I wanted; but I guess there is more happiness for both Jack and me in a bare dining room with love in it than

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603A GRAIN EXCHANGE, WINNIPEG, MAN.

a well furnished house without any. I wish Jack would come soon for I want to let him know that I am not quite so selfish as he must think me."

She glanced at the clock. The hands pointed to half-past eight. "I wonder why they don't come," she said to herself.

A sharp knock came at the door. Mrs. Lever started to her feet trembling. A sudden apprehension that something dreadful had happened came over her; but she went to the door and opened it. One of the neighbors stood there, and the apprehension deepened to a sickening fear as she saw the expression on the man's face.

"What is the matter, Mr. Hurl?" she exclaimed.

"There has been an accident. Not so very serious we hope," he added quickly, as her face whitened.

"An accident! Oh, is Jack hurt?"

"Do not be alarmed Mrs. Lever. He has been hurt, but it may be only very slight. They are bringing him home now."

"My dear." Mrs. Lever felt rather than heard the sweet voice. "I am here to help you, and we can pray that it is

tor Mrs. Lever and he ought to be here soon. Here he is now," and kind Mr. Hurl hastened out to take the doctor's horse.

Dr. Bennet came in and shook hands with Mrs. Lever. "Where is your husband?" he asked.

"In this room," she replied, and she went in with him. He leaned over the insensible man and listened. Mrs. Lever stood at the foot of the bed, her face white and drawn. Presently the doctor looked up. "He is not dead, only unconscious," he said, answering her unspoken question which she had dreaded to ask.

Carefully the doctor examined him. Then he turned to Mr. Hurl who had followed them in. "Does anyone know how the accident happened?" he asked.

"The fireman saw it. What do you think is the matter, doctor?"

"It is concussion of the brain. He must have fallen on his head. I would like to see if any of the men know anything about it, and he started to go out, but Mrs. Lever detained him.

"Tell me, will he get better?" she asked hoarsely.

Dr. Bennet's kind face was kinder still as he answered, "My dear Mrs. Lever, I



Happy Moments by the Seashore.

nothing very bad. But we must work now, and have everything ready that may be needed." It was gentle little Mrs. Hurl, who had learned of the accident, and always ready to help in times of trouble had walked through the fields that she might be with Mrs. Lever when the news was brought. Wise with experience, she knew that work was the best thing to keep the mind from dwelling on its grief. So she kept her busy, cheering her as she could with encouraging words until they heard the sound of feet on the walk.

Mrs. Lever started up, trembling violently. She felt she could not go out. She knew Jack was killed. Mrs. Hurl went and put her arm around her. "Come," she said, "you must be brave."

Together they went to the door. It seemed as if all the men had come from the machine, and when Mrs. Hurl appeared in view they silently took off their hats. Her heart turned to stone. Jack must be dead.

And then she saw him. Four of the men carried him on a rude stretcher, and to all appearances he was lifeless.

"Carry him in here," said Mrs. Hurl, leading the way to a bed which they had made up in the parlor.

"One of the boys has gone for the doc-

only wish I could say, but it is impossible to tell now. We will only have to wait. But there is hope remember, there is hope; so don't despair. And we'll pull him through if it is possible to do so."

He left the room, and Mrs. Lever sank down in anguish beside her husband. Oh, if God would only spare him. She could not give him up.

Out in the next room the doctor was questioning the men. "You say he was thrown on the fly-wheel. But how did it happen?"

"Well," replied the firemen, "we were just going to move to Rob. Hamilton's place, and Mr. Lever drew out the throttle to start the engine, but it had got on its centres, and when he moved the fly-wheel it shot forward. The next thing I knew he had fallen on the fly-wheel. He must have lost his balance. There was one hundred and fifty pounds of steam on, and you can imagine with what force it would start the wheel. It threw him off about ten feet, and he landed on his head."

"I knew he must have fallen on his head, but how was it the engine started so quickly?" asked the doctor.

"Well, you see, he must have forgotten to close the throttle. It's easy to do.

I have seen more than one make that mistake. You think there is any hope for him?"

"I am afraid his chances are slim," was Dr. Bennet's reply, "but it is a case of wait and see."

Mrs. Hurl stayed and did the work as Mrs. Lever refused to leave her husband. "Anyway," she said, "it will cheer the poor woman up to have some one with her."

The doctor came every day and stayed for hours, but at each visit his face grew graver as time passed and still the patient remained unconscious. Mrs. Lever searched his face whenever he came to find some ray of hope, but she found none, and when he spoke encouragingly she felt he was doing it merely for her sake.

It was the fourth day. The sky was a dull leaden gray, and a dreary drizzling rain had been falling all morning. A cold wind had arisen, and wailed its melancholy dirge through the trees. Nature had changed her mood as if in sympathy with the gloom that was cast over the Lever household.

Mrs. Lever stood by the window, her head in her hands. She felt she could bear it no longer. It seemed almost as if God had hidden His face. Would He show her no mercy. "Oh," she thought, "It's my fault, it's my fault. Will I never get a chance to tell Jack I had changed my mind."

away, but I didn't get a chance for you went out just then." She stopped.

"That's alright Margaret. I didn't blame you. You have had to work too hard. You are to have a girl after this. Now you have me to wait on but I'll soon be better. How many days are left for the payment, Margaret?"

"You are not to worry over threshing now dear, or any more. Look, I made this out after you went out that day." She pulled the check from her dress and shewed it to him.

He took it from her, and then his trembling hand found hers. "That is too much of a sacrifice," he said.

She looked at him with shining eyes. "Surely I can sacrifice a little for you, and that is nothing. I never realized till now how much you were to me. Jack, if I had never had a chance to tell you I was willing that day to help you I would never have been happy again."

He pressed her hand in silent sympathy.

The clouds had parted and the sun was shining through the rift. Mrs. Lever looked out of the window. "See Jack," she said, and then softly murmured, "God's in His Heaven."

Dr. Frank Crane: Family pride is very favorable to narrowness, provincialism, prejudice and all the confining and



"Margaret," said a faint voice behind her. She started, and then as it came to her dazed senses that it was the voice she had been longing to hear, she ran across the room with a little cry of gladness. "John, oh John," she half sobbed as she dropped on her knees beside him. "I thought you were never going to get better."

"But you see I am, dear," he said with a weak smile. "What is the matter? I feel so queer."

"You have been hurt Jack, but you must be quiet and not talk."

His eyes closed wearily and he fell into a slumber.

The doctor came in. Mrs. Lever held up her finger. "Sh," she said. He tiptoed over to the bed, looked at the sleeping man, and then smiled. "It's alright. He'll get better now," he said, and left the room as noiselessly as he had entered.

Mrs. Lever sat beside her husband, a prayer of thanksgiving in her heart. God had been good; He had given her husband back to her, and now she would have a chance to tell him that she had been willing to help him that fatal afternoon.

It was evening when Jack awakened. "You are still beside me," he said.

"I didn't want to leave you. You are better now, aren't you dear?"

"Yes, much better."

She stooped over and kissed him. "Jack," she said tremulously, "I was sorry I refused to help you that day, and I wanted to tell you before you went

meaner passions. It promotes loafers, fattens good-for-nothings, discourages real genius and ability, and is altogether one of those strong delusions blown by the Prince of this World into the minds of men.

Louis Bleriot: It is perfectly possible to cross the Atlantic by aeroplane, and I believe this will be successfully accomplished within the next five years. Aviation is making great strides. This year the French Government will spend twenty million francs. They are not building heavier aeroplanes, oh, no, but they are building them much stronger.

E. W. Howe: Ninety per cent. of the misery and sorrow and trouble in the world never happens. You just think they are going to happen or fear they may happen, and so you shroud yourself in woe and sit in sackcloth and ashes worrying over them. That's a very silly, but a very human, thing to do.

J. Bruce Walker: The people who come from England were never better cared for than they are to-day, and I am glad to say they never needed it less. Criticism of the English immigrant has died out, because the class coming has improved so greatly that one may safely assert the English immigrant as he comes to Canada has no compeer in all the nations that seek our shores.



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VANCOUVER

An Ontario Lady's Impressions of the West.

Written for Western Home Monthly by M. H. Williams.

WHEN Westerners return East, and are asked to describe Western Canada, the reply invariably is, "Oh! It's great. Not like the East, things are different." When questioned to define more clearly the greatness, and difference, the answer is still vague and unsatisfactory.

The writer, not being a real estate booster (an occupation in which many of the fair sex have shown remarkable ability), a permanent resident, nor even a pleasure seeker, but one desirous of learning something of the great West, what it means to Canadians, and to those who come from lands beyond the seas, to call it home.

prairie. Fifty years ago Indians and buffalo roamed at will where now throbs the heart-beats of Manitoba's Capital.

Its history does not date back to any Plains of Abraham or stirring times of Maisonneuve; nor is it girdled with apple blossoms and vineyards, but the dismantled walls and bastions of "Lower Fort Garry," a few miles from the city, could they speak, might tell of deeds of valor and heroism equal to those of old Quebec. The old forts in Western Canada were great aids in wresting from the wilds our heritage. It is to be hoped that either the City Fathers or Provincial Government will purchase old, historic "Fort Garry," that it may always belong to the people. Canada has none too many historic places of interest; she cannot afford to lose what she has.



The Morning Treat.

We have dwelt in its cities, traversed across the vast prairies, visited farms and ranches, viewed the majestic Rockies, sailed on the broad Pacific, and gazed upward at the gigantic trees near the coast. Ontario has seen much to wonder at, to admire, and in some respects, that might be imitated by the older provinces. "Great?" "Yes!" "Different?" "Yes." "More to be desired?" "Well! that depends."

In spite of what has been written and said of this vast tract of prairie, foothills and mountains, that was once called 'the great lone land,' the half has not been told, nor can be, the subject is too wide and each sees it through their own vision.

Not till Winnipeg is reached, can we say we are in the West, and here we begin our investigations, the lure of the West, what is it? Where is it? Shall we be long in finding it? We ask ourselves these questions, as we gaze critically at the first and greatest of the prairie cities, mentally comparing it with those in the East. It has few natural attractions, it is not an ocean port, has no large waterways, nor is it off-set by towering mountains. Its foundation is prairie only, and altogether

An Indian reserve. St. Peters, not many miles distant, depicts a pathetic picture of a vanquished and vanishing race; whose fathers scoured the plains, killed the buffalo, and whose depredations were the terror of the early settlers.

The 'prairie city' touches the 'golden belt' that yields a better harvest than the vaunted Yukon.

Winnipeg's spacious, winding streets and avenues command attention; Portage Avenue, the 'great white way,' being particularly noticeable.

Accidents may happen in the best regulated cities, here they surely should be reduced to a minimum. Street cars, automobiles, bicycles and vehicles have their allotted space. Pedestrians are not jostled and crowded, as in Toronto, where thoroughfares are narrow and traffic congested. Boulevarded and lined with trees, the latter are luxuries in the West—they present a very attractive appearance. The effect, however, is seriously marred by the unsightly vacant corner lots that abound in all parts of the city and which are made more hideous by glaring bill-boards. We are informed that these lots are "held up" for extravagant prices. Whether it is to



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All dealers carry the New Perfection Stove. Free Cook-Book with every stove. Cook-Book also given to anyone sending 5 cents to cover mailing cost.

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Shall we tell you something about "Empire" Plaster Board—the fire retardant.

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WINNIPEG, MAN.

be by single tax, double tax, or any other tax, there should be some plan formed by city authorities whereby speculators and land sharks should be compelled to build, or sell, at reasonable prices to those who would.

Winnipeg is not behind Eastern cities in the possession of squares, parks and recreation grounds, spacious campus surround her colleges, while fine play yards are provided for the rising generation in connection with the public schools. Well equipped colleges and schools in the city and throughout the West are unsurpassed by any in Canada. The numerous and costly hospitals, asylums, and various charitable institutions, point to the fact that all time, money and thought is not spent in accumulating the almighty dollars, but much of each is given to the sick, unfortunate and needy.

Churches play an important part in moulding character in every community,

dents — commercial travellers. True, much courtesy is extended to them, as strangers, when they attend the Sunday services, but no mention is made of them, nor are they, as a class, invited to make the church their home and share its privileges while in the city. These men are homeless the best part of the time. They are welcomed by clubs, societies and hotels, why not by the churches? The East, especially the Maritime provinces, are more 'to the front' in this respect. Westerners take time for the pleasures of life, they believe that 'all work and no play' does indeed make 'Jack a dull boy.' Theatres, picture shows and concerts are well patronized, most of which are high-class and superior to some in the East.

In summer the long days are separated by only short nights. A rosy blush in the West may very often be seen at ten o'clock, making it possible for 'old Sol' to get in a long day's work, and explains

CANADIAN WELCOME.

Welcome, Welcome to our land
You from every clime and strand,
A welcome Brothers.
We ask not whence you came
We care not what your fame
We greet you Brothers.

You've left your native soil,
You've come with us to toil
Shoulder to shoulder Brothers.
We mean to play the game
To treat you all the same
Come on my Brothers.

You've come where waters flow
Where sunshine grain and snow
Make happy Brothers.
Where life is full and free
A land for you and me
For us as Brothers.

We need you on the land
To join our mighty band
Of farmer Brothers.
Our Prairies have no dearth
Of finest wheat on earth
To reap by Brothers.

Work, Work with all your might
I will then be our delight
To call you Brothers.
We need your nation's best
A country ours to test
Your worth as Brothers.

Our fathers' God is yours
Race discords he abhors
He made us Brothers.
Come rally round the flag
We'll make our Empire glad
That we are Brothers.

—K. Juniper, Portage La Prairie.

both East and West, but here they are particularly needed to aid in blending the different nationalities together that will tend to make the real Canadian. Pointing all to the "Higher Life," without which it is impossible to be a great nation.

Winnipeggers are a church going people, it is an inspiration to watch the crowds coming from worship on a fine Sunday morning. They must appreciate good preaching as the pulpits are occupied by eloquent Divines.

A great work lies before pastors and people who are "taking hold."

The parlors of many of the churches are open after the evening service for singing and social intercourse. The large army of roomers and boarders being welcomed to the services. The good people in Ontario might follow this plan with advantage.

There is a class of strangers, however, whom the Western churches seem to have forgotten, yet there are doubtless many in their midst who are not resi-

the rapid growth of grain and vegetation.

In winter, notwithstanding the severe frost—Oh! We beg pardon, we forgot "it's cold," but you don't feel it—the atmosphere is exhilarating and there are compensations. No January or other thaws make the roads and sidewalks slushy till spring arrives. Consequently there are no pitchholes, or deep ruts, and, better still, for feminine comfort, no damp skirts. Nowhere in Canada are winter sports more indulged or better enjoyed. Curling, skating, snowshoeing and hockey all have their devotees. We hope the time is not far distant when Canada, particularly the West, may waken to the fact she could lead the world in winter sports and bring to her shores thousands from the south and other lands to celebrate her carnivals. One of the great pleasures of Eastern Canadians, touring the West, is meeting with old friends who have made it their home. They are here from bonny Prince Edward Island, from old Quebec, and other provinces. Men again clasp the

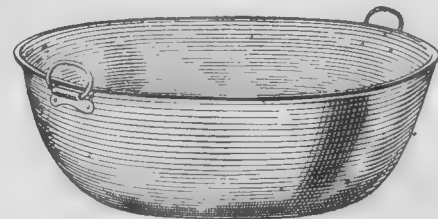
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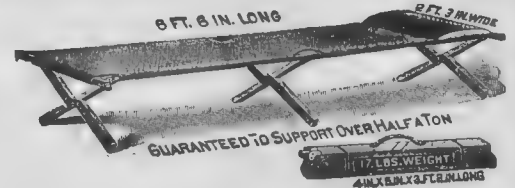
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made of Indurated Fibre is Ideal in every way for the various needs of the busy housewife.

These utensils are light and durable, have no hoops to fall off or rust; will not taint water, milk or other liquids, and are impervious. They will stand any climate, any fair usage. Made in Pails, Tubs, Keelers, Washbasins, Milk Pans, etc.

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We are manufacturers of the celebrated Gold Medal Camp Furniture and Outfits and desire to announce that we sell our product through jobbers and dealers, and we have a good many customers in Canada.

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Steady, healthful and pleasant Employment. Positions open in every State. Our easy method teaches at home in spare time.

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hand of many a boyhood chum, and women greet the companions of their youth. G. lican women, with scarfs around their heads, Italians and Jews, give to the Winnipeg street throngs a foreign or cosmopolitan aspect.

Handsome residences, in both cities and towns, are a surprising feature when we remember that they are only in their infancy, while the magnificent stores make shopping a delight. In the West real estate is booming; the talk of the street is buying or selling lots, newspapers advertise, the very air seems to whisper—buy. Everyone wants a finger in the "speculation pie," some fingers are burnt, others snatch a generous slice. Easterners watch the game, are fascinated, join in the big gamble, are enriched or stung.

Let no one think he can come West and 'get rich quick' without work, the percentage of these who do is small, but there are certainly more opportunities and a wider field. There must be adaptability; we see many, especially from the old land, who, because they find it difficult to get the kind of work they did at home, will not take what they can get till they can obtain what they would like.

We notice among the many questions that arise from time to time one regarding the City restaurants and lunch counters from a working girl's standpoint. Our experience is that although there are restaurants many, and lunch counters galore, most of which are good, there are few that meet the requirements of the very large number of roomers who patronize them. Making due allowance for the "higher cost of living" than in the East, the price is usually too high for what is received, and, in some cases, the cooking might be better. There should also be better accommodation for ladies and girls.

As in the East, the large cities absorb the smaller towns to a great extent, nevertheless they are growing, while every year new ones are born; wrested

from the wilderness, they dot the prairie in all directions. Strangers, who suppose that Manitoba's cities and towns are almost devoid of trees, will be pleasantly surprised to find their fine wide streets, particularly Winnipeg, Brandon and Portage la Prairie, lined with Manitoba Maple. Brandon, the Wheat City, in the midst of the grain belt, with her huge elevators and railway facilities, backed by her farming population, bids fair to become a large, industrial centre, owing its progress to golden wheat. Pretty little Portage la Prairie with its park and wide main street, presents a very pleasing appearance. The scenic monotony of Manitoba's prairie is relieved by the rivers Assiniboine and Red that flow through cities, towns and country, finding their conjunction in Winnipeg. Upon the picturesque banks of the Red river the early settlers pitched their tents and there live their descendants, happy and prosperous.

Ontario is impressed with the architectural beauty of the public buildings in the West, the handsome banks and fine post offices, the parks and squares that have been set aside and beautified in city and town for resting places and recreation grounds for her people.

Great is the territory we call the West, great has been its progress, great are its possibilities and opportunities. Winnipeg, strong and stalwart in its youth, with examples of older cities to copy or shun, with its ever-increasing population and accumulating wealth, what shall her future be? What privileges, opportunities and responsibilities are here?

The upbuilding of a great city, the solving of many problems tending its weal and welfare, the suppression of vice, prevention of slums, training of youth, and kindred subjects, may well occupy the deep thought and attention of the city fathers, pastors, social workers and people, who are not building for the present day alone but laying such founda-

tions that generations yet to come may look upon their work and pronounce it well done.

Random Readings.

When is a blow from a lady welcome?—When she strikes you agreeably.

Old Mr. Riche: "What proof have I that you will make my daughter a good husband?" Suitor: "Look at your own bank account, sir!"

"The Joneses I hear have left town suddenly. Have you heard anything to explain their disappearance?" Yes; I believe it was due to their trying to keep up appearances."

"You declare that you were dancing with a perfectly angelic creature last night at the Harveys'. Supposing, now, you were to meet a real angel, how would you address her?" "I'd ask her what on earth she was doing."

"There," said one old crony to another, to whom he was showing the lions of a Scottish town, "that's the statue of Bailie Watson!" "Is it no' a guid bit larger than life-size though?" queried his friend. "Ou, aye, it's a' that, but it's no' a bit bigger than the Bailie thocht he was himsel'!"

A workman, having had a sum of money left him at the death of his father, went to see his solicitor, who had the matter in hand to arrange the final settlement. The bill of costs having been presented to him, the man glanced over the figures, and, thinking the charges were excessively heavy, turned to his legal adviser in astonishment. "My father left his money to me—not to you!" he exclaimed.

A faithful Irish employee announced to his employer his desire to take a month's holiday in order to visit his brother. He had worked so well and steadily that his employer not only granted the request, but made him a present of a new valise. The night before Tim was to leave he received the gift, accompanied by a few appreciative words. Tim stared at the valise for a moment and then asked—"What am I to do with that?" "Why, put your clothes in it when you go away, of course!" answered the giver. "Put me clothes in it, is it?" said Tim. "An' phwat will Oi wear if Oi put me clothes in that?"

The following characteristic story of Mr. Toole is told by a writer in the Outlook. On one occasion in the sixties, Mr. Toole had appeared before the Prince and Princess of Wales—now the King and Queen—at a Brighton charity performance, and the Prince had called up the actor to congratulate him. The royal handshake was more than usually cordial. At once Mr. Toole turned to the audience. "The hand that royalty has shaken—who'll share? Half a crown a shake! Fresh from the royal touch! Half-a-crown only!" The Prince was convulsed with laughter, and the half-crowns fell thickly into the coffers of the charity.

Only the Hands.

"This is a mighty dishonest world, you know," said Henry Dixey, "and it doesn't hurt to be suspicious of some people. I sympathize with the old negro who came to a watchmaker with the two hands of a clock.

"I want yer to fix up dese han's. Dey ain't kept no correct time for mo' den six munts."

"Well, where is the clock?" demanded the watchmaker.

"Out to my cabin."

"But I must have the clock."

"Didn't I tell you yer dar's nuffin' de matter wid the clock 'ceptin' de han's? An' here dey be. You jes' want de clock so you kin tinker it and charge me a big price. Gimme back dem han's."—Young Magazine.



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"2 in 1" Shoe Polish, is best by test. No other even half as good. At all dealers.

2 IN 1

Quick, brilliant, lasting. Will not soil the daintiest garments.

10c. 29

Little Stories of Real Life.

By Bessie R. Hoover.



THREE dirty yellow tenement houses with dingy white trimmings like soiled linen thrust their peaked gables toward the street on Loretta Avenue in the suburbs. They were all built on the same plan, long, narrow, story-and-a-half houses, with each main entrance opening upon a side porch.

Ma and Pa Flickinger, two sons who worked with their father in a factory, and a ten-year-old daughter, Opal, lived in the middle house. Opal's married sis-

ter, Elvie, occupied the building north of them; and Elvie's baby, Beulah, was one of Opal's charges. On the south side lived Mandy, another married sister, whose six-year-old son, Clarence Augustus, nicknamed Butch, assisted Opal in baby-tending at such times as he could be pressed into service.

Opal, who was as pale as her name signified, except when browned by tan, seemed always to be dressed in faded blue calico without a collar; she went barefooted in summer, and wore her hair in a stubby pig-tail, tied with a shoe string braided in. She probably took more steps in a day and was

oftener in shrieking demand than any other person on the street.

Farther down Loretta Avenue, in another equally depressing row of tenements, lived Jule, also a married sister of Opal's. Jule was strenuous, not particularly in caring for her family, but in seeking amusement for them and—incidentally—for herself. She liked to be always going somewhere, and assumed that her twin babies, Janice and Jasper, were of the same mind. But when her babies were not "going by-by," as Jule called every destination to them, they were generally being tended by Opal.

"There's a dog and pony show in town today!" cried Jule, one morning, bearing down on Ma Flickinger's front yard like a feminine cyclone in an abbreviated dressing sack and flapping calico skirt. Opal was amusing the twins, whom Jule had brought over an

hour before, by trickling water on their bare feet from the hydrant that stood in a circle of vivid green grass in front of the middle house. "There's more'n fifty ponies and dogs—and all kinds of little wagons jest like big ones, and dozens of gold chariots—and a brass band drawn by ten cream-colored ponies. Fairy Jone's cousin 'phoned her all about it jest now."

"Can't I go, Jule?" asked Opal eagerly; "you're going, ain't you?"

"Why, I don't care if you do; yes, I'm goin'—to the parade, that is, and what's more, I'm going to take these babies. Their pa may not care about them never seein' nothin', but I do. Maybe you'd better ask ma to let you go along, so's you can help with 'em. Tell Elvie and Mandy, 'cause Beulah and Butch oughtn't to miss it."

Then Jule jerked up Janice and her brother Jasper, crammed them into their

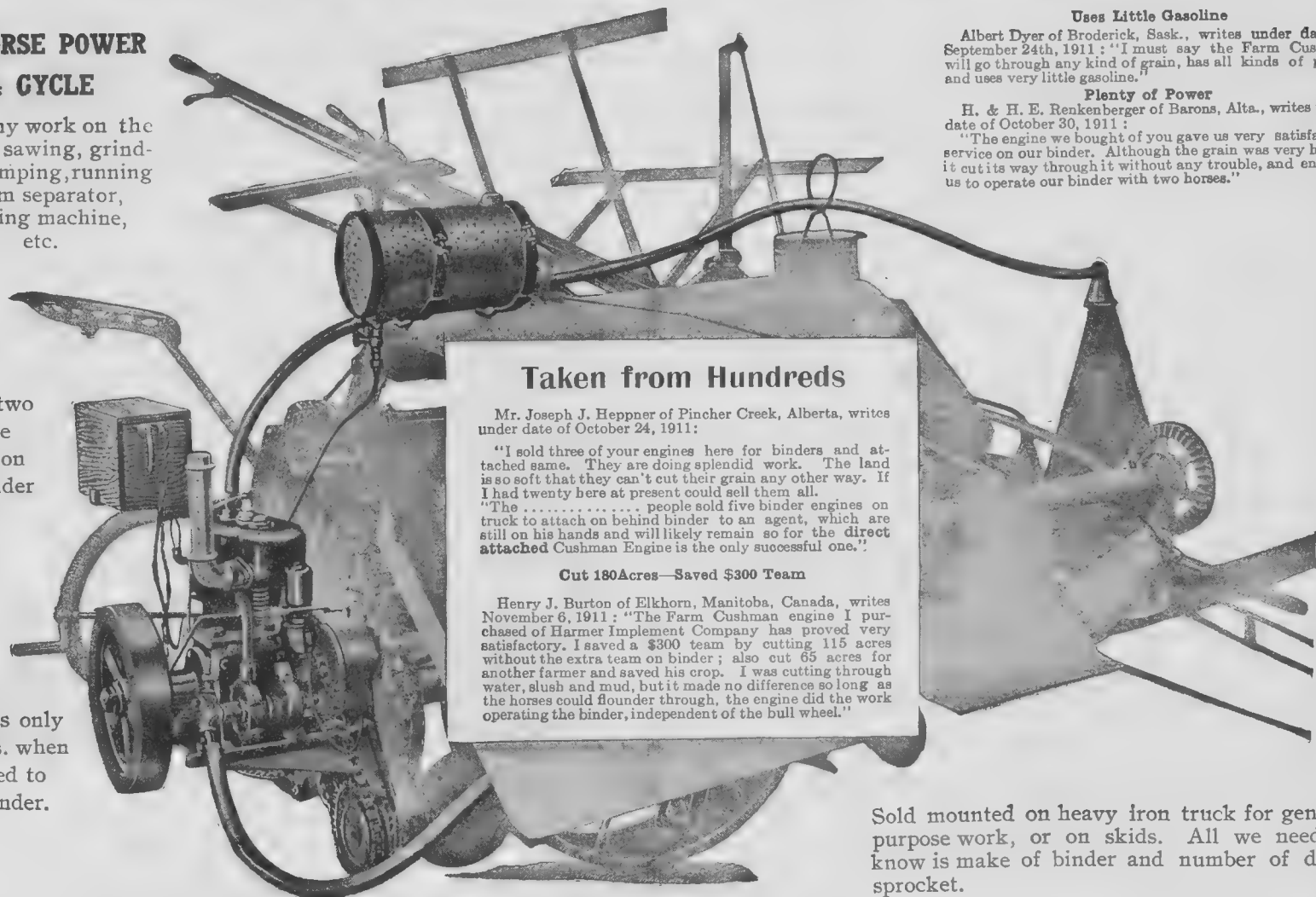
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does any work on the farm: sawing, grinding, pumping, running cream separator, washing machine, etc.

Saves two to three horses on the binder

Weights only 190 lbs. when attached to the binder.



Taken from Hundreds

Mr. Joseph J. Heppner of Pincher Creek, Alberta, writes under date of October 24, 1911:

"I sold three of your engines here for binders and attached same. They are doing splendid work. The land is so soft that they can't cut their grain any other way. If I had twenty here at present could sell them all. The people sold five binder engines on truck to attach on behind binder to an agent, which are still on his hands and will likely remain so for the direct attached Cushman Engine is the only successful one."

Cut 180 Acres—Saved \$300 Team

Henry J. Burton of Elkhorn, Manitoba, Canada, writes November 6, 1911: "The Farm Cushman engine I purchased of Harmer Implement Company has proved very satisfactory. I saved a \$300 team by cutting 115 acres without the extra team on binder; also cut 65 acres for another farmer and saved his crop. I was cutting through water, slush and mud, but it made no difference so long as the horses could flounder through, the engine did the work operating the binder, independent of the bull wheel."

Uses Little Gasoline

Albert Dyer of Broderick, Sask., writes under date of September 24th, 1911: "I must say the Farm Cushman will go through any kind of grain, has all kinds of power and uses very little gasoline."

Plenty of Power

H. & H. E. Renkenberger of Barons, Alta., writes under date of October 30, 1911:

"The engine we bought of you gave us very satisfactory service on our binder. Although the grain was very heavy, it cut its way through it without any trouble, and enabled us to operate our binder with two horses."

Sold mounted on heavy iron truck for general purpose work, or on skids. All we need to know is make of binder and number of drive sprocket.

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Direct Attached with direct chain drive, the "Farm Cushman" saves one team and will cut from 5 to 10 acres more per day on top of this saving in horse-flesh. Indispensable in wet or soft ground where bull-wheel cuts or slips. Saves all the grain. A screen cooling tank on tongue balances engine and allows full power by this forced water-cooling system all day without overheating. Every detail perfected. No expert or blacksmith needed.

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Write for full details and ask us about the little "IRON HIRED MAN"—the Farm Cushman All Purpose Engine.

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\$13.50 to \$50.00

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In Gingham, Linens, and
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\$9.50 to \$30.00

Pongee Silk Coats
\$25.00 to \$45.00

Lingerie Blouses
\$3.00 to \$25.00

Silk Gloves
75c to \$2.00

Silk Hosiery
\$1.00 to \$6.50

Lingerie Dresses
In Voiles and Fine Mulls
\$9.50 to \$65.00

Wash Skirts
\$2.50 to \$15.00

Linen Coats
\$9.50 to \$25.00

Tailored Linen Blouses
\$3.75 to \$12.50

Lisle Hosiery
35c to \$1.00

Our Alteration Sale Now On Special Values All This Month

Owing to the large increase in our business we have been compelled to make extensive alterations to our store. The contractors are now at work, and to make sufficient room we are offering special values in a large number of lines in all departments.

Watch daily papers for list of special price reductions.

Fairweather & Co. LTD.

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cart, and hurried away.

"Better eat dinner before you start, Opal, for you can't tell when we'll get home. Hustle now," she called back, "for I sha'n't wait a minute for nobody when I get ready. These young ones ain't goin' to miss the show if I can help it."

Opal flew to announce the dog and pony parade; but only a limited number of the family could go. Ma Flickinger sighed and said that she might have gone if she had "known it time enough," but that Opal could go to help Jule with the twins. Then she sent Opal to tell Butch while she herself broke the exciting news to Elvie and Beulah.

Opal as all but swept off her feet by excitement; a dog and pony show in town preparing for a parade—and she was actually going! It was wonderful!

In frantic haste she pulled on a clean blue calico dress, strapped a vermilion leather belt about her waist, hopped into her tan stockings and shoes, jerked the shoe-string from her hair, and tied the stubby braid at the nape of her

Eton jacket, faded blue overalls, and stiff white collar. His gray woolen hat, like an inverted washbowl, was pulled jauntily over one ear. But of all the people in the big crowd that day there was probably not one better pleased with his satorial make-up than was Clarence Augustus, alias Butch.

Opal started, pushing the heavy baby in her stubborn little cart, which never seemed to make any progress except down-grade. Nevertheless, she soon reached Main Street, whose straggling strings of boys and girls, and anxious mothers propelling baby carriages and leading children of tender ages, were hurrying down-town. There were also a few apologetic fathers who acted as if they knew that they ought to be at work, but felt it to be of the utmost importance that they take their offspring to see the dog and pony parade.

By the time Opal and Butch joined Jule, there was a fair-sized crowd, and when Elvie appeared she had some difficulty in finding her sisters and the babies.

But just as she was becoming dis-



Safe with Puppy on Watch.

neck with a stringy red ribbon. Next, mindful of Jule's injunction to eat dinner before she went, she crammed down a half slice of bread in a jiffy, chewing heroically, for she was not a bit hungry. Then she ran over to Jule's to see when she would start.

But Jule, who had declared that she would wait for nobody, true to her word was gone. The key hung on a nail beside the door, and the curtains were drawn.

"Jule and the twins 're gone!" panted Opal, bursting into Elvie's house.

"Well, that beats me," cried Elvie, continuing her hurried dressing; "here she's got them two twins and herself into their best clothes and is off before I'm ready with one. Where's Butch? You got him started; then you push Beulah in the go-cart—and I'll hustle along as soon as I can. Try to catch up with Jule. We'll meet at the main corners—all parades pass there. And don't overheat the baby, but hustle—Jule walks like a race-horse."

Butch was already half a block toward town, quite unconscious of the incongruous appearance of his ridiculous

couraged in her search, Janice and Jasper, who were being freshened up by a sloppy drink from a street hydrant—which proved to be more of a bath than a beverage as administered by the nervous hand of Jule—rent the air with one of their characteristic wails. And Elvie, making her way persistently toward the sound, found them in a little group by the curbstone, tired and perspiring.

They waited. . . vague reports began to circulate about the dog and pony parade. It would be there at twelve o'clock; then some one said it would be detained an hour longer. Still the crowd grew. And Butch ran about like a familiar home-grown clown by reason of his strange attire keeping his aunts in a constant twitter for fear he would get lost.

"We'll go off and leave you, Butch, if you don't stop traipsin' round," declared Elvie, the purple flowers on her hat bobbing with her emphatic nods.

Then there was a general dispersal of the people, for some one said that the parade would not pass there, but would cross Sixth Street, four blocks way. Nearly everybody started for Sixth

Street, and with them Jule and Elvie and the children.

Sixth Street was reached, but it seemed that the parade was not coming that way at all; and the crowd surged breathlessly back to Main, fearing that the dogs and ponies might pass in the meantime.

"I knew we was fools to leave the main corners," remarked Jule crossly; "here's where we'll see the show."

"And the children are all het up now," complained Elvie. "There, Beulah, don't cry—Want to see the pretty, pretty bow-wows?"

The babies had been tolerably good all the morning, but were now growing restless, for they were tired and hungry.

"Where are the dogs and ponies?" questioned Butch, almost in tears.

"Lord knows, I don't," snapped Jule; "they ain't in this town, I guess. You needn't expect to see nothin' today."

Butch began to sniffle at this unwelcome news.

"Never mind," comforted Opal, whose dark eyes looked wistfully out from her tired face. "I'll give you my green glass marble when we git home if you don't cry."

"Doh-unt want—ut," sobbed Butch. "I want tuh—see the do-og'n po-ony sho-ow, I do!"

Then the twins began to cry, in sympathy with Butch, perhaps, though they already had worries of their own, and it never took much to upset their emotional equilibrium; while Beulah suddenly lifted her voice and wailed in chorus.

"I'll never take a young one to a show ag'in," cried Jule, "if I live to be a million."

"They're hungry," said Opal, mildly resentful because her sister spoke slightly of the babies.

"Ain't we all hungry, I'd like to know?" flared Jule.

Then a faint sound of music, scarcely perceptible above the hum of voices, vibrated through the air. "The show's

coming," ran electrically through the crowd. The music deepened, lulled, swelled again, died gradually away, and then broke shrilly on the eager ears of the waiting people. And the babies, like living barometers, enlivened by the returning good nature of the expectant throng, stopped crying.

"I said all the time that this was the best place to see the parade," observed Jule complacently, one foot beating time.

"Good enough," assented Elvie cheerfully, straightening her hat and wiping her perspiring face, and then Beulah's, on one corner of the baby's white cotton lap robe.

"The dogs and ponies is comin'," exclaimed Butch, standing first on one foot and then on the other. "Do you suppose the dogs'll be hitched to little wagons, Aunt Jule?" he questioned.

"Sure, Butchie," returned Jule genially, mollified by the turn affairs had taken.

"Do them little dogs that draw wagons like horses eat hay like real horses, Aunt Jule?" inquired Butch. "Say, Aunt Jule—"

But Butch was not answered, for Jule's quick ear had sensed that the parade was going away from them. The crowd grew uneasy. Only a moment before the band had seemed just around the corner; now the music grew fainter and fainter, stopped for a minute, was renewed to a scarcely audible vibration of sound, died slowly away—and was heard on the main corners no more that day.

"The procession," shouted a man on horseback, "will not come down-town farther than Sixth Street—on account of the new paving, which the authorities will not let us use; the procession will go directly to the grounds—where we will exhibit at two this afternoon and again at eight this evening."

Jule and Elvie stared at each other with blank faces. They had not caught all that the man said, but had heard

enough to know that the nearest point now from which to see the parade was probably Ross Street—on the other side of town.

"I knew Sixth Street was the best place all the time," declared Elvie.

"Then why didn't you stick to it?" retorted Jule; "if you had, we'd have saw the parade."

"Well, I didn't, and there's no use in jawin' about it. We'll have to go home now," said Elvie dejectedly; "we can't push these young ones to Ross Street and back again—we'd all be dead."

"I ain't goin' home till I see the parade," announced Jule firmly. "I've got backbone enough when I go to see a thing to stay till I do see it."

"But we can't go over there with all these young ones," objected Elvie.

"Well, we needn't," responded Jule. "I'll tell you what we'll do: me and you'll go over to Ross Street and we'll send the young ones home—every last one of 'em. If we took 'em we'd have to walk slower and maybe miss the parade. I don't think the show'll amount to much, anyway. They might better go home and get something to eat. Besides, the sun's boiling hot; and a dusty street ain't no place for babies. Opal can push the twins back, and Butch can push Beulah; he's often done it. You'd just as soon go back, wouldn't you, Opal?"

Opal's plain little face was stained out of its natural shape in her effort to keep the tears from falling. "Let me and Butch push 'em to Ross Street and you and Elvie go on ahead," she said.

"Push 'em to Ross Street! You must be crazy, Opal!" explained Jule. "You and Butch'd be dead to push 'em there in all this crowd. No; take 'em home, that's the sensible thing to do. You're all tired out and hungry; tell ma to git you something good to eat."

"But I et my dinner before I started—you told me to," put in Opal.

"I'll bet you jest bolted a crumb or two," snapped Jule.

"I et a slice of bread—nearly," answered honest Opal.

"Well, what's the good of that now?" inquired Jule tartly. "A sliver of bread ain't a whole dinner. Come, Opal, be a good girl; you don't want to drag around town any longer. It'll be lots nicer at home on the lawn. And we'll tell you all about the parade. Come on, Elvie; I'm goin'. Good-by, dear," she said to Opal, then kissed the twins and telling them to be good babies and "go by-by" with Auntie Opal, started for Ross Street, reluctantly followed by Elvie.

"It don't seem jest right for us to send the young ones home and go ourselves," worried Elvie. "Opal's such a good little thing she'd do anything you told her to. And Butch'll break his heart if he misses seeing the dogs and ponies; and he'll jounce Beulah to mince-meat, he always snags along so when he's mad. And Beulah ought to see the parade if any of us does. I don't know, Jule, but what we've done a foolish thing, and—"

"Aw, shucks!" cried Jule, "they're all right. Besides," she concluded triumphantly, "our babies are too young to take to shows. Hustle up—I hear the band ag'in."

And Opal—she was not much surprised. It had all seemed like a dream anyway. But she was none the less disappointed, though things like that were always happening to her.

Butch, tearful and angry, was openly rebellious and bumped roughly on with the cart, till Beulah was in danger of her life.

"Do be a good boy, Butchie," coaxed Opal, "and I'll give you my green glass barble—sure."

Butch was not to be bribed by so paltry an offer, and stumped unevenly along, sniffing disconsolately.

"And my striped blue one, too." By the time she had promised Butch half her marbles, he began to take an

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We extend a cordial invitation to Exhibition visitors to call at our new ware-rooms and examine our complete stock of Pianos, Player Pianos and Pianolo Pianos. Come and inspect our instruments, note the cost, investigate our method of transacting business, and then compare **Mason & Risch** quality and **Mason & Risch** prices with what you are able to obtain elsewhere.

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This Beautiful Adjustable Bracelet has large
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5 YEARS. We give Bracelet and pretty
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interest in life again, and propelled Beulah a little less spitefully.

Opal pushed the heavy twins willingly enough, though it was hard work; but as they were not to blame for her miserable day, she saw no reason to make them suffer for her disappointment. But the spirit of Butch was made of sterner stuff, and he resented the turn affairs had taken with a royal ill-will, modified only by the promise of marbles, which was too prodigal to be slighted.

Occasionally they heard the band; yet this only added to the bitterness of their return. But as they neared home the music burst out with a sudden blare, and coming down their own street they

saw a line of moving objects half hidden by the dust.

Could it be the dog and pony parade? It must be, for the band sounded louder and louder, crashing out a popular air. It appeared that Fairy Jone's cousin had not said, when she telephoned, that the show was not to be held on the old fair grounds, because of some difficulty about renting the field; but the tents had been pitched in a vacant lot not far from Loretta Avenue.

The rejuvenated Butch pushed the stubborn, heavily laden little cart with the zeal of a galley slave rowing toward liberty. And Opal ceased to feel the strain on her frail young arms, and her



In Holiday Mood.

heart rose like a lump of lead transmuted into a bird with eager wings, as she tugged the protesting old cab on to their own lawn.

Just as the procession came by, Butch and Opal dropped, panting, on the grass. And oh, the wonders of that dog and pony show parade! Shaggy Shetland ponies, with dragging tails and heavy manes, pulled gaudy little chariots that glittered with real gold and silver in the eyes of Butch and Opal. A team of eight cream colored ponies drew the musicians in a beautiful gilded boat on wheels. Half a dozen piebald ponies reminded the delighted Butch of his calico kittens. And every pony had a gay ornament of bright red feathers nodding proudly above its head.

Besides, there were white dogs, black dogs, brown dogs, dogs with rough coats and coats that shone like satin; all kinds of dogs trotted patiently in harness or sat soberly in little wagons driving like other dogs.

"Do dogs that draw wagons jest like horses eat hay like real horses? Say, ma—say, grandma, do they?" questioned Butch; but neither his mother nor his grandmother, who had come out on the lawn to see the parade, had time to answer him then.

And all the while the band played, transforming their plebian street into an enchanted pleasure-ground. The miniature horses and the trained dogs were creatures from fairy-land to Opal and Butch; but the babies showed only a languid interest in the parade when their grandmother urged them to "see the pretty bow-wows."

An hour later Jule and Elvie came dejectedly home. They had not caught even a glimpse of the dogs and ponies.

"I guess the show didn't amount to much or it wouldn't have come on this out-of-the-way street," remarked Jule sourly.

A New Binder Engine Hitch.

A development which is of more than ordinary interest to the western farmer who harvests his crop with his traction engine, is the bringing to the western market for the harvest of 1912 of a new binder engine hitch. This new hitch is manufactured by the Massey-Harris Company, Limited, who have made very extended experiments and tests in order to arrive at a point where a binder engine hitch could be constructed which would meet all the conditions encountered in Western Canada. Such success attended all experiments that the company are now in a position to offer to the trade a binder engine hitch built along the most up-to-date lines, of the finest and most durable material, in a word, so made as to bring forth words of praise from users capable of judging, who have had the opportunity of giving this new product a thorough test.

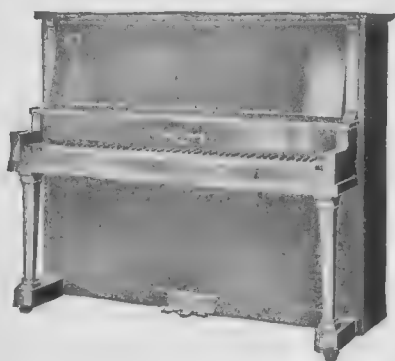
A few of the main features to be noted are: Practically the whole hitch is made of steel, embodying the greatest possible strength with the least possible weight; adjusting screw is of high grade steel, having square thread and steel nut, hitch can be used on any width of binder; adjustable steering device is always within easy reach of the operator; draft of all the binders is direct from the engine; no undue strain on any binder.

Advertisement covering this hitch will be found on another page of this issue. Circular fully explaining the attachment can be obtained by writing the branch office or calling upon the local agent.

To Make Good Bread.

requires good yeast, and to have good yeast you should insist upon your grocer giving you White Swan Yeast Cakes. A 5c package contains 6 cakes. Free sample sent on request. White Swan Spices & Cereals, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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Style 70.

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MARK you, we do not urge you to buy a Sherlock-Manning Piano—we simply ask you to compare the Sherlock-Manning with the world's best.

We know that the Sherlock-Manning 20th Century Piano is

"Canada's Biggest Piano Value"

and we believe that your judgment or the judgment of any unbiased master musician will confirm our opinion.

But, before you decide, find out the essentials of a perfect piano—the features that make for lasting tonal beauty.

The piano you buy should have

- The Famous Otto Higel Double Repeating Action.
- Poehlmann Wire, the best piano wire made.
- Weickert Felt Hammers, the hammers that endure.
- A Full Iron Plate, and

—Billings Brass Action Flange, the latest improvement. There are other useful features, but ask to be shown these—the most essential. You will find that only high-grade, first quality instruments possess these. Now Sherlock-Manning 20th Century Piano is the embodiment of quality. It possesses every feature that makes for piano excellence and the lasting life of the instrument. Yet—you can save money, a considerable amount of money, if you buy a Sherlock-Manning Piano. Ask us to show you where and how the saving comes in. Write for inside information anyhow.

Sherlock-Manning Piano & Organ Co.

London

(No Street Address Necessary)

Canada

From Factory to Home.

Without detriment to any interest, the trend of the times we live in is to bring the manufacturer and the consumer in direct touch. This economic condition is one that the mass of the people have greater reason to be thankful for than any movement of recent years. No doubt it is cutting out to a great extent the function of the middle man, but the middle man is one who has always been able to take care of himself, and like the enterprising genius he has always proved himself to be, he is accommodating himself in the most natural way to the changed condition of things. To a large extent, he, too, is becoming a producer, or in a most acceptable way he is filling the shoes of the salesman to the great factory.

The piano industry offers a striking example of the new order of things, and in the one instance of the historic Canadian house of Mason & Risch, we have an outstanding model of just how the thing is managed, with the bulk of the advantage on the side of the consumer.

With an immense factory and warehouse space at Toronto, this house maintains fifteen distributing centres between the head of the Great Lakes and the Pacific coast, and including its own product it handles many different makes of instruments, representing about eighty case designs. It houses twelve of the leading piano manufacturing concerns in the United States and Canada, and through the medium of its exchange department it is in a position to provide its patrons with the very finest opportunities in used pianos. These pianos for all practical purposes are perfect instruments and new in the sense that they have been thoroughly renovated by experts before being shipped to the purchaser. They have come into the hands of the Mason & Risch people on account of no inherent defect, but because their owners have, for obvious reasons, wished to replace them with the universally fashionable pianola or player-piano.

A Mason & Risch piano is a synonym for musical excellence, for artistic merit and good value that is now as well-known and as thoroughly established in the confidence of the people, as is the currency of the Dominion. It enjoys a reputation the world over that was earned by no other means than strict fidelity on the part of the manufacturers to the principle of quality in every detail passing through their hands. With a long life-time of practical experience and concentrated skill devoted to the one idea of piano building, they have taken no chances on second grade material or workmanship. They realize that quality is imperishable, and that quality is the greatest "salesman" the world will ever employ.

The selling conditions of the Mason & Risch Company are unprecedented, and in the sales department alone, in the "factory to the home" system, an immense saving has been effected and credited to the account of costs. The purchaser cannot fail to appreciate this fact, and it becomes all the more apparent when comparisons are made between Mason & Risch instruments and anything else of the kind which is being marketed to-day.

The fine exhibit of this company on the "Made-in-Canada" train, which is making its long itinerary of the western provinces, is a striking tribute to the splendid achievements of Canada in the "World's Work," and to the enterprise of the only piano firm which seems to have had the confidence in its products to send them abroad in this way. They will be seen and critically examined at about one hundred and fifty important railway points, and if for no other reason than to see this fine display of perfect instruments, the opportunity afforded by the home products exhibit should not be lightly set aside by any citizen.

Starting from Port Arthur and Fort William, the Mason & Risch Company forges a link in its great trans-continental chain at Winnipeg, Regina, Moose Jaw, Calgary, Saskatoon, Edmonton, Lethbridge, Nelson, Fernie, Revelstoke, Cranbrook, Vernon, Vancouver and Victoria. Their headquarters at all of these points are

among the best appointed warehouses in the respective communities. They are centrally located and are convenient rendezvous where friends may meet, and where music-lovers may rest assured of a cordial welcome in which

the importunate salesman has been entirely superseded by a uniform politeness that is never persistent.

Sir Rufus Isaacs, K.C.: The winning of a suit at law depends upon a num-

ber of circumstances. In the first place, you must have a good cause; secondly, a good solicitor; thirdly, a good counsel; fourthly, good evidence; fifthly, a good jury; sixthly, a good judge. And lastly, good luck.



BRANTFORD ROOFING

Specified In The Contract

Public Buildings—buildings erected to endure—are logically covered with the best roofing procurable. BRANTFORD ROOFING, on account of its almost indestructible qualities, is very often specified in the contract. The cut shows BRANTFORD ROOFING on the Armouries and Agricultural Hall of Forest, Ontario. Municipal architects, all over the Dominion, specify Brantford Roofing along with slate and iron thereby testifying to its fire-resisting, element-defying qualities. Here's another fact worth serious

consideration when about to buy roofing. Fire companies quote very low rates on buildings covered with BRANTFORD ROOFING. The reasons for the marked superiority of BRANTFORD ROOFING are very simple. Its body or 'Base' is long-fibred pure wool. This is saturated through and through with pure Asphalt—the only mineral fluid that has successfully defied the ravages of the elements for centuries. Fire cannot destroy BRANTFORD ROOFING. Rains, sleet, or snow driven by cyclonic storms cannot pene-

trate it. Frost cannot bite into it even during arctic weather. Tropical suns cannot blister or draw it. It is the one durable roofing material.

BRANTFORD (crystal) ROOFING never needs paint. It is vastly superior to wood shingles. Roofing experts are convinced that it excels all metal roofing in the ratio of three to one. And, yet BRANTFORD ROOFING costs but little more than ordinary paper base roofings.

N.B.—Write to-day for our Big Practical Roofing book. It is free.

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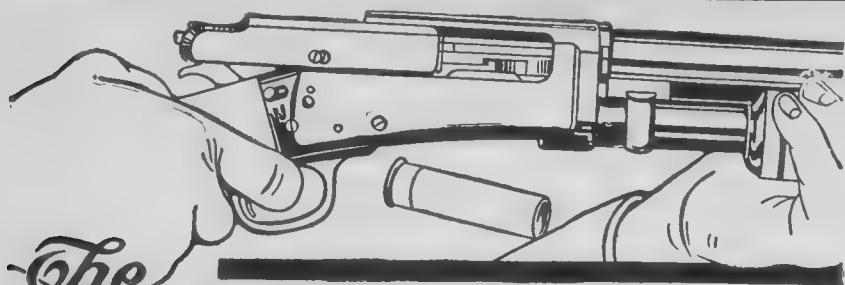
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Toronto, Ont.





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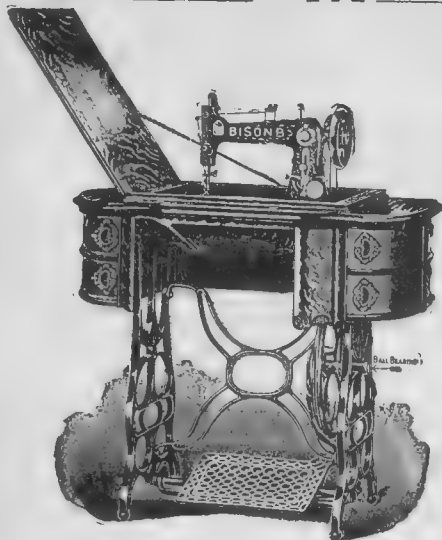
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On the Yorkshire Coast.

Bridlington, Flamboro and Filey.

By S. W. Yates, Oldham, England.



CONSIDERING how strongly the tide of emigration has for many years past been flowing westward, there must be many thousands on the great north American continent for whom an article describing some favored spot in the Homeland will possess an irresistible attraction. It was with the object of providing such attraction that I prepared the article on Chester, one of the ancient walled cities of England, which appeared in the January number of the Western Home Monthly, and I now supplement it with a description of one of the most romantic portions of the north-eastern seaboard of England.

To the lover of fine sea views, of enormous cliffs, the haunt of screaming sea birds, and of dark, fantastic caves, no part of our eastern sea board, perhaps, affords greater attraction than the

town of Bridlington. Standing with face to the sea, and looking to the north, one sees the bold headland of Flamborough, its white chalky cliffs plainly visible by day, whilst at night, when darkness lies like a mantle over sky and sea, and shore, its light may be seen flashing out at intervals its message of mercy to the mariner at sea. Turning in the opposite direction, the long coastline of Holderness may be seen curving away to the south; and between these two as boundaries, there is enclosed the spacious bay of Bridlington, which is capable of providing shelter for some hundreds of vessels at one time. On the southern side of the town, and overlooking the sea, are many picturesque gable-fronted villa residences, whose red-tiled roofs are in striking contrast to the blue waters at their feet.

Bridlington is a clean-looking, attractive town of some 12,000 inhabitants, and embraces the old town of Bridlington, and the once quaint little seaport town of Bridlington Quay, which, as its



New Terraces, Bridlington.

stretch of coast which extends from the mouth of the river Humber in the southern part of Yorkshire, to Whitby in the north. Year in and year out, the strong breezes sweep in with ever varying force, over sea and sandy shore, over rock and crumbling headland, imparting to the district an enviable reputation for the breezy, bracing character of its climate.

The purpose of this article, however, is to describe, not the climate, but the many natural beauties with which this coast abounds, more especially with reference to Bridlington, Flamborough, and Filey. Going north from the point where the waters of the Humber are swallowed up in the sea, the first place claiming our attention is the seaport

name implies, was the quay or port of the old town. Modern requirements in the way of pleasure, however, gradually led to the amalgamation of the two. Bridlington, and, in fact, the whole of this district, is subject to the inroads of the sea. So serious is the encroachment that it has been found necessary to guard against the erosion of the coast by the building of protective sea walls, which extend a considerable distance along the sea front, forming on the northern side a terraced promenade which adds much to the enjoyment of the place. Besides the ever-present fascination of the sea, Bridlington has other attractions, not the least of which are the public gardens, about twelve in number, which have been secured and laid



Rough Sea on North Pier, Bridlington.



North Pier, Bridlington.

out by the municipality in various parts of the town, and the wealth of foliage and flowers which everywhere adorn its streets. As a set-off to the former, however, the municipality has been guilty of the blunder of shutting out the public (except on payment of a fee), from a portion of the sea-front, known as Princes Gardens, and the still greater blunder of allowing the same thing to be done by a private company on the New Spa. Surely it is an outrage that anyone should be asked to pay just for a peep at the ocean. This, however, only

Priory, which was occupied by Canons of the Order of St. Augustine, eventually became enormously rich, its revenue being derived from harbor dues, from the spoils of vessels wrecked on the coast, and from the lands which were gradually acquired by the Priors. The Priory was demolished at the Dissolution, of the Monasteries, the present church being all that remains. Though only the nave of the original building, it is still of large proportions, the western front containing some marvellous architectural decorations.



The Harbour, Bridlington.

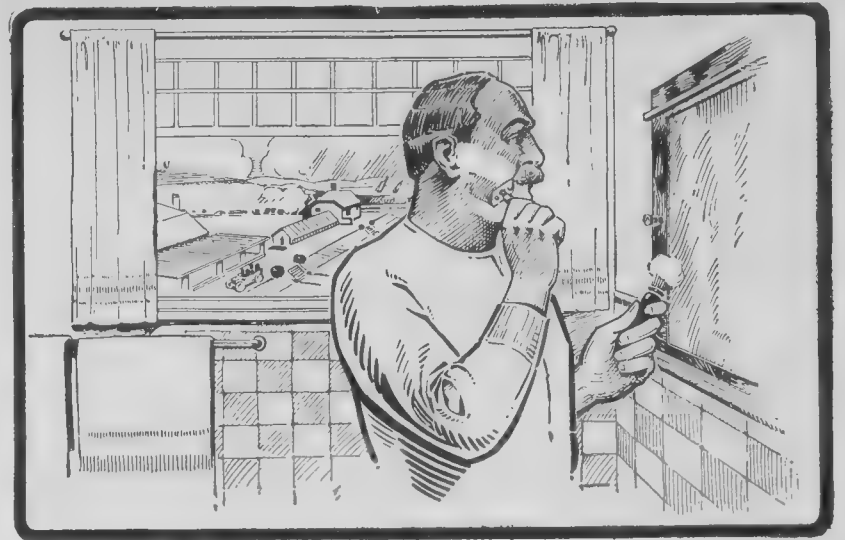
applies when the tide is in; at other times the visitor can roam at will over the golden sands, making himself young again amidst the prattle of little children.

Bridlington also possesses a fine specimen of architecture in the venerable Priory Church, situate in the old town, together with the Bayle Gate, which, in its walled and moated days, led to the precincts of the monastery. The founder of the monastery was Walter de Grant, who lived in the days of Henry I. The

Flamborough, which is the next point of interest, is reached either by way of Flamborough Road, and through the village of Sowerby; or, which is far preferable, by walking along the Sowerby cliffs, and through Dane's Dyke. The dyke is about a mile from Flamborough village and church, and is a natural ravine of considerable depth, which extends nearly across the headland, from north to south. It is beautifully wooded, and appears to have been utilized, at one time or other, as a means of



Priory Church, Bridlington.



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King and Queen Rocks, Flamboro'.

defence. The building of the defences was formerly attributed—though it now appears without foundation—to the Danes; hence the name, which clings to it even though the idea is exploded. Passing along the cliffs, we notice at once the process of erosion which is going on right along the east coast, enormous masses of earth being undermined in such a way that they seem to need but the slightest touch to send them headlong into the sea.

Arrived at Flamborough village, one of the first objects of interest is the quaint old church, which stands on a slight eminence on our right, and in the architecture of which may be seen traces of several distinct styles. The interior contains a finely carved oak screen, dating from the 15th century, and a mutilated figure, believed to be that of Sir Marmaduke Constable, a knight of Flodden, the ruins of whose castle are still to be seen in a field near by. As one passes through the village one is struck with the old-world appearance of the place. It is a typical fishing place, and a feeling

of strangeness and intense interest creeps over one, as one finds oneself accosted here and there by old weather-beaten fishermen. But, alas! with all its interest and quaintness, one cannot help but see it bears also the mark of poverty, the result of the precarious calling of its people.

The one thing above all others, however, which attracts to the village thousands of visitors every year, is the famous Head itself. Composed of chalky rock, it runs far out into the sea, the cliffs having a perpendicular height of from 300 to 400 feet. One would imagine that, in places, some giant sculptor had been at work, cutting and carving until they assumed the most fantastic shapes. To reach the Head we take a walk of about one-and-a-half miles through the village, and up the hill which leads to the North Landing. A fine sight meets the eye as we reach the summit. At our feet the shore slopes steeply down, the beach being in part composed of sand and pebbles, strewn with sea-weed, and in part of great

masses of rock, among which the waters lash themselves into foam as they rush in from the open sea beyond. Round the headland, to right and left, are a number of interesting caverns, the largest of which can be reached on foot from the North Landing when the tide is low. This is named Robin Lythe's Hole (Robin having been a well-known smuggler), and is very spacious and imposing in appearance, with a lofty dome overhead. Others are known as the Breil Cave, the Dovecote, the Kirk Hole, and St. George's Hole; whilst the King and Queen rocks, and others of equally singular appearance may be reached by boat at a small charge.

A walk of about two miles along the cliffs brings us to the lighthouse, the tower of which is 85 feet high, and was built in the year 1806. It has a dioptric revolving lens, and its light, which flashes out every half minute, alternately red and white, is visible to a distance of 21 miles. Near at hand are Lloyd's and the fog signalling stations, and the head-

quarters of the coastguard.

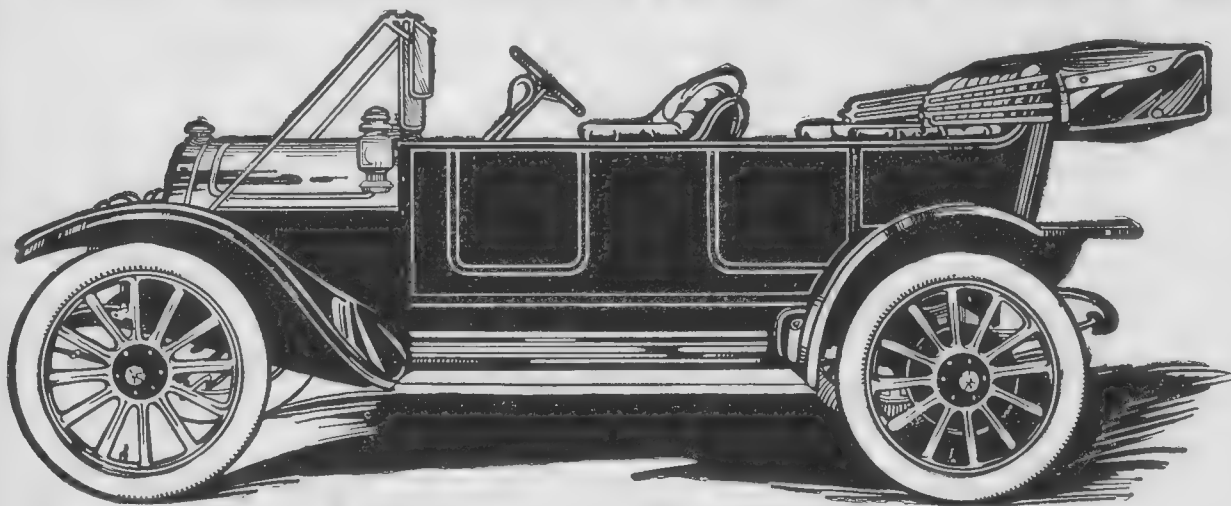
The cliffs in this neighborhood, and also at Bempton and Speeton, a little further north, are rendered additionally interesting, especially to the student of natural history, by the countless numbers of sea-birds which make their homes and rear their young in the chinks and crannies which abound. They include hawks, puffins, gulls, guillemots, jack-daws, starlings, and many other kinds of birds, the gathering of whose eggs is a work of the most daring and dangerous character. Slung by a rope from the summit of the cliff, the egg-climber gathers in his harvest—eggs of a lovely blue, and beautifully speckled with black and brown—and is then hauled up by his companions, skilfully protecting himself, meanwhile, from injury against the face of the cliff.

Continuing our journey northward, we come to the villages of Bempton and Speeton, from whence may be had fine views of Filey Bay and Brig, with Scarborough castle lying beyond; whilst at



North Sands, Bridlington.

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We sell the "Reo Special," made in the Reo factory in Canada. The Canadian "Reo Special" is all that the "Reo" is and more. It is a car especially designed and built for the West, and one that has proven its worth when subjected to the terrific demands made by hard driving on Western Canada roads. The "Reo Special" will always carry you where you want to go and bring you home again. It is a medium price car for the Canadian motorists, that will bear comparison and stand up in every test with any other motor car sold in Canada at from \$2,500 to \$4,000.

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Robe and foot rails.

a distance of about eleven miles from Bridlington we come to Filey itself, of which the Rev. A. N. Cooper, famed as the Walking Parson, is vicar. The town, like Bridlington, is divided into two portions, the old and the new, and is built on the margin of a magnificent bay. Running down to the edge of the sea is a ravine, which forms the dividing line between the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire. The slopes are terraced, and well wooded, thus forming a most cool and delightful approach to the sea, whether by way of the cliffs, or the sandy beach. Taking the lower walk through the bottom of the ravine, we find ourselves shortly on a fine stretch of sands, which extend from Speeton cliffs on the south, to Filey Brig on the north, a distance of about five miles. New Filey is built on the water's edge, the pretty villas and boarding houses, perched, in some cases, high up on the cliffs, and the Crescent, a fine block of buildings facing the sea, giving it a most picturesque appearance. To the right and left as we face the sea, we have a view of coast scenery of great beauty, which, once seen, will not readily be forgotten. For the visitor who desires a quiet holiday which will send him home fit and well, one can scarcely imagine a more appropriate place.

Walking along the cliffs in the direction of the "Brig," we see again many evidences of the incursions of the sea, in the deep fissures which appear in the cliffs at frequent intervals. The "Brig" itself, however, is the great attraction of Filey. It is a huge mass of low-lying rocks which shoot out, tongue-like, from Filey Point, for a distance of half a mile into the sea. Over its extremity the waters are perpetually washing, angry and turbulent, the face of the rock containing innumerable channels and fissures cut by the action of the sea. From the "Brig" we have a fine view of the town, with Bampton Cliffs lying off to the south, and the castle-crowned hill of Scarborough away to the north.

Homey Side of Ranch Life.

By Effie Laurie Storer.



RANCH life on the prairies is possibly the most exhilarating life a man can lead. It contains enough anxiety as to the safety of the herd to keep him from being entirely care-free enough of excitement while on the "round-up" to induce good sleep and a healthy appetite, sufficient

and the grass matures, until in the fall it is a waving mass of hay, often as high as the horse's back. This is cut and stacked for the winter's use. During the summer months the horses seldom go into these swamps, seeming to prefer the short prairie grass on the hillsides.

A rancher has a band of horses from fifty to three hundred just according to the amount of means he can put into the business. For each animal represents



Ranch Home, Effie Laurie Storer, Battleford.

work to keep the time from hanging on his hands and is usually a paying business from a purely financial point of view. In selecting the spot for his ranch, it is necessary to choose one where pure, fresh water can be had in abundance. There must be hillside for grazing purposes; valleys for shelter and trees for shade. Then, too, it must be near some good hay flats or sloughs which in the spring are in fact small lakes, but as the season advances the water soaks away

just so many dollars and cents and is cared for and protected just in proportion to its financial standing or worth. His home is generally a small log house plastered with lime and sand and the roof is either thatch or sod laid on poles cut from the nearest poplar bluff. It boasts of no upstairs but a few boards are usually put up on the tie beams and these serve the purpose of a store-room and hold the surplus supply of tea, ammunition, soap, tobacco and etcetera.

The outside of the roof is also more or less of a "catch-all," it being a convenient place to put a bit of harness, a piece of rope, a device for the whippletree or anything else which it is necessary to have handy, as you will remember, the roof can easily be reached by a man while standing on the ground. But to return to the interior of the house; no window blinds obscure the view of the one, or at most two, windows of the house. And in case of any inconvenience by the sun streaming in, a newspaper, held fast with a fork or jack-knife, serves the purpose until the slanting rays have passed with the day, when the newspaper is taken down and possibly may be the whole supply of reading matter until the next mail arrives. The house has no superfluous furniture in the way. There are generally two bunks, one in each corner of one end of the room. On these the bed is made and covered with a buffalo robe or tanned cow skin. The pillow, made from feathers of wild game, is covered with a neat print case and is changed for a fresh one when necessary, which, by the way, is not as often as if it were the conventional white pillow slip.

In another corner of the room stands the cook stove and near the door is a shelf on the wall which holds the hand basin, over it hangs a looking glass 6 inches by 10 inches and a rack to hold the soap and comb. The table usually stands in the centre of the room and near it the two chairs. More than that number would be considered extravagance. If more chairs are needed, a soap box is usually produced from some mysterious corner or a stove wood stick stood on end answers the purpose of a seat. Visitors are always welcome, who, of course, carry their own bedding with them and sleep on the floor, as a rancher is never expected to give up his bunk. On the wall is usually a shelf and sometimes a small box nailed up. These serve the purpose of a book case and on them is laid a writing pad, ink, pen and pen-

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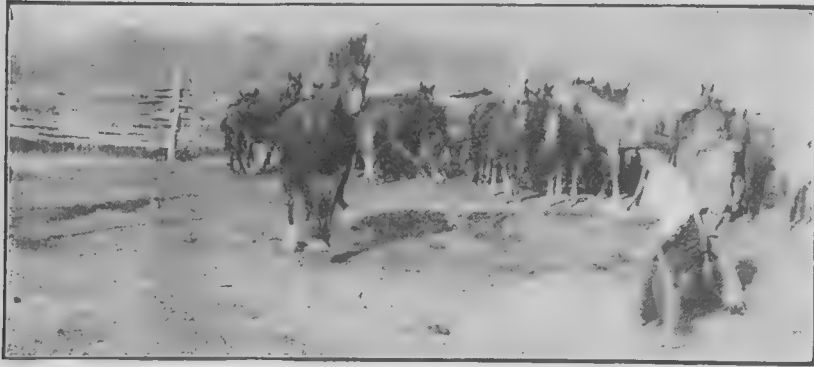
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Ropeing Horses.

cil, the book containing the description and brands of each horse on the range, any reading material there is, matches and tobacco for immediate use. If the rancher happens to be artistically inclined these shelves are covered with newspaper, the edge of which has been neatly scalloped and nicked with the scissors. This decoration sometimes remains there until its beauty has quite departed and it very much resembles "the sear and yellow leaf."

Ranchers are usually bachelors but they do not live alone. A brother, nephew, or pal usually lives with them. Each has his own share of work and by mutual agreement know who is the dishwasher and who does the chores. Of course each has a share in the care of the stock. Sunday is usually the day for a little extra fixing inside the house. The week's bread is usually made then and often a cake with plenty of raisins in it, baked in a long pan. This is known as "spotted dog." These bachelors are from good families and have left their eastern homes to "see the West" and so adapt themselves to the way of the country. They are usually good cooks and can serve a good meal of bacon and beans, potatoes boiled in their jackets, stewed prunes or dried apples and all

sorts of wild game. The latter is usually stewed too so as to provide a good pot of "bouillon." In the summer, owing to lack of ice and the abundance of flies, beef is a scarce commodity but when once the cold weather sets in an animal is killed, cut up and packed away ready for use. Then suet puddings with syrup over them are often on the bill of fare. Butter is considered a luxury so is seldom used.

A rancher need also be somewhat of a veterinary surgeon as accidents of one form or another frequently happen among the horses, and it is necessary to keep a small supply of medicines on hand and to understand the use of them.

The horses usually graze at will within an area of from five to nine miles of the shack and soon learn to know the shady spots and where good water is easily found. There is generally a pasture field fenced with poplar rails near the house where mares with their young colts could be kept or in case an extra saddle beast is being kept in off the range. One saddle beast is always in the stable ready for any emergency.

The spring "round-up" is always a busy time. This generally takes place where the best kraals are. For it takes a strong high fence to keep a few horses



Broncho just roped.

in if they become excited. The horses are all brought in from the range and put into the large kraals and examined and the branded ones are let out but the others are kept in and one by one receive the brand of their owner. The brand is a bar of iron with either an emblem or the initials on the end of it made of iron also. This is heated in a fire made near by and the horse is thrown and while down this iron is pressed against it sufficiently hard to burn the hair off. It is not as cruel a process as one might think only in cases of carelessness is a flesh wound made and it is quite as humane as slitting the ear. There are always one or more of the men who are adepts at throwing the lariat, a rope made of tanned hide cut with a slip noose over the horse's head into strips and braided. This is thrown and when over the ears is quickly tightened until the animal is choked into submission and in the least possible moment it is loosened and the animal finds itself with a halter around its neck, or branded, or whatever might have been the object in view before its capture. During the "round-up" some wonderful tales are told of the valuable properties of particular horses and many an unsuspecting youth who has every confidence in



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his own ability to judge horse flesh, makes a bargain for which he lives to find he has paid dear.

Ranchers are usually good sportsmen and own a valuable gun which has a place of its own on the wall. There are generally two dogs on a ranch, the collie whose business it is to follow the man in the saddle and assist in rounding up the herd, and the retriever which is only allowed away from the home when the gun goes. It is most remarkable how they will watch the movements of their master and be on the alert to go before even a word has been spoken.

Men on the ranches are great readers and usually arrange to subscribe for different magazines and then exchange with each other and again pass them on. The

amount of pleasure which was derived from the literature sent out by The Lady Aberdeen Society can never be estimated, as it was a circulating library for hundreds of miles. Ranchers are also more or less musical and own a piccolo, violin, or a mouth-organ and the instrument, which ever it is, is taken down often when the evening's chores are done and helps to while many an hour away.

The country is fast settling up and the rancher will sooner or later move farther back away from civilization and fields of wheat will wave where now the horses roam, but any one who chances to pass their way will always cherish pleasant memories of a rancher's hearty, western welcome.

secure Molly, entrenched behind the nursery table. Her voice broke in on Hilda's mood like a sudden douche of cold water.

"I had no idea you could be so frivolous, Miss Strode."

Hilda, with a very red face, stood pinning up the hair which had fallen about her in the wild merriment of the game. But Molly ran to her mother, whose face softened wonderfully as it looked down at her.

"It is so happy, mummie," she said, with a sigh of rapture, "since Hilda came. Fraulein was always asleep."

"Don't pull Miss Strode quite to pieces," Mrs. Egerton responded in the cold voice which Molly seemed to understand; it had the effect somehow of making Hilda Strode feel dreadfully ashamed of herself.

Molly had been making her forget that she was thirty years of age, and ought to have been serious and sober—she had enough to make her so, till Molly Egerton had aroused the youth in her. And after all it was no great harm; the child had not romped enough; she had been pale and over-quiet when Hilda had come first to Ridings. Now she was becoming a normal child. Most mothers would have been glad. But Hilda Strode was at once attracted and frightened by Molly's beautiful mamma. She felt that her thirty years, playing at bears with Molly, must have seemed ridiculous in Mrs. Egerton's eyes.

It was dull November, and they had been left alone for a week, except for the servants. Ridings was in a country of heavy clay, and for the week it had rained incessantly. Hilda and Molly were both very tired of the house and the toys and the books and the nursery fire. So was Rupert, the King Charles spaniel.

At last came a break in the sullen clouds, and they went out, goloshed, and in Hilda's case with skirts kilted to the knee. It was a quiet county, and they were not likely to meet many people.

The roads were inches deep in mud, but they tramped along, finding the mild air delicious despite the discomfort underfoot.

They were about two miles from home on the road that looped and doubled back towards Ridings when Molly's

golosh stuck in a morass and she stepped out leaving it behind. Hilda had extricated it, and was looking somewhat ruefully at its condition when the pipp of a motor car sounded close by; Hilda had just time to pick up Rupert, who was too precious to be left to look after himself, and to draw Molly with her to one side when the big white motor car was alongside of them.

To their amazement it pulled up; and the occupant, a bronzed handsome man, not quite in his first youth, spoke to them.

"Can you tell me how I am to get to Stevenings Court?" he asked. "I've been driving round and round these roads for the last hour. Why don't you have finger posts?"

"I'm not to blame," said Hilda; and a dimple came into her cheek. "Stevenings Court is about a mile ahead. It is some way up a bye-road. There is a finger-post at that corner."

"Ah—thank you."

The motorist looked at them considerably.

"You are going my way?" he said; "and the road is shocking. Won't you get in? The child would like it."

Hilda blushed and hesitated. Molly looked at her with eager eyes of entreaty. She had never been in a motor car herself, and she was as eager about it as Molly. But—a complete stranger! It would never do!

"Don't be a prude," said the stranger shortly. "I'm not going to run away with you. I'm old enough to be trusted. The little girl wants it, I can see. It is of her I am thinking."

Oddly enough Hilda was not offended by this rather rude speech. In fact, it amused her.

"Oh, very well," she responded. "For the matter of that I am old enough to be trusted. Come along, Molly."

They were in the back of the car, and their companion in the front did not speak to them one solitary word. They seemed to fly through air. It was a quiet country, with no police traps and no traffic. Hilda looked at Molly and Molly looked at Hilda, roses in their cheeks, delight in their eyes. Trees, hedgerows, fields flew by them. Was that?—yes, it was—at first she could not be sure of it, for the landmarks had

A Bit of Scandal.

A Complete Story by Katherine Tynan.

SHE was a most unconventional creature, and she was a governess. All the world knows that a governess must obey the conventions. She had been very quiet since she came to Mrs. Egerton; but time had been when she was wild and gay. Trouble—her people had come down in the world and her forty pounds a year salary, which nearly all went to them, counted for a good deal—had sobered her. If Mrs. Egerton had not been unconventional in her way, too, she might not have looked twice at the shabby girl with her strange air of elegance, who was the tenth person she had interviewed that day at Mrs. Gant's office.

"I absolutely refuse to see another," she said, barely listening to Miss Strode's somewhat mechanical recital of her qualifications. "If you're a respectable young woman you'll do for me. All the others are frights; they would give me the blues to look at them. You have references?—ah, thank you. Please come on the fifteenth; and I hope Molly

will take to you. She won't take to everyone, troublesome child. And I go out so much that if she hasn't a governess she likes it's rather lonely for her."

Molly Egerton did take to Hilda Strode, took to her impassionedly. They were very much alone, the governess and the child. Mr. and Mrs. Egerton were very gay—always away motoring, visiting, up in town, etc. The child must have been very lonely before Hilda Strode came.

They were left very much to themselves in the big nurseries, fitted up with all manner of latest devices in the way of nursery furniture, with one cupboard full of toys and another full of books, none of which Molly had cared for till Hilda came. The child had imaginary playmates for herself, with whom she had played solemnly while Fraulein had dozed over her knitting. It was quite a different matter when there was Hilda to play with her and to read the books to her. The nurseries rang with Molly's laughter one day when Mrs. Egerton stood in the doorway looking on with her cold smile. Neither Hilda nor Molly saw her while the game was in progress in which Hilda, a bear, was trying to



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lost their familiar aspect; it was the corner with the finger-post pointing to Stevenings Court.

The driver had his back to them. Hilda could only see a corner of the bronzed cheek. She had to pluck him by the sleeve to attract his attention. "Well?" he asked.

"You turn just here."

"Ah, thank you. Can't take you on?"

"There is a path from this onward. We shall be quite all right. Thank you so much. We have enjoyed it."

The car had stopped by this time right under the privet hedge which bounded the small domain of Miss Catling, who was the gossip of the place. The gentleman got out helped them carefully and gently to alight, without looking at Hilda. He asked Molly for a kiss as he set her down on the path, round-eyed as a kitten and with roses blown in her cheeks.

"I see you have liked it, little one," he said. "There was once a little girl who would give me all the kisses I asked of her. Her hair was like yours."

He turned abruptly to Hilda.

"You are not old enough," he said. "Of course I was all right. But don't do it with anyone else."

"I knew you were all right," Hilda replied, turning a deep painful red.

After he had gone she had time to ask herself why he had done it. It had been a sudden impulse—to delight Molly more than to delight herself. Now the full enormity of the thing rushed over her. What could he have thought of her? Molly was dancing along by her side, saying over and over: "Oh, darling, do you suppose we shall ever meet him again? Wasn't he a darling?"

Hilda did not hear her. She was quite unaware that crafty, mean old face was peering at her through the gaps in the privet. Hilda did most things by impulse, and she was quite sure of one thing she was going to do as soon as possible.

Mrs. Egerton was not expected home for three days yet. She was going to tell Mrs. Egerton as soon as ever she saw her. Of course she would be packed off in disgrace. She hated the thought of leaving Molly; and—what would her own mother say? Curiously enough, too, Mrs. Egerton had fascinated her. She was dreadfully afraid of her cold voice and her cold eyes when she should tell her story. She thought that if only Mrs. Egerton would look at her, speak to her kindly she would adore her. How beautiful she was even when she was cold! It was no wonder that her little world was made up of adorers.

"Well?" said Mrs. Egerton, coming in a few days later. It was tea-time, and the nursery fire was bright; and she looked her loveliest in a trailing tea-gown, in which there were shades of amber and orange and scarlet in the deep bronze-brown. "Well, how have you been contriving to amuse yourselves? There, chicken, don't choke me! to Molly, who with a sob of joy had flung herself on her mother. "Has it been very dull?"

Hilda put down the tea pot, having filled the cups. She caught her breath. She was momentarily giddy, and there was a sound of waters in her ears.

"Mrs. Egerton," she began in an unsteady voice. She could not have borne any preliminaries. "Molly and I were walking the other day round by Ripple Farm. A gentleman in a motor asked us the way to Stevenings Court. It was frightfully muddy; we did not know how we were going to get on. He asked us to get into the car that he might drive us part of the way. I am sorry to say we did get into the car. He took us as far as Myrabella Cottage. I don't know why I did it. It was very stupid of me."

"He might have run away with you," Mrs. Egerton said with a soft little laugh.

"Mumsie," put in Molly, "you're not angry with Hilda, are you? She did it because I wanted it so dreffully. He was such a nice man."

Hilda stood with her eyes down, expecting her sentence.

Again Mrs. Egerton laughed and then tossed something into the fire.

"You are the third I have heard the tale from, Miss Strode," she said. "Look at the thing that is burning there! It is an anonymous letter, signed 'Well-

wisher.' If I had suspected what it was I should not have read it. I heard the same story from the gentleman himself. Of course he didn't in the least know who you were. He did know, and I admire his cleverness, that he could tell it to me safely. He was troubled lest perhaps you should repeat the experiment. He said very flattering things about you."

"I should never do it again," said Hilda eagerly. "I don't know what made me do it. Is it possible you forgive me?"

"My dear"—Mrs. Egerton set down Molly and came and laid her hand on Hilda's shoulder—"nine hundred and ninety-nine women out of a thousand would be shocked indiscriminately. They would say that only a coming-on and indiscreet young woman could do such a thing. I am the thousandth—is all. I can discriminate. Few women can."

Hilda suddenly burst into tears. She had been dreading her confession and the relief was great. With a sudden passionate impulse she stooped and kissed the hand that rested on her shoulder. She was Mrs. Egerton's slave for life.

"There, there!" Mrs. Egerton said soothingly "there's nothing to cry about. I've brought you a present from town. You've been very good to my Molly and you haven't tried to steal her from me as so many others have done. We are going to be friends. I want you to play for us to-night. You are to wear my gift at dinner. You will find it in your bedroom."

Mrs. Egerton's maid, Susan, who liked Miss Strode, as servants invariably did, had unpacked and spread out on Hilda's bed the frock of white soft silk which was a more beautiful thing than Hilda Strode had ever hoped to possess. When Molly was fast asleep, and the young housemaid, who undertook to be on duty, sat sewing by the shaded lamp in the day nursery, Susan came and helped Miss Strode into her new gown. She had first dressed her hair in wonderfully becoming fashion, piling it in soft, dark masses high on the girl's head.

"You do look well, miss," she said standing back to survey her handiwork. "There won't be a young lady at dinner to-night that'll look better than you, begging your pardon, miss."

Hilda went down to dinner with a quaking heart. It was the first time she had met the society of the neighbourhood at dinner; but she had seen enough to be aware that Mrs. Egerton's neighbors—at least the feminine portion—strongly disapproved of her way of treating her governess. She felt that her pretty frock would be a new offence. She caught a glimpse of herself in a long mirror as she went down the stairs, and hardly knew the beautifully dressed figure for her own. They would feel, Mrs. Marrable and her daughters, old Lady Jackson, Laura Somerville, and the other guests, that a governess had no right to be so arrayed.

She stole into the drawing room, only desiring to find a quiet corner in which she might be as inconspicuous as possible; three or four faces looked at her with a surprised, unfriendly expression; the gong sounded in the hall; and there was Mrs. Egerton coming towards her with someone, smiling a most wonderfully sweet smile.

"Miss Strode," she said, "allow me to introduce Mr. Darlington. He will have the pleasure of taking you in to dinner."

And there was the governess going in with the Mr. Darlington, who had just bought the Place, and was a rich and childless widower, besides being distinguished in various ways; while Sophy and Anne Marrable and Laura Somerville and Grace Harrowby had to put up with the elderly gentleman and the hobbledheys. It was something those young ladies never forgave Mrs. Egerton, especially since Mr. Darlington seemed ridiculously obvious of anyone's presence but the governess's. He sat talking to her as though he had known her for years, barely remembering to turn now and again with the absent-minded politeness to speak to Anne Marrable on his other side.

Mrs. Marrable was so annoyed about it that she thought it her duty to call next day to inform Mrs. Egerton of some very disagreeable rumors about her governess. The rumors resolved themselves into the statement that Miss

Strode had been seen motoring alone with a gentleman a few days previously.

"At least," Mrs. Marrable added, "your Molly was there; but that, I think, only makes your governess's conduct the more reprehensible. I felt it my duty to inform you."

"So kind of you," Mrs. Egerton said with the air of cold fatigue, which she could assume at times. "I know about the motor car incident. Miss Strode told me herself. As a matter of fact, the gentleman who kindly gave Miss Strode and Molly a run in his car is, I believe, shortly to become a very near connection of Miss Strode's."

"Oh, if that is so——," Mrs. Marrable said, much disconcerted.

Miss Catling at Myrabella Cottage said when she saw Mr. Darlington at church that he was strikingly like the gentleman whom she had seen helping Miss Strode out of his car; and she was sure the motor car had been white. But then, Miss Catling's eyes always saw twice as much as other people's. Anyhow, when Mrs. Marrable thought it her duty to mention the matter to Mr. Darlington—although the man was so obviously infatuated that it was perhaps very little use—Mr. Darlington repeated Mrs. Egerton's very words.

"The driver of the car is about to become a very near connection of Miss Strode's," he said; and a sudden beaming and joyful expression came into his face, apparent even to Mrs. Marrable's dull eyes. "You will often see her in that car in future, Mrs. Marrable. So kind of you to think I might be interested."

"I believe it was really his own car," Mrs. Marrable said, in a sudden flash of revelation a little later, when it was known that Mrs. Egerton's governess was about to marry Mr. Darlington.

"I daresay she knew him before he ever came here. So deceitful! Still I don't see that we can turn our backs on Mrs. Darlington of the Place. So ridiculous of Mrs. Egerton to have introduced her here and treated her in such a way. I don't know what he can see in her, I'm sure."

However, Mrs. Darlington, as well as Mrs. Egerton, seemed oddly careless of local opinion. As they were sociably the most important ladies in the district it was no use showing disapproval; and the two were fast friends. So the neighbourhood agreed to forget its bit of scandal.

The Edmonton Exhibition.

The Edmonton Exhibition Association have just issued their hanger and poster for 1912. The same idea has been followed in both. The illustration shows a group of prominent public men inspecting a Shorthorn bull in front of the grand stand. The work is well done, and His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, with Mayor Armstrong, of Edmonton, Hon. Robert Borden, the Premier of Canada, and Hon. Duncan Marshall, Minister of Agriculture for the province of Alberta, are easily recognized. The photograph of the bull, "Gainsford Marquis," first in his class at Toronto Exhibition and the International at Chicago last year, is also excellent, and it has been suggested that a good title for this illustration would be "A Duke Looking at a Marquis." The Edmonton prize list is now out, and copies can be had by applying to the manager, W. J. Stark, Box 216, Edmonton. It provides for \$45,000 in purses and prizes and contains some new features, including school children's work, fine arts, women's work, and photography.

The Irishman's Remedy.

A man had complained to three friends, an Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scot, that his servant broke a great deal of china.

The matter-of-fact Englishman gave the short bit of practical advice, "Dismiss him."

"Take it out of his wages," suggested the thrifty Scot.

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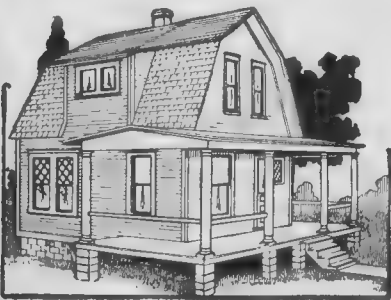
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An Eye for an Eye.

By H. W. Hemingstone.



OLD BARKER of the Palace Hotel was a spare man, of middle height, and active for his years.

His venerable grey hair and long white beard gave him a dignified, almost saintly, appearance, which was considerably enhanced by a gentle and courteous demeanour. The sentiments Mr. Barker expressed were admirable and were uttered in a quiet, 'far-away' voice that caused the ladies to vote him 'an old dear,' and their husbands 'an old humbug!'

One of that scattered and ever-dwindling band, who gazed upon the virgin West before steam and steel resolved its mysterious distances into a mere matter of hours and minutes, and made one vast prairie of its buffalo-haunted plains, Mr. Barker had seen the small but thriving town of Sweetwater cradled, breeched and brought municipally to man's estate. His feet had ploughed the mire of Main street at a period when grades and sidewalks, aye, and many a young married citizen too, were things of the dim and distant future. And his experiences, when he could be prevailed upon to relate them, were sufficiently

over the difficulty, and relations gradually resumed the ease and affability which characterised his intercourse with all with whom he came in contact. But though Mr. Barker's sojourn there had been so lengthy that it had come to be regarded as permanent, the exact position he occupied in the establishment would be difficult to define. As far as could be seen, in return for board and lodging and a certain amount of bottled beer, he graciously deigned to relieve the proprietor of some of his lighter duties, and gave an eye to things in general while that harassed and over-worked individual snatched a few minutes well-earned rest.

Every day, when the Atlantic Express pulled in, Mr. Barker, attired in a neat but age-worn suit of navy-blue cloth (the place of the waistcoat being taken by a woollen jersey of the same color), mingled with the well-dressed crowd of both sexes who assembled in its honor, and as official representative of the Palace awaited the arrival of any chance customers.

Cigar-consuming 'Commercials,' and first-class travellers in general, whose demands were apt to impose an untoward strain upon the modest resources of the house, he passed over with a mild contempt; they were taken-in-tow by

THE SACRIFICE.

O'er the horizon of earth's common souls,
A great man rises;
Some cry, "A genius; fav'rite of the gods",
Ah, vain surmises!

They little know the tender truth that lies
'Neath his bright name;
A mother's sacrifice, a father's toil,
Have made his fame.

The lonely homestead and the quiet farm,
Have made sublime
Love's sacrifice, upon the shrine of Hope,
To Life and Time.

London, Ont.

—Verne Dewitt Rowell.

surprising and peculiar to put in the shade those of any would-be rival.

At the Palace, once the first, now the last frame building upon Main street, and the despair of the energetic and artistic Town Council, Mr. Barker had dwelt as long as most people could remember. Indeed the paint-starved two-story structure itself, upon which no insurance agent had ever been persuaded to look twice, was in a large measure the product of his brain and sinew.

For Mr. Barker was a man of parts, who, amongst many other acquirements, numbered a working knowledge of the joiner's craft, and, though long since retired from active work, still condescended at times to do what he termed 'a little rough carpentry'—that is when the state of his health permitted it.

These spells of indisposition, which it must in justice be admitted attacked their victim at comparatively long intervals, had been now and again the cause of no little anxiety to the management; and the proprietor and his wife still retained vivid recollections of the time when Mr. Barker, having cheerfully undertaken the task of enlarging the kitchen and torn off the roof and one side preparatory to making the required addition, suddenly drew an instalment of his wages, with the result that his health became so precarious that it was fully a week ere he was strong enough to resume work.

On this occasion his long and honorable connection with the Palace had very nearly reached a sudden and abrupt termination. But tact, and an extensive knowledge of human nature, especially the feminine, succeeded in smoothing

the gold-braided porter from the 'Sweetwater Arms,' and it was to arrivals of less importance, those whose purses were not equal to the higher tariff usually associated with men in livery, that he turned his attention.

Amongst these his particular delight, and the object of his especial patronage and protection, was the fresh arrival from the Old Country—now alas a 'rara avis' as the centre of immigration moved further West.

Upon a certain day, however, there alighted from the train an individual who, though neither quite juvenile nor unsophisticated enough to be classed under the above heading, yet to the mild but observant blue eyes that 'sized him up' appeared a person who was likely to repay cultivation.

Carrying the new-comer's grip therefore, Mr. Barker, with a deliberation befitting the occasion, led the way to the hotel, pausing frequently to call attention to objects of interest in the town and surrounding country.

"Yes, sir," he commenced by way of opening the conversation, "I've lived in this country thirty—two—years!" After an appropriate pause and finding the stranger remained silent, he continued with a graceful wave of his disengaged hand:

"A fine country, sir!"—"God's own country, sir!"—"God's own country for the poor man!!!"

The stranger, whose gaze had followed perfunctorily the sweep of Mr. Barker's arm, was about to enquire with all due deference what kind of a living the poor man might be expected to wring from the dreary expanse of alkali flats ad-

joining the town, when his attention became rivetted upon the Sweetwater Cemetery. Surrounded by an ornamental fence, it lay perched upon the summit of a large knoll, a desolate spot indeed, and in full view of every inhabitant.

Noting this Mr. Barker began afresh. "Ah! I see you're taking notice of our cemetery, sir. Most people do. A remarkably fine piece of ground, th's is; a nice easy-digging, gravelly soil. Yes, sir, that's a remarkably fine piece of ground, and it was through me, if I might say so, we acquired it." Then with a sort of melancholy pride: "They called it Barker's Boneyard!"

"Yes," he continued sadly in response to the other's look of amused enquiry, "I was churchwarden them days, but I resigned, sir,—I resigned."

On being pressed for his reason for relinquishing a position of such responsibility, Mr. Barker intimated that the subject was a painful one; adding, moreover, that there were black sheep even amongst vicars, but that this particular one had left the town shortly afterwards and carried with him his, Mr. Barker's, full forgiveness. The sight of the cemetery, which seemed to possess a singular fascination for him, must have had a depressing effect upon the stranger's spirits, for, on reaching the hotel, an adjournment to the bar became imperative; a proceeding in which his guide, after a mild protest that he did so merely to humor a prospective guest, was persuaded to join.

Deeming it an excellent opportunity, Mr. Barker now made several polite and judicious enquiries as to his companion's business in the locality.

But the latter, becoming restive, rather bluntly returned the compliment; upon which the old man, turning a grave and reproachful countenance upon his questioner, uttered in sepulchral tones the one word: "Tombstones." At this the stranger's manner underwent a sudden thaw, and clasping Mr. Barker's hand, he expressed himself delighted to make his acquaintance.



A little bee.

He was, he explained, as a matter of fact a 'deputation,' and had undertaken a long and expensive journey to Sweetwater for the sole and express purpose of erecting, on behalf of the surviving members of his family, a suitable memorial to one whose bones rested in the very plot of ground whose virtues he had just heard so highly praised.

Without a word Mr. Barker produced from his rear pocket a torn and mutilated paper-covered volume. Placing this reverently upon the counter, he invited the other to inspect its contents.

Passing over a miniature mausoleum of elaborate design, which Mr. Barker pointed out as 'a chaste gem of monumental masonry,' and 'one which would reflect credit upon the generosity and public spirit of the deceased's family,' the stranger selected from the catalogue a plain and conventional headstone; and being desirous, moreover to return East again next day, concluded then and there an agreement for the erection of the same upon mutually satisfactory terms. Later on it occurred to the visitor that it might be wise to establish some kind of check upon his temporary agent, whose acquaintance he was now making for the first time. With this object he made a few discreet enquiries, which resulted early next morning in a visit to Mr. Cornthwaite, Mr. Barker's successor in the churchwardenship.

A short, stout man of florid complexion with a pompous and aggressive manner, Mr. Cornthwaite was in every respect the very antithesis of his predecessor. His pride in the position he imagined his office to confer was truly enormous. In his own mind he ranked far above the vicar himself and second only to the leading merchant, who with his family occupied in every sense the very front pew in the church.

In addition to these qualities, he was the possessor of a voice in comparison with which an ordinary megaphone became but a bleating toyshop trumpet. Between the churchwardens, past and present, existed an antipathy perhaps not altogether unnatural under the cir-



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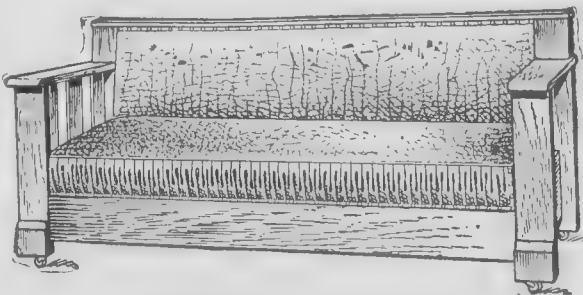
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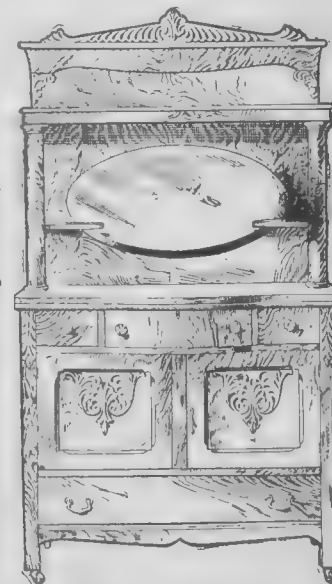
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cumstances. But whereas on one side the feeling was merely one of passive dislike, on the other it had developed an intensity which almost amounted to mania.

To Mr. Cornthwaite the very mention of Mr. Barker's name was as gall and wormwood; his mere existence was an offence to him; and he would gladly have welcomed any means of ousting him from the town. As a matter of fact he was just now engaged in a signally unsuccessful attempt to establish a rival business in tombstones. But of all this the stranger was necessarily in ignorance. Nevertheless, on arriving at Mr. Cornthwaite's stable, whither he was finally directed, it was at once evident to him that that gentleman was in no very amiable frame of mind. For his entrance discovered the churchwarden holding a pail of warm water in one hand and brandishing a scrub-brush with the other, while he thus addressed a pair of meek and puzzled cows:

"Flop down agen, will yer!—Flop down agen, I say!" Perceiving his visitor, he continued apologetically: "They dratted critters—always a'muckin' their selves up—no sooner do I clean 'em off than down they flops right in it agen—I believe they does it o' purpose—that's the third time I washed off that cow this blessed mornin'!"

But on learning of the recent purchase from his rival, Mr. Cornthwaite's wrath burst all bounds. "If you've been and bought a stone from that old scamp," he blazed forth aggressively, "then all I can say is you've been done. Done! that's what I say. If there's a man that should be tarred and feathered—it's him; a'bummin' round that 'Palace' cadgin' drinks from greenhorns. Why, there was three o' his 'stones' in the station fire last year, and when they come to look for 'em—not a trace! 'Wood' is what they are. 'Wood,' I say. Taking advantage of the speaker's

pause to regain breath, the younger man mentioned that he had been led to believe Mr. Barker a most respectable party who had once even been churchwarden.

"Churchwarden!" bellowed Mr. Cornthwaite. "Churchwarden!" he vociferated again. "Yes—he was, and turned out for bein' drunk. Drunk! I say. He's a disgrace—he is and people like you ought to be warned agen him. That's what I say."

Now the stranger, who was of a shrewd and independent turn of mind, did not as a result of this interview cancel his contract with Mr. Barker. Nevertheless, being endowed with rather a sardonic turn of humor, he did contrive before his departure to favor him with a fairly full account of the churchwarden's remarks.

To say that Mr. Barker was shocked—deeply shocked, would be a mild description of his state of mind at the end of the recital. Though far from vindictive, these vile and gratuitous aspersions upon his character stirred his usually placid nature to its very depths.

"This thing has got to be put a stop to," he said shortly, "and if Mr. Cornthwaite don't get 'tombstones' in the neck afore he's much older, my name's not Barker."

The precise methods to be employed in effecting this Mr. Barker did not mention. Possibly they had not even occurred to him. But the first shadow of the cloud which shortly gathered round Mr. Cornthwaite, and for some time threatened to extinguish him entirely, was afterwards traced by the more thoughtful to a slight accident which befel him a day or two later.

The cause of this mishap was nothing more than just an ordinary piece of orange peel; but in the resulting sudden contact with the side-walk the churchwarden's corpulent form received so severe a shaking that he was glad to

accept assistance to reach his home. Unfortunately for its victim, who quickly recovered from the few bruises he sustained, this unlucky fall took place in front of the Palace itself and he was also conscious that Mr. Barker, with an expression of unutterable horror upon his countenance, had observed his discomfiture through the bar-room window. Next day a piece of gossip, to which its very audacity lent a delicious piquancy, began to spread through the town. Conveyed at first by mysterious nods and whispers, it soon scorned disguise, and became louder and louder until its echoes reached the ears of the scandalized vicar himself.

This was nothing more nor less than a report, supported by a wealth of circumstantial evidence, that the sober and respectable churchwarden, so long regarded as the very pattern of impeccability, was succumbing to the temptations of drink. Some of the more imaginative went so far as to assert that he had been discovered in a condition of paralysis upon the side-walk and escorted home by Mr. Barker in person. But this the latter not only denied, but severely censured as the invention of a malicious type of person whose delight it was to trample a fallen man underfoot. As is often the case the subject of all this head-wagging and ear-tingling was himself the last person to be informed of its existence and pursued his customary blundering course in undisturbed serenity.

However, as the days passed, an unaccountable sense of something amiss began to possess him. Tag-ends of conversations suddenly broken off at his approach puzzled him. Curious side-glances as he passed disconcerted him. And a novel familiarity on the part of the more dissolute, together with a corresponding aloofness on the part of the more respectable, annoyed and alarmed him.

His clumsy efforts to fathom the mystery were for some time unrewarded, and it was not until, in an endeavor to collect some of the arrears of the Vicar's stipend, he called upon a certain Mr. Twiddy, that the scandalous nature of the charge against him was made brutally apparent.

"Ullo, Cornthwaite!" said that worthy with an unwonted flippancy that was almost insulting. "Still in the ring, eh? Thought you'd been fired."

"Thought what?" replied the other aggressively.

"Fired, pushed, got the sack, chucked out, paid off!" replied Mr. Twiddy with exasperating nonchalance.

With the effort of a lifetime the churchwarden held himself under control, for this was the first tangible clue to the mystery surrounding him.

"Look here," he said thickly but with ominous deliberation, "I've had about enough o' this. Every blessed fool I meet has got some nasty remark to make. Either you tell me right now what you know about it, or you'll be made to before a magistrate. See?"

"Well," answered Mr. Twiddy, who had acquired early in life an instructive aversion to anything connected with police courts, "if you want to know, it was Old Barker what told me."

"What did he say?"

"I couldn't recollect exactly what 'e said," continued Mr. Twiddy with a grin, "but I 'eard as 'ow you 'ad to be 'elped 'ome from the Palace the other night. See!"

For some moments Mr. Cornthwaite stared at the speaker dumbfounded. But as the devilish ingenuity of the libel gradually dawned upon him, his language became so abusive that Mr. Twiddy, who drew his own conclusions, firmly and pointedly shut the door in his face, remarking as he did so that he considered it safer in future to hand his contributions to the Vicar in person.

An immediate interview with his legal adviser not only failed to afford Mr. Cornthwaite any satisfaction, but rather added fuel to the fiery indignation which consumed him. Indeed the lawyer's well-meant advice to "try and cool off a bit" had such an unfortunate effect upon his constitution during the next few days that more than one of his friends detected symptoms of an approaching crisis in his disease.

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Queen Victoria and The Governor General in 1850.

Flood of tracts began to descend upon him. Chiefly upon temperance, though by no means confined to that subject, they lay in his path as he took his walks abroad; his garden fence was decorated with them, while his mail became so bulky and insulting that he soon ceased altogether to call for it. But when one Sunday morning an advertisement for a famous Inebriates' Home fell from between the pages of his hymn-book, and fluttered down in full view of the tittering congregation, the churchwarden thought that now the cup of his humiliation was surely full.

The bitterest part of the draught, however, was yet to come.

Among the duties incurred by his office was the task of fetching from the Palace the wine which the management with a generosity tempered by foresight, presented free for the use of the church.

A day or so later therefore Mr. Cornthwaite, carefully dressed for the occasion and wearing a 'silk plug hat' of considerable antiquity, made his way thither upon this errand, carrying for the purpose a small black bag. Ignoring altogether an anxious enquiry as to his health, on the part of Mr. Barker who was taking the evening air upon the doorstep, he passed haughtily inside. His mission successfully accomplished, though at the cost of enduring in silence several playful remarks made by the facetious bartender, he was invited by the proprietor, as was usual on such occasions, into a small room at the back to drink a glass of mild port and have a few minutes' chat.

So soothing to his feelings was the deferential manner of his host, that tonight Mr. Cornthwaite stayed longer than usual, and was even persuaded to take a second glass. To be sure the unwelcome presence of Mr. Barker did obtrude itself for a few seconds, but on him the churchwarden resolutely turned his back—a proceeding which he regretted afterwards. "This here's the wine," said Mr. Cornthwaite gruffly some time later on being shown into the Vicar's presence. And turning his bag upside down he dumped the contents unceremoniously upon the table.

"Ah, ha!" said the Vicar, casually picking up the parcel and beginning to undo its wrappings. "Another little present from our worthy host at the Palace I presume?"

A sudden exclamation of surprise and dismay escaped his lips, and blushing crimson to the roots of his hair, he gazed blankly at the churchwarden.

"Wh-why! Wh—what's this Mr. Cornthwaite?" he stammered.

"What's what?" was the gruff reply.

"This!" said the vicar sternly, holding up the bottle in which but a few drops of liquid remained.

Mr. Cornthwaite gazed as if fascinated. Though he could scarcely believe his eyes, the bottle was most certainly empty. He began to feel deadly sick. "Why!" exclaimed the Vicar, advancing and sniffing the air, "you reek of liquor, man!"

"Oh, Mr. Cornthwaite," he continued, "this is indeed a sad shock to me, though I have almost feared it. To think that my churchwarden should become a—

I hardly like to utter the word—a drunkard!—and a whole bottle too!" he added in amazement. With a violent effort Mr. Cornthwaite recovered the use of his voice, of which astonishment and indignation had momentarily deprived him.

"If you think, sir," he burst forth tempestuously, "if you think—as how—I d-drunk—that there wine, you're mistaken. I say you're mistaken and you'll be sorry for it.—Yes, you'll be sorry for it," he repeated, striving to collect his ideas. "It's one more o' them dirty tricks they've played on me, and that old blackguard Barker's at the bottom of it. If I don't—"

"That will do, Cornthwaite," interposed the Vicar firmly, "that will do. You dare to appear before your own Vicar," he continued in his severest tones, "intoxicated with wine and strong drink; and then, as if that were not enough, attempt to cloak your sin by blackening the character of a worthy and inoffensive old man, who only this very day presented me with five dollars as a 'thank-offering for a desire fulfilled.'"



H.R.H. The Governor General at the age of three years.

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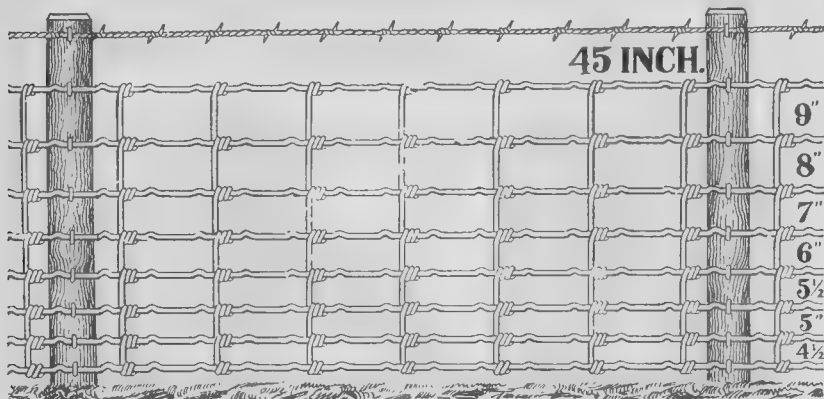
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We beg to inform the Grain Growers of the West that we are fully equipped to handle shipments of Wheat, Oats, Barley and Flax on consignment or purchase same if so instructed. We own and operate an elevator at Montreal, where Government Weights are given, so that grain can be shipped direct to the Seaboard from your own Town without being delayed at the Lake Terminals.

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7 Great West Life Building, Winnipeg, Man.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

heralded Mr. Cornthwaite's return to speech.

"Silence!" thundered the Vicar. "Take with you the evidence of your transgression"—and he placed the bottle in the other's nerveless fingers—"and come and see me when the fumes of your debauchery no longer distort your mind."

With these words the Vicar, waving aside all attempts at explanation, gently propelled him to the door and shut it securely upon him.

How the unfortunate churchwarden made his way home that night, he could never remember. But at a disgracefully late hour he was discovered by his wife in a species of trance upon the doorstep with an empty bottle beside him—a state of things he was never able to explain to that lady's entire satisfaction.

Next day a bent and cowering figure made its way by a circuitous and unfrequented route to the back entrance to the Palace, and humbly requested of Mr. Barker the favor of a few words in private. The latter led the way in silence to an unoccupied room, and having closed the door, turned and sternly regarded his visitor.

"Well?" he said at length.

Mr. Cornthwaite—for this shrunken caricature was no less a personage than the churchwarden himself—Mr. Cornthwaite allowed his glance to fall beneath those keen blue eyes.

"We've not been the best o' friends lately," he commenced meekly enough, "and I guess I'm to blame for it."

"Sure thing," replied the other coldly.

"What I mean to say," continued the churchwarden, still looking down, "is that I've decided to withdraw from the tombstone business."

"It ain't a thing for a 'amateur' to meddle with," replied Mr. Barker drily.

"My missus," continued Mr. Cornthwaite, elevating his gaze with an effort, "wants me to get her a few o' them ornamental trees. I wondered if you had any on hand?"

At first the latter did not think he had; but after allowing himself to be sufficiently pressed, finally agreed to send over five next day—all he could possibly spare.

This arranged, Mr. Cornthwaite hesitated, shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, then coloring furiously, finally blurted out:

OUTDOOR LIFE

Will Not Offset the Ill Effects of Coffee and Tea When One Cannot Digest Them.

A farmer says:

"For ten years or more I suffered from dyspepsia and stomach trouble, caused by the use of coffee (Tea contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee) until I got so bad I had to give up coffee entirely and almost give up eating. There were times when I could eat only boiled milk and bread; and when I went to the field to work I had to take some bread and butter along to give me strength.

"I doctored steady and took almost everything I could get for my stomach in the way of medicine, but if I got any better it only lasted a little while. I was almost a walking skeleton.

"One day I read an ad. for Postum and told my wife I would try it, and as to the following facts I will make affidavit before any judge:

"I quite coffee entirely and used Postum in its place. I have regained health entirely and can eat anything that is cooked to eat. I have increased in weight until now I weigh more than I ever did. I have not taken any medicine for my stomach since I began using Postum.

"My family would stick to coffee at first, but they saw the effects it had on me and when they were feeling bad they began to use Postum, one at a time, until now we all use Postum." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

Ten days' trial of Postum in place of tea or coffee proves the truth, an easy and pleasant way.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

"There's another thing I was wanting to speak to you about, Mr. Barker. That there bottle—" here he broke off in that fusion.

"What bottle?" enquired Mr. Barker gently.

"That bottle I—I got here last night."

"Well?"

"It's—it's empty!"

Mr. Barker gazed at the churchwarden long and curiously. "Aye," he said at length half-absently, "it's a way bottles have."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the other raising his voice for the first time.

"Oh, Mr. Cornthwaite," replied his tormentor with a chuckle, "there's no need for tales between you and me. You and me understand each other," he continued, patting him slyly on the shoulder. "What you want I suppose is another, eh?"

The churchwarden nodded, for the situation was beyond words.

"This is a most expensive wine," observed Mr. Barker, returning in a few minutes with a fresh supply. "We usually sell it at \$5 the bottle, but perhaps if I were to mention it to the proprietor—"

"No—no!" interposed the churchwarden hurriedly, "I'll pay for it."

"Just as you please, of course, Mr. Cornthwaite," replied Mr. Barker suavely. "But about them trees you ordered," he resumed more professionally, toying in a tantalising manner with the bottle in his hands. "Four dollars a piece is the best I can do for you, and cheap at that."

This was barefaced extortion. But the churchwarden, who realized that he was between the devil and the deep sea, replied gruffly:

"All right, I'll pay on delivery."

"Couldn't do it," said Mr. Barker coldly. "In our business we have to be most particular."

"Ten—and ten is twenty, and five is twenty-five. Twenty-five dollars. Correct. Er—thank you, Mr. Cornthwaite. —No, I shouldn't wonder if we was to have a spell of cooler weather—now!"

General Booth's Message to his Canadian Comrades.

My Dear Comrades,—If the unexpected blow regarding the loss of my eyesight has not actually fallen, as the newspapers have stated, it is hovering dangerously near. Instead of the restoration of sight for which I had hoped, and for which I know you have earnestly prayed, the doctors tell me I am on the very eve of entire darkness.

In a few brief hours my comrades may be under the painful compulsion of announcing that The General is hopelessly blind. In that even, what an indescribably painful loss will be mine, never again to see the light of day, or behold the countenances of my friends, or look into the sympathetic eyes of my comrades; never again to witness that which for ever sixty years has been to me the sight of sights—men and women kneeling at the Mercy Seat.

Then, too, I have lost the hope of being able with any facility to write, while it will be an absolute impossibility to read well.

Pile up all my losses, they are many and serious. I admit; but look at the mercies left me!

First, there is my confidence in God. I am not going to allow the existence of a few things which are in conflict with my judgment to interfere with my confidence in His wisdom—confidence that is inspired by a lifelong knowledge of His loving care.

Then, I have not lost the assurance of my own happy relations with my Heavenly Father. I have not lost the confidence of my own dear people. I have not lost the inestimable blessing of life.

I want the continued loyalty of my own people, and the heartier co-operation of all men and women whose hearts are fired with the same purpose as my own.

In a few weeks' time I hope to be found once more on the battlefield.

Anyway, my dear comrades, in the light or in the dark you may count upon your General to trust in God and go forward.

William Booth.

Sugaring Off.

By G. W. Bartlett.



WITH the lengthening days, and the increasing power of the sun, the thoughts of the country lad turn with sweet anticipations to the maple sugar time. Everything is in readiness for a short, decisive campaign—buckets, vats, spouts, kettles; nothing remains but to load up the sled or stoneboat and hie away to the woods.

Then some bright sunny morning, after a night of frost, the boy comes running in from the bush. Perhaps he has seen where a squirrel was gnawing the tree; or could he possibly have been surreptitiously digging into the trunk with his new jack-knife! However this may be, he comes tearing in, bubbling with excitement, to announce "Sap's runnin'."

What bustle! What excitement. What fun! All every-day interests are side-tracked to give right-of-way to the great business of ingathering the sweet harvest of the maple. Busiest of the busy; gayest of the gay, is the boy. He has a hand in everything—sitting the buckets together, gathering the sap, watching the kettle, armed with a stirring stick, and a lump of fat pork on a string to keep the boiling sap from foaming over. But the best of all is the sugaring off! Oh, it is a busy, strenuous, delightful, two weeks campaign!

Besides the sugar maple, a number of other trees yield a supply of sugar to the Canadian settler. In the West, the box-elder, *Negunda Aceroides*, yields syrup of almost equal quality to our national tree. In the early days of the prairie regions, when cane and beet sugar were rare and expensive, this "Manitoba Maple" furnished thousands of gallons of syrup, both for home consumption and for export.

Most of this was made along the shores or on the islands of the many lakes of northern Manitoba, where these trees abound. Thither, in the season, the Indians and halfbreeds repaired in great numbers, and combining their forces, manufactured syrup and sugar, on what would now be considered a large scale. One enterprising native woman with her two sons, made their headquarters, for many seasons, on an island near the narrows of Lake Manitoba, and produced annually several hundred gallons of syrup, or its equivalent in sugar. The records of the Hudson's Bay Company during the sixties, show that they annually purchased thousands of gallons of syrup for export, as well as supplied large quantities of sugar to their northern forts.

The decrease in the price of cane sugar on the advent of railways, led to the gradual abandonment of the industry in the West.

In eastern Canada, the industry antedates the coming of the white men. Champlain mentions the industry as existing among the Hurons, and it finds frequent mention in Jesuit records. One of the first English leaders to visit Georgian Bay, leaves the following description of the Indian method:

"Sap buckets were made of birch bark, capable of holding nearly two gallons. These were emptied daily into a vat of moose skin of 100 gallon capacity. The fire was built in a hut open at the top with a door in each end. The fire-place extended down the middle, the entire length of the enclosure, and on this were hung as many kettles as it would accommodate.

"In two weeks we had made sixteen hundred weight of sugar, and thirty-six gallons of syrup, besides what we ate, about three hundred pounds, in the two weeks, sugar being our principal food. The Indians often live for weeks, or even months, on a purely sugar diet, on which they thrive and grow fat."

During the massacre at Michilimackinac in 1763, several of the white traders escaped the Chippewas by hiding under a pile of birch-bark sap buckets in the attic of a French-Canadian's house.

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Thousands of dollars have been wasted in buying nursery stock—fruit, trees and shrubs—that are not hardy in Western Canada. Avoid the mistakes of others and buy hardy stock grown in the West, for the West, and under Western conditions. There is no more risk in planting out hardy trees or fruit of the right varieties than there is in growing wheat. Our nurseries at Brandon are full of hardy stock. We have the right kinds proved best by test.

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Ernest Thompson Seton: The horse is a cleaner liver, a more wholesome feeder, and a more patient worker than any man one ever meets.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy: The interdependence East and West must be regarded as the fundamental basis of the prosperity of Canada.

John Mitchell: Never before has there been such a demand for honest, efficient, courageous and independent leaders. Never before has there been such an opportunity for high public service.

W. J. Bryan: It is open to every man to serve his country faithfully and well. This service is open to all, for it does not mean holding office, but merely doing the part of good citizens.

Earl Grey: I have been so favorably impressed by the ambition of certain Canadian journalists to make the papers

for which they are responsible fearless champions of principles which make the nation honorable that I retained the practice of reading their articles to my great profit and advantage even after my return to London.

A Humanlike Dog.

He was a poor, miserable-looking dog, and the stranger's heart was filled with pity. For the dog was howling and it was only too evident that he was suffering pain. So he asked the tired rustic who lounged near by why the dog howled.

"Im?" asked the rustic. "He's just lazy, that's all."

"But laziness doesn't make a dog howl, surely?" queried the benevolent one.

"Does 'im," said the tired owner. "Only lazy."

"But how," queried the persistent questioner—"how can laziness make him howl?"

"Well, you see," said the rural lounge, "that pore dog is sittin' on some real tough thistles, and he's too lazy to get off, so he just sits there and howls 'cause it hurts so."

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of prudent men against misfortune.

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We only make this exceptional offer in order to get acquainted with you, for, as a matter of fact, the Western Home Monthly at its usual subscription price of \$1.00 a year is a big bargain in reading matter. Each issue consists of 96 pages (and up) crammed full of bright articles, entertaining miscellany and interesting fiction—besides the many original photographs for which our pages have become so justly famous. Handsome cover in two or more colors. Send in your order to-day and receive a copy of our June Number **FREE**.

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg, Man.

The Bower Birds of Australia.

Written for Western Home Monthly by W. R. Gilbert, Calgary.



IT is now some sixty years since John Gould, one of the most energetic of ornithologists, took to England the first example of the handiwork of the bower bird. Prior to this there had been no instance known of a bird indulging in architecture, apart from nest building, and in that respect the bower bird still stands unique. The home of this bower bird is tropical and sub-tropical Australia. In the dense scrubs which are a feature of that continent are to be found all manner of birds. What is known as "the big scrub" of New South Wales in the north of the State, probably contains more birds and more varieties than any similar sized tract of country in the world. Threading your way through this scrub, you come suddenly upon a little open patch, two or three yards square, where the scrub has been laid absolutely flat. On this bare patch there is a curious little artificial avenue, built of twigs eight inches or nine inches long, stuck into a platform foundation of twigs, leaves and grass.

The walls are only three inches or four inches apart and almost touch at the top, while the length of the little avenue is somewhat less than a foot. It is the bower of the regent bird, one of the most beautiful and at the same time one of the most numerous members of the family. At the entrance to the bower there is a curious miscellany of playthings, including shells, bits of bone, the stones of fruit, and gaily colored feathers, with perhaps a few leaves of a neighboring tree.

But although the bower shows unmistakable signs of being in use, there is no sign of the lovely owners. Long before you have reached the spot, they have heard you, and have slid quickly off amongst the dense tangle of scrub and trees that surrounds their home. The only way to see the birds at play is to take up a position overlooking the bower and then wait patiently and silently, as I have often done for hours, until they return. And it is indeed a spectacle well worth waiting for. The regent bird is a strikingly beautiful bird. The adult male has a marvellously effective plumage of the deepest and glossiest black and blazing yellow, and in size resembles the American robin. The female and immature male are less showy, but are still elegant birds. The bower is used as a play or courting house. First one bird will enter, pick up a shell or a leaf, and, after performing a quaint variety of antics, throw the shell or leaf away. All the time the other bird or birds are performing outside and around the bower. When the first bird comes out, one of the others takes his place, and so the game proceeds, perhaps for hours at a time.

As already mentioned, the bower has nothing to do with the nesting of the bird. The nest is a fairly large, open, ordinary affair, built of sticks and twigs, and situated in a small tree at the height usually of 15 feet or 20 feet from the ground. But though there is nothing unusual about the nest, the eggs are in keeping with the bird, as it is generally admitted they are amongst the most characteristic of Australian birds' eggs. They are about an inch and a half long and an inch broad, pale yellowish in ground color and thickly blotched, and spotted with deep brown. But their peculiarity lies in the fact that the blotches and spots are partly obliterated by a wilderness of irregular lines and streaks of varying thickness which look exactly

as if someone had taken a fine camel hair brush full of Indian ink, and had spent some little time in decorating and "improving" the egg. The spotted bower birds' eggs are very similar. Once these eggs are seen, they can never be forgotten. There are altogether eleven members of this famous family all of which save one, form playing grounds. The exception is the cat bird, a Queensland species—nothing like the North American cat bird although its note is the same—which gets its name from the plaintive "mew-mew" which constitutes its ordinary call. This bird loves the densest scrubs, and though its sad note is very common, it is only occasionally that the bird is seen. It is classed with the bower birds on account of structural resemblance.

The distribution of the regent bird is very restricted but the satin bower bird, which is as pretty as its name suggests, is found all along the east coast of the continent, and it is the only member of the family found to any extent far south. It has been given the tremendous name

and except in the breeding season congregates in flocks.

The golden bower bird has a suggestive name, and truly its magnificent livery, mainly of lovely bright yellow, justifies the name. It builds a peculiar bower, commencing by piling a platform of sticks around two small neighboring trees. The bower proper is then built between. Then, as an after thought, the bird builds three or four little miniature huts, peaked like an Indian teepee, here and there around the main bower, but a few yards away. These quaint little huts are made by drawing the tops of the long grass and ferns together and fastening them at the top. The interior is then flattened down and shaped. The birds when playing run into these little huts and out of them, using them in conjunction with the bower. As the bower built by this bird is itself the most elaborate of the species, I regard the golden bower bird as the leading and most developed member of the family. Its name *Prionodura newtoniana* was bestowed in compliment to the veteran professor,



His First Sand Pie.

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even for one day, deliberately leave your house uninsured. Do not, even for one day, leave uninsured that infinitely more valuable asset—your life.

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of *Ptilonorhynchus violaceus*. It has beautiful violet eyes—hence part of its name—and a resplendent, blue black coat. There is still some dispute among ornithologists regarding the development of this plumage. The first plumage is a mottled green, and it is not for some years that this finally changes into the deep, rich, characteristic blue black. Some observers think that the color comes with full maturity in three or four years, while others are inclined to regard the blue black as a sign of old age. The hen bird wears a plainer but still handsome garb of olive green. These birds build a very striking bower, ornamenting the entrance with flowers, moss, gaudily colored feathers, bones, small shells, etc. The feathers are usually those of one or other of the numerous parrot family and are always blue or yellow. There is a tradition that the bird will not use red feathers, and I must say in support of this that in all the bowers I have seen made by this bird, this color has been conspicuous by its absence. This bower bird has a pretty whistling note

whose ornithological achievements are world known. As showing the extraordinary energy and ability of Gould it may be mentioned here that this was the only bower bird out of eleven species which he missed. The Queensland bower bird builds a very conspicuous bower, which is used by several birds. This is an exclusively tropical species, being confined to the north of Queensland and the northern territory of South Australia.

A unique member of the family is the tooth-billed bower bird; also a Queensland species. This bird, however, does not build a bower; instead, it flattens out a little space in the scrub about a square yard and cleans it bare of all vegetation. On this bare patch, it places seven or nine—never more—leaves of one special tree, about 3 inches long. It plays with the leaves by the hour, tossing them over its back, and to and fro and a curious feature in this connection is the fact that it discards the old leaves daily, bringing a fresh supply every morning. Amongst this quaint group of birds there are several which are marvellous mimics,

and of these the tooth-billed species is generally placed first. It can imitate any of the birds of its neighborhood and do it so well as to deceive the birds themselves. It may well be termed the "Master mocking bird of Australia," which to those who have heard the lyre bird, is very great praise. It mocks best in the breeding season, and I have listened in the scrub for an hour at a time with wonder to its changeable utterances. The spotted bower bird is another excellent mimic. Not only does it imitate the birds, including the magpie, and the difficult note of the whistling eagle, but it reproduces the sound of chopping, splitting, and sawing wood, and the barking of dogs. This bird is native of the scrub of Western New South Wales—the Riverina country—where it builds probably the most noticeable bowers of the whole family. It has a mar'a for the white bleached bones of sheep, with which it decorates the bower. As many as a thousand separate bones have been counted at the one bower or nearly sufficient for a cart load.

Of such an interesting group of birds it is pleasant to be able to say they are still abundant, and likely to remain so. It is so hard to see them in the thick scrub which forms their home that only the most persevering collectors are successful in obtaining specimens.

The Four-Wheel Drive Heer Tractor.

The Heer Engine Company, of Portsmouth, Ohio, U.S.A., have lately opened a Canadian office in Winnipeg at 808 McArthur Bldg., with R. McLennan as manager. The Dominion agency will be known as The Canadian Heer Engine Company. Three sizes of engines are made—20, 30 and 40 horse power. Two of the models have been entered for the motor contest in connection with the Canadian Industrial Exhibition. This engine possesses a number of valuable features not found in other makes. For instance, power is applied to all four wheels by means of a chain drive; there is a four wheel steering device; the wheels are so constructed that they will go over plowed ground without packing, and pass over sink holes without sticking; and the extraordinary claim is also made that this "Four Wheel Drive Tractor" develops fully 10 per cent. capacity for overload on the belt, and 80 per cent. efficiency on the draw bow. See fuller announcement on another page and write the Winnipeg office for catalogue, details, etc.

One of the great features of the Heer gas tractor is that it turns in an 18 ft. circle and will plow where you cannot use horses.

Wouldn't do it.

"Oh, George, did you see the description in this newspaper of the house where everything is done by electri-

city?" exclaimed a young wife to her husband. "Wouldn't it be lovely to live in a home like that? All you have to do when you want to get anything is to touch a button."

The man was but gloomily responsive. "That wouldn't be of much use to you, Clara," he remarked. "Nothing could induce you to touch a button. Look at this coat, and my—oh, look at everything I wear!"

A Modest Musician.

"You are a talented pianist, I believe," remarked a young lady to a professor of music.

"I play aggompaniments zometimes," was the reply.

"Accompaniments to singing?"

"Nein; to conversations!"

Sweet Innocence.

A newly-married man returned home one evening to discover that his wife was "all tired out."

"You look dreadfully fatigued, little one," he said, in a sympathetic tone.

"I am," was the reply. "You see, dear, I heard you say that you liked rabbit, so early this morning I went to the market to get one. I meant to surprise you with a rabbit for dinner, but I'm afraid you will have to do without it. I've been hard at work on it all day, and I haven't got it more than half picked!"

Compliment for Surgeons.

At a meeting held a few days ago in connection with one of London's hospitals, a gentleman, eulogizing the devotion displayed by the nurses, remarked:

"These honored sisters nurse the patients back to life after the surgeons have done their work!"

His Only Request.

A pretty young girl was walking through a Richmond hospital with delicacies for the sick and wounded. She overheard a suffering young Confederate officer say, "Oh, my Lord!"

Wishing to rebuke him slightly she came to his bedside and said:

"I think that I heard you call upon the name of the Lord. I am one of His daughters. Is there anything that I can do for you?"

He looked upon the lovely face.

"Yes," he said, "please ask Him to make me His son-in-law."

The One Omission.

Passer: "Ah, good-morning! How has your father been since I saw you last?"

Pat: "Niver a change, sor. He's loomberin' around wid the owld complaint."

Passer: "Does the doctor give him any hope?"

Pat: "No, sor. An' he jabers, Oi believe that's about the only thing he hasn't given him."

Weakness of a Great Dog.

'A man who will willingly swap a good cow with a calf by her side for a coon dog, and drive them twelve miles to make the trade,' said a man from the White River bottoms, Indiana, 'you will be easily pardoned for looking upon a fellow citizen worthy of small regard in any community, yet Marion County folk, in my native state, had such a compatriot, and he stood well in their estimation, and he deserved to.'

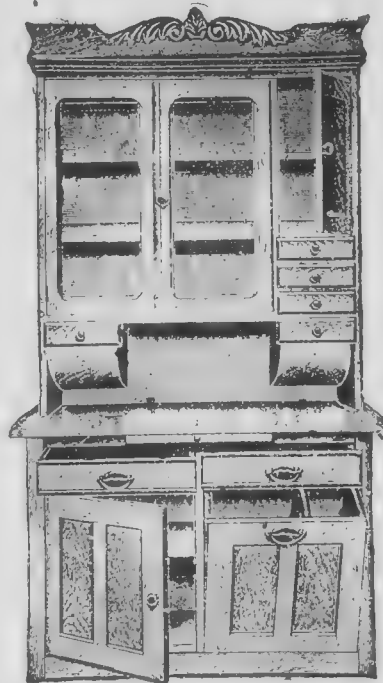
'That man's name was George Pitts. He was only a young man then, but had acquired much local fame along White River as a hunter and trapper. His strong hold was coons, and he had not only paid his way through a complete course in the old Marion County Seminary by selling the skins of coons which he trapped, but had saved more than \$300.'

'A man who was also something of a success as a coon hunter on the White River bottoms lived twelve miles from Indianapolis, and his success was due to a coon dog of such superior ability that George Pitts was determined to own him,

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A small price for a **Big Kitchen Cabinet**, \$35 would be a modest retail price. Wingold wholesale to consumer price represents actual cost to manufacture under most favorable conditions; and a small profit added.

THE WINGOLD Kitchen Cabinet, from the large divided flour bin (98 lbs. capacity) to the smallest spice drawer has every conceivable arrangement for convenience and labor saving. **Don't Waste Your Strength and Energy.** Install a Wingold Kitchen Cabinet, and save all unnecessary labor. The Wingold is made of selected white maple, finished natural. Entire height 84 inches. Base 48 x 26 inches. Two cutlery drawers, sugar and salt bins, draw-out cutting and kneading board. Two cupboards with shelves, fine large china set, and three small spice complete the cabinet in every detail. The pure white surface is given several coatings of varnish, which, gives it appearance and cleanliness.

Shipping weight 250 lbs. . . . \$18.75

This is one of many Bargains found in a Wingold Catalog. **Remember** Wingold Wholesale to Consumer methods bring First Quality furniture, crockery and stoves to your home for less than trash would cost you elsewhere. A Wingold Catalog will save you money. Your name and address on a post card is sufficient.

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Because it promotes digestion and assimilation and enables you to cut down the grain ration 15% to 25% and still get better results. The saving of grain represents a saving of good hard cash to you.

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It will not cost you a cent if you are not satisfied. See our dealer in your town or write us for particulars. Mention this paper and the stock you own and we will send you a litho, size 16 x 22, of our three champion stallions.

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD CO., Limited - - - TORONTO

Read what James L. Hill, of Fredericton Junction, P.E.I., wrote us on February 15th:

I think International Stock Food is a great thing for stock. We wouldn't be without it for anything. It keeps our horses in fine condition; in fact, every person admires them, they have such a glossy skin and always look well. We give it to young calves and pigs and find it agrees with them splendidly, and the Poultry Food shows itself in a very short time. Our hens have been laying most of the winter. I cannot say too much for your food for all kinds of animals.

for coon skins were worth from \$1 to \$2 apiece in those days. Those were the days when wild turkeys were still so abundant thereabout that they were scarcely marketable, and their sweet, juicy meat was the favorite bait for coon traps.

'Cows were worth \$30 apiece in those days and Pitts owned one of the best cows in the country, and at the time he fell to the lure of that incomparable coon dog his cow had a heifer calf at her side, and it showed every promise of becoming as excellent a cow as its mother was.

'Pitts had made the owner of that coon dog various good offers for it, all of which were declined, offers that Pitt's folks and friends declared he must be

crazy to make, and the coon dog's owner's familiars assured him that he was just as crazy in refusing those offers as Pitts was in making them.

'Twenty-five dollars for a dog that don't know a thing but to chase coons,' Pitts's friends said when Pitts had raised his offer to that figure. "If you ain't sent to the asylum you'll go to the poor-house sure."

A pleasant thing it is to mind
O' youthful' thochts and things;
To pu' the fruit that on the tree
Of memory riplely hings.
To live again the happiest hours
Of happy days gane by;—
To dream again, as I have dreamed,
When I was herdin' kye!

"Putting Off"

Life Insurance has robbed many a family of a fortune. Life Insurance is easy to secure. A little money and good health are the requisites. You may have the money next year—but the good health may have gone. So arrange your protection now, and arrange it in the Company charging lowest rates and paying highest profits—that is

The Great-West Life Assurance Company

Head Office - Winnipeg

Ask for a Memo-Book—Free.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

WESTERN WATER HIGHWAYS

Government engineers are investigating the possibilities of the development of the water highways of the West as traffic routes. Waterways were the pioneer routes of civilization, and we may well believe that the time is coming when water transportation will again be an important factor in the life and work of this country. There are many engineering difficulties to be overcome, but if they were all disposed of, there would remain the economic problems to be grappled with. In order to secure the possible economic benefits from water transportation, supposing the engineering difficulties overcome, it will be necessary to provide public terminal and other facilities for all kinds of craft to avert monopolistic control. It would be sanguine, however, to expect that anything like the full utilization of our Western water highways will be a matter of the immediate future. A good deal of water will have flowed down before those highways are laden with traffic.

TO ADD TO THE BEAUTY OF THE PRAIRIE SUNSETS

The people of Victoria, B. C., were treated a couple of weeks ago to a somewhat unusual experience in the form of a fall of volcanic dust. The most remarkable thing in connection with the occurrence was that the dust should have travelled so far within so short a time from its place of origin. It was known that the volcanic eruptions had taken place in Alaska on a Thursday, and the dust from those eruptions was in evidence at Victoria on Sunday evening. From this fact it is evident that the convulsion of nature in the far away Alaskan mountains must have been of a very violent character, to have thrown up dust to a very high stratum of the atmosphere, in which the air currents were setting in a southerly direction. The distance from the volcanic outbreak to Victoria is upwards of eight hundred miles, so that evidently the currents in the high regions of the atmosphere were travelling rapidly. The dust from volcanoes is sometimes thrown up to such a height that it may remain in the atmosphere for a couple of years, or possibly longer. During that time it is possible for it to circle the world, round and round again. At the time of the terrific volcanic eruptions in the island of Krakatoa, between Sumatra and Java, in 1883, which caused a tidal wave that destroyed over 30,000 lives, dust was thus thrown up; and months later there were brilliant sunset effects all round the world, due to that dust high up in the atmosphere. They were specially remarkable in this country. It may be that the dust from those Alaskan eruptions last month may give us some wonderful prairie sunsets this summer.

WIRELESS TO HUDSON STRAITS.

Why not establish wireless communication between Hudson Straits and Ottawa? Then, with a group of investigators at work to find out all about navigation conditions, mineral resources, fisheries, fur-bearing animals and agricultural possibilities, much good would result from having the Canadian people, as a whole, kept in touch, by means of the day's news, with the discoveries and developments in that far-off part of our country. It would cost no more than the expeditions sent out at intervals, and the result in public interest would be very much greater.

MATCHES.

The match is one of the commonest and simplest and at the same time most indispensable of objects which even children are permitted freely to use. It is, however, true that the match is one of the most frequent causes of destructive fires. There are strict laws concerning most other explosive and inflammable articles. In some of the States across the line laws have been proposed for the prohibition of all matches except those which can be lighted only by striking them upon a certain specially prepared surface and are thus secure against accidental ignition in any of the many ways in which fires have often been caused. None of these proposed laws have been enacted. They would mean, of course, the reorganization of a large and important industry. Such radical legislation has never been proposed in this country. But carelessness with matches ought to be discouraged in some way.

A SINISTER SOCIETY

In a right-handed world the left-handed are under a handicap. They cannot even claim the minority prerogative of being right. To see the new moon over the left shoulder is unlucky; and a left-handed compliment has a sting in its tail. It is not surprising that left-handed people should think of organizing for mutual support and consolation, taking for their patron saint the Old Testament hero of whom we read: "But when the children of Israel cried unto the Lord, the Lord raised them up a deliverer, Ehud, the son of Gera, a Benjamite, a man left-handed." Such an organization has been formed at Orange, N. J. It

is called the Knights and Ladies of Ehud, and at the inaugural ceremonies Rev. L. S. Fry, of the Methodist church and, to use baseball language, "the southpaw tribe," delivered an address on the above-quoted text. "Left-handed," said Rev. Mr. Fry, "is a term that will stand for much of the progress of the world. We are far too much bound by convention; left-handedness is the protest of Nature against conformity." Thus declares the newspaper report. Not a few left-handed individuals have been spoiled in the attempt to make them conform to the majority. We are beginning to grow a little wiser, and Science has discovered that Nature should have her bent. It is not a question of training, but of constitution. Physiologists have learned that the left-handed are usually also left-eyed and ought not to try to be right-handed. The dominant eye is what gives precise guidance to motions. As for the Knights and Ladies of Ehud, it recalls the association of red-headed people in Conan Doyle's story—only the latter was organized for darkly criminal purposes, whereas the Order of Ehud is all right.

CANADA'S BLACK BOOK.

We hear a great deal of Government blue books. There is one of these annual publications that ought to be called Canada's black book. It is the one giving the statistics of crime in the Dominion. It is always the latest to make its appearance. The one for the year ending September 30, 1910, has only just been issued. On the whole, the showing made is one that compares very favorably with other lands in regard to the prevalence of law and order. The feature of the report which is most worthy of serious consideration is the increase of criminality among juveniles. While it is noted that this increase is most conspicuous among the youth of the alien population of the Dominion, it is by no means confined to these. The establishment of juvenile courts will doubtless go a great way towards alleviating the increase of juvenile criminality, in a large measure by differentiating between crime with intent and crime resulting from ignorance of law and morals. The figures decidedly indicate the necessity of devoting more attention to the youth of all classes and of removing of temptation, as well as opportunity, to go wrong.

CANADA'S ANNIVERSARY.

The number of those who can speak from personal recollection of the difficulties which beset Canada in the years preceding the formation of the Dominion forty-five years ago is scant indeed. The troubles which had to be contended with were formidable. A series of weak and short-lived Governments had been followed by a deadlock. The relations between Canada West and Lower Canada, or Ontario and Quebec as they are now, were strained. The reciprocity treaty with the United States had been abrogated, and the closing of what was then the main channel of the foreign trade of the Canada of that time, or the Canadas, which was then in use, was a cause of the gravest anxiety. Fenian raids disturbed the peace of the country, and behind them was the fear of country. Even after the Dominion was formed, it seemed for a time to be accomplished in law, rather than in fact. New Brunswick was far from enthusiastic. Nova Scotia threatened rebellion and sent a hostile delegation to the first Dominion Parliament. The addition of the West to the Dominion was attended with difficulty and danger; that page of Canadian history is stained with a murder and we may well be thankful that it was not stained with blood-shed in civil war. Several years elapsed before satisfactory terms could be arranged with British Columbia. But all that is ancient history now. Canada long since emerged, healthy and vigorous, from the ailments of youth. Maturity, too, has its problems; and the Canadian people, strong in their patriotic spirit, are grappling with them confidently.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

It will prove a disappointment to the Canadian people if the rumor that the Duke of Connaught will relinquish the post of Governor-General proves to be correct. When he was appointed it was understood that he would be in Canada only two years; but the expectation, if not actually expressed, certainly was entertained that circumstances would permit him to occupy a full term of five years as the representative of the King in this Dominion. Although he and the Duchess and the Princess Patricia have only been on Canadian soil something over eight months, all three have become exceedingly popular. Recently all three were on the point of starting on a tour across the Dominion, but unfortunately the regrettable illness of the Duchess upset the plans which had been made. The whole country was glad to learn that the Duchess' indisposition was not as serious as had at first been feared, and the West was especially pleased to learn that the Duchess' progress on the way to complete recovery was such as to allow Princess Patricia

to accompany the Duke to this part of the Dominion. Their Royal Highnesses will learn what a Western welcome means.

WHERE DOES THE WEST BEGIN?

In discussing the growth of the cities of Canada, the Ottawa Evening Journal arranges the statistics of population, building permits, etc., in two tables, one of Eastern cities, and one of Western. In the former it includes Fort William and Port Arthur. At this rate, how long will it be before Eastern papers are claiming Winnipeg as an Eastern City? Time was when Ontario was Canada West. The Philosopher has some old letters, written to his grandfather, the address upon the envelopes being "Toronto, C. W." What would people have thought in those days if they were told that in less than the space of time allotted by the Psalmist as a man's life two cities at the head of Lake Superior, far in what was then the Western wilderness, would be spoken of as "Eastern cities"?

IN THE AIR.

Already the death roll of aviators this summer contains not a few names. As you pick up your newspaper today, the first item to catch your eye may tell of the addition of one more. Many thousands of people from all over the West at the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition last July, watched Frank Coffyn sailing in the sky. The Philosopher made that skilful aviator's acquaintance and found him an earnest, intelligent, determined young man, absorbed in his business and with no trace of vanity or other foolishness about him; and has ever since been haunted by the thought that he may read in the paper any day the news that Frank Coffyn has fallen from the air to his death. As it happened, the aviator, Ralph Johnstone met his death at Chicago, when Coffyn was in Winnipeg. Coffyn spoke thoughtfully of the ending of that young life, but it did not appear to lessen his feeling that his own calling was to keep on flying. He is still at it. Truly there was something in the sight of his bird-like flights to make you take deep breaths as you watched, and feel that you were present at a triumphant achievement of human skill and daring. A friend of the Philosopher has written of the death of Phil Parmalee, the young aviator who met his death a few weeks ago at Seattle; "We may trust that he felt no pain as Mother Nature took him to her breast. Rather let us think of him as free now, to circle hither to unimagined heights and spaces, his courage, his devotion to duty, his obedience, used over again by the great Potter as He wills." Certainly there is something, clean, courageous, vigorous, daring in the lives of the bird-men, for all that their calling claims so many utterly needless sacrifices.

SOMEWHAT ORIENTAL.

The latest of the rows between the German Emperor and his eldest son and heir, the Crown Prince, is over a yacht race. The Crown Prince entered a yacht for the Kiel races, which he announced, he intended to sail himself to victory, beating his father's yacht, which was also entered for the same race. The Emperor, in high dudgeon, forbade his presuming son to leave his regiment at Potsdam in order to take part in the regatta. The Crown Prince's yacht sailed in the race, but, needless to say, the Emperor's came in first. When the Emperor's yacht is in a race, it must not be beaten, which reminds one of the perplexity of the late Shah of Persia, when he was on a visit to England and saw a horse owned by the late King Edward, then Prince of Wales, defeated in the Derby. The Oriental Potentate was wholly unable to understand how such a thing could be allowed to occur. On the same visit the Shah, after being splendidly entertained by the Duke of Westminster, took occasion to give King Edward a friendly and confidential hint that it would be well to have the Duke quietly put out of the way, as he was too rich and powerful. Kaiser Wilhelm, in some of his ideas, seems to be almost oriental.

MILITARISM.

Many in this country who discuss militarism, have but a dim conception of what militarism is. The Duke of Connaught knows what it is, for he has seen it in operation in more countries than one, in continental Europe; and he finds it hard to understand why anybody should fear that militarism could ever become established in this country. Addressing the Toronto cadets a couple of weeks ago, he expressed his inability to understand such a dread, and at the same time gave an excellent definition of what real militarism is. He said: "Militarism means that the organisation of a country and its laws are subservient to military law and discipline. That is not the case here in Canada, and never will be." The Duke is altogether right about that.



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IS NOW, AND
EVER SHALL BE!

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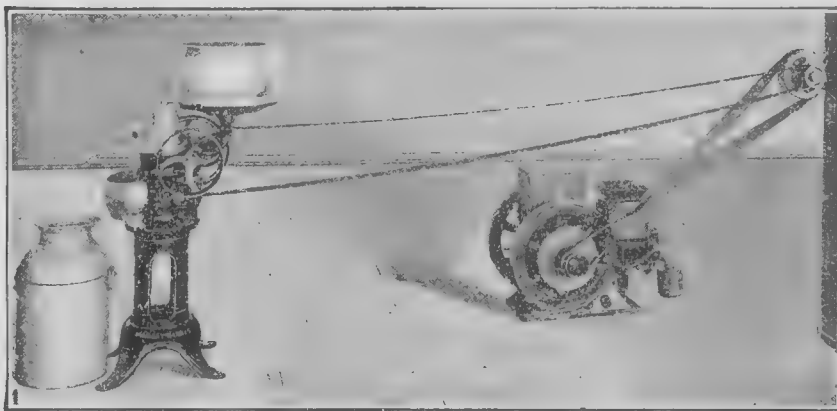
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Harvest Times.

Written for W. H. M. by Mrs. J. E. C.
—Waskada.

"I've come to help you with the threshers Mrs. Deans"—and Margaret stood in the kitchen doorway—a tall figure enveloped in a long raincoat, a fair smiling face, and a crown of fair hair topped with a boyish cap.

"I think you need me just about now," and straightway she hung up cap and coat, set her valise down, and from a parcel took a large blue apron with long sleeves and slipped it on. Then, securing a paring-knife, she began at once to pare the bushel of potatoes I was attacking when she came in. I could see she was taking stock of me, for I was a new-comer in that district.

I was pretty well prepared for the first onslaught of the threshers, but it was a very large gang that season and female help was very scarce. Just that morning Mr. Deans 'phoned me he had secured help, a daughter of a rich farmer near, but I was a little dubious of his judgment of efficiency. "Yes, I am following up this outfit it seems, for we have our threshing all done. Father is going to give me a trip to Europe as soon as I earn half the money. Now if you will show me some of your preparations I shall know what to do next." To the pantry we went first, and then to the dining-room. I thought I had things handy, but not she! She looked at me and hesitated—I divined the difficulty and said: "Now, child, do as you choose. I am going to leave the tables with you and stick to the range. The vegetables and tea require some one there constantly, so I'll give you carte blanche here. "All right. That suits me to a T." So I went back to the stove. In an incredibly short time the big sofa was pushed into an adjoining room, two small tables were impressed into service, and all the dishes, i.e., cups, saucers, plates and cutlery were placed convenient to the kitchen door. Nothing im-

peded one's progress around that long, white oilcloth-draped table. Already I felt as if I had some one to lean on, though the first big dinner was yet to serve. Someway that is always the testing time for matron and maid, as it requires considerable equanimity of character to stand the first great rush. A girl is apt to lose her head when nine or ten cups need to be refilled with tea, and bread and vegetable dishes are empty at one and the same time. With a gay lilting of song, Margaret ran to the flower and parsley beds, and came in with hands overflowing with bloom and greenery. "It's fine to have the first table look pretty, isn't it?" and capable fingers filled the vases which were not forgotten once during the week. As soon as I saw her cut the bread, and wrap it up closely in a towel, my heart sank to rest, for the bread is the one great trouble. It must be cut early and one is sorry for the poor lads when it becomes dry and hard.

"Shall I cut the pie in nine or eleven pieces?" queried Margaret from the pantry. "Which do you serve to-day, the lemon or apple?"

"Oh, dearie," said I, "just cut each pie in eight pieces. Put a piece of one with a frosting and a piece of one with a top crust on each plate. It won't hurt growing boys to top off with a quarter of pie." Whereupon Margaret took me to her heart, I'm sure, for she said: "Well, you're giving them pretty good dope anyhow." An hour before dinner those thirty dessert plates were filled and ready for serving.

The boys smiled at her as they filed in, but nothing could exceed Margaret's dignity as she said "Good-day" and hurried them in to dinner. Smoothly from start to finish passed the dinner.

The vast pile of unwashed dishes loomed like a mountain before us. Singing softly, Margaret piled them neatly whilst I put the food away and set aside the left-overs. In an hour's time they were again stacked on the little table ready for use and covered with a

clean cloth. The big thirty pound roast was almost used, but I noticed later that Margaret cut off all the good meat, and put the bones in a covered can. "Brought up to waste nothing," commented I. Before two days passed, we were great friends. I can see her yet, tall, gracious, loving, with a ready laugh, and a readerly song, doing things called menial but ennobling them by her manner of service.

The third evening she received an invitation from town to attend a party in honor of a lady visitor from Winnipeg. I was as pleased as she. "Oh, but I can't go. I would not dream of leaving you with the supper alone."

"Oh, yes, you can. Just help me get the table ready. I'll make things so the men can help themselves, and I can manage the tea. "If you are quite sure, I'll 'phone over for one of the girls to bring my party dress, and we will go from here."

Thus arranged, that evening we saw Margaret in her party dress, rich, dainty, filmy, in hue changing from cream to pink, high-necked, and with slippers encasing feet just crazy to keep dancing. The next morning she was ready with her house apron on, to help with the breakfast. All that day, bits of her good time chequered the drab monotony of cooking. She had met "a brand new young man." Their conversation had been deeper than most. He railed at people not living their religion. She maintained some did live theirs every day. The general topic soon changed to the personal one. "So," the soft voice went on, "I told him I did try to live mine. I asked God everyday to keep me in the love of Christ, and after that he did not say any more."

They lighted a stack that night just before supper. The flaming orange and scarlet colors against the violet sky looked very beautiful. "Oh," said Margaret, as we watched from the doorway, "Does it not make one long to see the fine paintings in Europe? Won't it be lovely when I take my trip to go

through all the great art galleries? I long to see them, and the mountains, real mountains. Meanwhile I am reading all I can about the old countries so as to be prepared." Just then a boy came in with a bad cut. Like a flash she brought me bandages and salve, and with a hand that never trembled, rendered me assistance in dressing it.

The next day visitors came and I was dismayed. Visitors on a Manitoba threshing day! What could I do? This time Margaret took the lead and while I was looking after the roast, she had the three ladies, a pile of magazines, rugs, cushions, and the rocking chairs under the trees where they remained until dinner was well over and we could serve them. The conversation chanced to turn upon love. She warned Margaret to keep free. Much laughter and joking followed, in the course of which she said: "I am a Manitoban and twenty years old. Nevertheless, I have never been in love."

"I wait for my story—the birds cannot sing it,

Not one, as he sits on the tree—"

I echoed softly "but, long years, O bring it,

Such as I wish it to be."

We were blessed with fine weather, so the next day when the mill left we stood in the doorway waving our aprons, Margaret holding a big bunch of onions in one hand, and ostentatiously wiping her eyes with the other.

Margaret went further west that fall. Some four years after she spent a whole year in Europe. Now she is a happy wife and mother and settled on a ranch in Alberta.

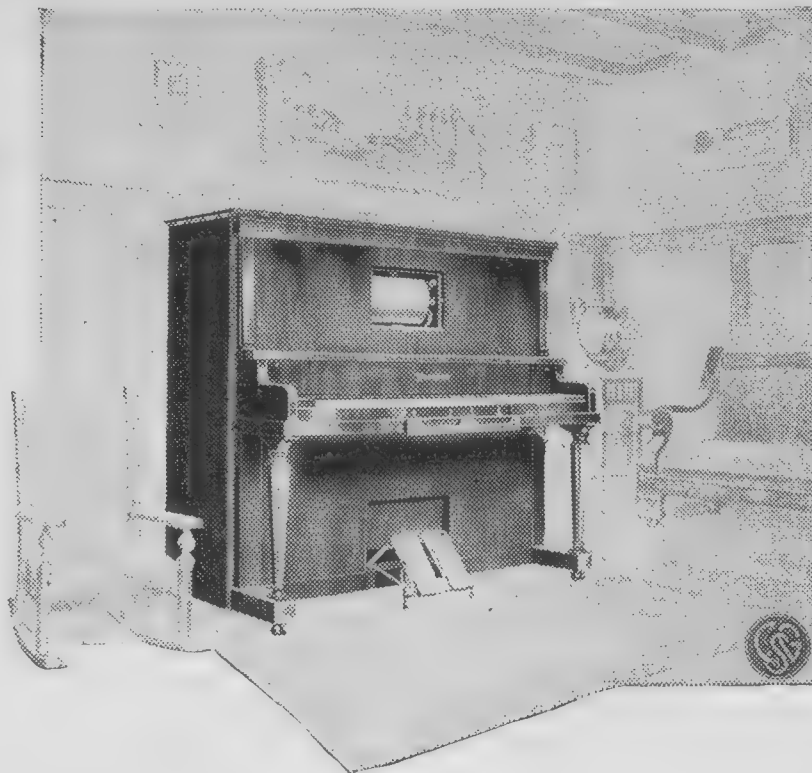
"Now, my boy, tell me how you know an old partridge from a young one," asked the squire in an English periodical.

"By the teeth, sir."

"Nonsense, boy! You ought to know better than that. A partridge hasn't any teeth."

"No, sir; but I have."

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What the World is Saying.

SWAT THE FLY!

Swat the fly and swat it hard.—Lethbridge Herald.

DO IT NOW.

A swat in time saves nine. Now is the time to extinguish the fly.—St. John Telegram.

A DIFFERENCE.

The glacier's children do not get out of the speed maniac's way like the children of men.—Brooklyn Eagle.

PRECIPITATE.

An impatient French aviator, too excitable to wait the natural order of events, committed suicide.—Victoria Colonist.

CANADIANS FOR CANADA.

Suppose our fathers were Scotch, English, Irish, or something else. Forget it. We are all Canadians now.—Windsor Record.

UNDOUBTEDLY.

People who are too poor to take an ocean voyage occasionally also have something to be thankful for at times.—Des Moines Register and Leader.

WILL STRENGTHEN THE TRADE WINDS.

There is one thing about Bermuda onions, they will strengthen the trade winds at present blowing between the West Indies and Canada.—Halifax Herald.

NEWFOUNDLAND'S POPULATION CLASSIFIED.

According to the latest census, Newfoundland has a population of 242,000, including several hundreds who are not fishermen.—Ottawa Free Press.

AN EDUCATION PROBLEM.

It is proposed to introduce a pension system to keep the school teachers in Ontario. But how is it proposed to keep the young ladies single?—Stratford Herald.

A SLOGAN FOR ONE AND ALL.

"Swat the fly" is to be a slogan of the Ottawa Boy Scouts this year. We should all copy the idea and play a part in protecting the public health.—Vancouver World.

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING.

It seems ungrateful to mention it, but the various investigating commissions and tabulating bureaus on the high cost of living make the cost still higher.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

MAKING MILWAUKEE FAMOUS.

The papers are still commenting upon the rejoicing in Milwaukee over the bier of Socialism. It takes, it seems, something like that to make Milwaukee famous.—Nashville Southern Lumberman.

OTHER THINGS NEEDED.

The Chinese populace is awakening to the solemn fact that it takes more than a unanimous haircut to establish a republic on a practical basis.—Washington Star.

DISAPPOINTING WEATHER.

Many a sweet Amherstburg miss was disappointed because the beastly horrid weather man wouldn't permit her to get dolled up Sunday.—Amherstburg Echo.

THE DUKE WILL BE BUSY IN WINNIPEG.

Between laying corner stones, opening public buildings, holding receptions and replying to addresses, the Duke of Connaught will be the busiest man in Canada during his week's sojourn in Winnipeg.—Brandon Sun.

GREENWOOD GIRLS.

The boys from the survey camp come in every evening. It's four miles, but that isn't far when there's girls in town. Boys will be boys where pretty girls are, and the walk is never too far.—Greenwood Ledge.

AN UNFORTUNATE BENEFactor OF HUMANITY.

Arrangements are being made at Lyons to celebrate next year the centenary of the birth of the

inventor of the sewing machine, Berthelemy Thimmonier, who died in 1857 in abject poverty.—London Daily Graphic.

BURNING IT UP.

Canada's fire loss last month was \$2,200,000. It will not much longer be cheaper to build fire-traps than permanent structures of steel and concrete. Between forest fires and fires in town the wood on this continent will be gone in another generation.—Toronto Globe.

THE ONLY GOOD RATS.

Seattle spends large sums of money every year in destroying rats, the original object being the killing of any infected with plague. So far, however, the rats have all been found free from bubonic. Still the money has not been wasted. The only good rats are the dead ones.—Victoria Times.

ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF.

Interviewed by a Detroit newspaper man Colonel Roosevelt's sister said that "Theodore is well able to take care of himself." This opinion is shared by the colonel with many who are opposed to him politically.—London Free Press.

FROM THE REAL ESTATE VIEWPOINT.

Six thousand lives and \$50,000,000 is what it has cost Italy in Tripoli so far. A good live real estate man could have gotten options on the whole country and closed the deal in less time and at less cost, and furnished the six thousand with a job selling subdivisions around Tiflis.—Edmonton Journal.

AN INVENTIVE PRISONER.

A convict in the Arizona state prison has been paroled in order that he can complete an invention for extracting electricity from the air. A genius who can accomplish this feat is certainly entitled to all the free air necessary for experimental purposes.—Duluth Herald.

THE GREAT HOT AIR CENTRE.

The next meeting of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association will be held in Ottawa in September. Somebody should interest the visiting capitalists in a proposition for the storage and distribution during cold weather of the thousands of cubic feet of hot air generated during a parliamentary session.—Hamilton Herald.

THE CHINESE WALL IS NOW A SCHOOL.

They are tearing down the old city walls in China and from the stone rearing schools and other buildings. What more significant of the fact that old things are passing away?—London Advertiser.

THE SEA AND THE MAN.

The simple truth is that the sea will always remain unconquerable. There will always be need of the prayer in the prayer book for those at sea; and there will always remain in every seaman's heart the calm knowledge that when the sea calls he must answer.—New York Tribune.

THE RULING PASSION.

The ruling passion of the Western real estate man is not affected by the influence of travel among historic scenes. A well-known Winnipeg dealer writes to the Free Press from Egypt: "This is a very interesting country. The farm land in the valley of the Nile is about the richest in the world. Values range from \$450 to \$750 an acre."—Calgary Herald.

A DEFEATED EXPECTATION.

In anticipation of the birth of a son and heir to Clementine, wife of Prince Victor Napoleon, at her home in Belgium a box of earth was brought over from France in order that the future successor to the imperial crown might be placed in his cradle upon French soil; and alas! it was a girl.—New York Sun.

A SPEECH AS BRIEF AS HIS COSTUME.

We have heard of "shirt sleeve" campaigns, but the attire worn by Senator La Follette at Los Angeles last week was even more aggressive. While waiting in his room for the presser to return his only available pair of trousers a political delegation invaded his apartment and the Senator delivered a speech as brief as his costume.—Minneapolis Journal.

THE TONY WEST NOW.

Nelson, B.C., school board has decided that it does not want a school cadet corps because it is too military, and the same board has decided to hire a professor of elocution and expression at \$50 per day to lecture to and teach the school children how to read and talk. Let's see. Where are we at? Can this really be the wild and woolly west we have read about?—Lethbridge News.

PROGRESS.

It is but a short time since lunatics were regarded as being possessed of demons and were subjected to all kinds of cruelties for the purpose of driving out the evil spirits. The people then were as sure and confident in their ways as they now are in their ways of dealing with so-called criminals. The next century may see as great a change in the one respect as the past century did in the other.—Vancouver Province.

A LOSS IS A LOSS.

A writer in the Seattle Times, noting that a state normal school had been burned down, wants to know why it was not insured, as by that omission Washington had lost a quarter of a million. But a quarter of a million would have been lost any way. Insurance does not save property from fire. It merely distributes the loss among a large number of people instead of leaving one to carry the whole burden—which object is already served when public property is destroyed.—Vancouver Sun.

KING ALFONSO'S SPINDLY LEGS.

The sentence of eight years' imprisonment imposed on the Spanish cartoonist who pictured Alfonso with spindly legs affords the King of Spain a good opportunity to display his magnanimity. Only a few weeks ago his Majesty dealt very tenderly with a murderer, and Alfonso should remember that the cartoonist who ridiculed the legs is not so culpable as the tailor who permitted their deficiencies to be apparent.—Toronto Star.

CAMPAIGN CIGARS.

The attorney-general of Ohio has given a ruling that the gift of a cigar by a candidate to a voter is a violation of the corrupt practices of the state. While the ruling is not open to strenuous objections, the attorney-general's assertion that the giving of a cigar to a voter "would constitute the giving of something of value," is not sustained by the common experiences of smokers during campaigns.—Hamilton Times.

"FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE."

A New York woman is suing for divorce on the ground that before marriage her husband had served a term in prison, and had not informed her of it. A little while ago a Pennsylvania man asked for a divorce because his wife represented herself as a widow, thus accounting for her child. Later on he learned that she had not been married, and asked that the marriage be set aside. The judge took the ground that the husband should have satisfied himself as to the woman's past before he married her, and that it would be outrageous to annul marriage contracts because of anything that happened before marriage. The words "for better, for worse," seem to cover both cases.—Niagara Falls Gazette.

WARRING AGAINST FLIES.

There is no good ground for believing that killing flies will make Boy Scouts blood-thirsty—or, at any rate, more blood-thirsty than it is natural for a boy to be. Flies might legitimately be included in the ranks of that sinister "negative army" which Colonel Hughes discovered last winter, while he was out scouting for his militia estimates. What a fine thing it would be to tell about on Salisbury Plain if our Minister of Militia could only set what he calls his "positive army"—horse, foot and guns—permanent horse and cadet corps—to freeing this fair Canada of ours from the curse of flies!—Montreal Star.

A ROYAL OAK IN NEW YORK.

At the ceremony of planting a royal English oak in Central Park, New York, in place of the one set out by the late King Edward in 1860, and which died a short time ago, General James Grant Wilson presided and Mr. Henry Clews was among those present. The gentlemen mentioned met the then Prince of Wales at the ceremony half a century ago. Seemingly the fast pace of the modern city that is supposed to wear a man out before his time does not affect all alike. There are numerous men even in New York who have passed man's allotted span and are still well in the forefront. Mr. Clews is one of them. A regular life is likely to be a long one no matter where it is lived.—Montreal Gazette.



A Few Special Bargains

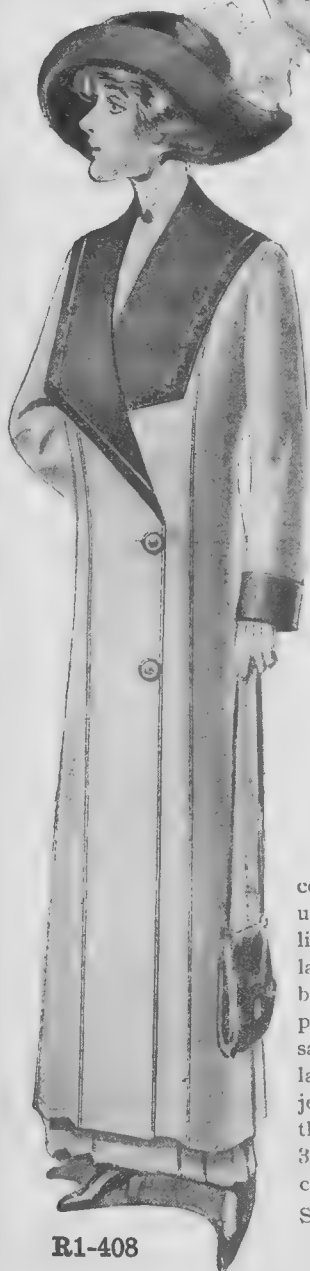
Fine Wash Coats

R1-409—This exquisite Outing Coat accentuates the figure in its long semi-fitting graceful lines; it is made of a fine finish washable repp in a becoming champagne shade with large shawl collar rounded at back; collar and revers and cuffs inset with soft reseda mercerised repp, giving a very pretty contrast; finished with strapings of self material and small jewel buttons, single breasted style, fastening with two large gilt jewel buttons. A beautiful coat. Sizes 34 to 42. Price.. **\$4.95**
Supplied in stock lengths only. 54 inches



R1-409

R1-408—This very becoming motor coat is made up of fine quality washable linen with large round collar, deep revers and turned back cuffs; made up in a pretty contrasting shade of saxe blue cotton serge collar; trimmed with small jewelled buttons to match those on coat. Bust measure 34 to 42. Extra special value. Price.. **\$3.50**
Supplied in stock lengths only. 54 inches.



R1-408

B1-643—"Very Kool" A pair of white canvas Oxfords are indispensable in the hot summer weather and this style will be very dressy; the appearance as per cut, will convince you of it. Sizes 2½ to 7. Half sizes..... **\$1.50**
B1-644—Also made with toecaps and low heels. Sizes 2½ to 7. Price..... **\$1.25**

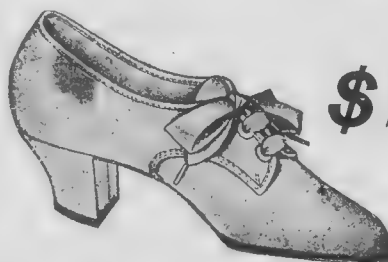
Two Pretty Outing Dresses



R1-400—This Pretty Outing Dress of good quality mid-dy blue linen made with white embroidery sailor collar and cuffs, three quarter sleeves and plain high waist line skirt with panel back, made in misses sizes 14 to 20. Price..... **\$2.49**

R1-401—This Stylish Dress in shali effects in print; has sailor collar and cuffs of linenette with silk embroidered edges in contrasting shades. Comes in colors of navy and white, pink and white and black and white. Sizes 34 to 42 bust measures. Price..... **\$1.89**

For Warm Weather



\$1.50

Dainty Waists

Splendid Value
\$1.35



R3-728—Ladies' Lawn Waist in a pretty shade tan, front in dainty embroidery and has group of tucks at shoulder, short kimono sleeves with two groups of narrow tuck, lace insertion and lace edging, square neck. Colors; tan only. Sizes 34 to 42. Price..... **\$1.35**

98c

98c



This is a Bargain

98c

R3-696—Ladies' White Blouse, front is made from a fine all over embroidery, has broad tuck at shoulder, fastens at back, which is trimmed with clusters of pin tucks. Kimono sleeve set in with insertion of German val. lace to match. Sizes 34 to 42. Price.... **98c**

The Hudson's Bay Company,



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FREE! FREE!

WE have had a beautiful picture of the Duke of Connaught reproduced from an oil painting by lithography in nine different colors, size 24 x 19, and will give it **FREE OF CHARGE** to any person who will send us a list of 15 names of people who would be interested in buying a splendid Piano at the extremely low price quoted in our Catalogue on page 120. By sending us this list you will surely be doing your friends a favor, as this Piano that we are selling for \$180 and \$185 is today being sold by agents at \$300 and \$350. **The Donalds Piano is guaranteed for 10 years.** The list you send in must only comprise the names of persons who do not own a piano at present or who are in the market for a new one. As we have only 500 of these pictures they will be given to the first 500 people who send us complete lists of names.



\$180.00

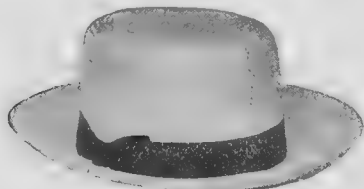
**Complete Outfit
\$5.00**



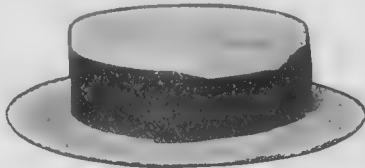
E1-0721—Gents' White Duck
Pants as illustration, made with cuff bottoms, side straps and belt loops, cut in semi-peg style; well stitched, these pants are specially useful for the river and for tennis. They wash well and give complete satisfaction.
Size 32 to 46. Price..... **\$1.50**

E1-0726—Gents' Plain Grey
Flannel Pants made with cuff bottoms as illustration, raised seams, side straps and belt loops, two side, one hip and watch pockets; pants are made from thoroughly London shrunk English flannels.
Size 32 to 44. Price..... **\$4.00**

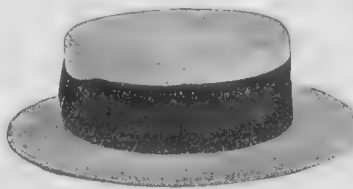
E1-0723—Gent's Striped Flannel
Pants, as illustration: made with cuff bottoms, side straps and belt loops, two side, one hip and watch pockets. Pants are made from fine quality English flannels, thoroughly shrunk grey or cream ground with pin stripes of blue grey and black, making a very smart pant; looks very smart with blue coat. Size 35 to 44. Price..... **\$3.50**



E-419—Men's Java Panama Hats
as cut, very light, comfortable hat for summer.
Size 6 1/2 to 7 1/4. Price..... **\$1.50**



E3-420—Gent's Straw Boaters as cut. Made of rustic straw; a firm light and comfortable hat.
Size 6 1/2 to 7 3/4. Price 75c **\$1.00**
and.....



E3-426—Gent's Straw Boaters of fine rustic straw as cut. The latest Spring shapes. Low and high crown. Black silk bands.
Size 6 1/2 to 7 1/4. **\$1.50**.... **\$2.00**

J1-0314 — This comprises khaki flannelette shirt, navy serge pants, neckerchief, regulation hat, leather belt with two rings and swivels, knife, knife sheath, axe, axe sheath, ash pole, whistle and lanyard, dispatch pouch. In this you may select your color for neckerchief, navy, green or khaki. Complete.... **\$5.00**
Be sure to send size for hat, shirt and pants.

E1-117 — Gent's Popular Navy Blue Serge Suit, made of the famous West of England Indigo Serge of pure Worsted Yarn, closely twisted, will wear like leather, made up in the latest style, close fitting at neck, collar and shoulder are hard padded and only the best of linings are used in the making of this suit.
Size 34 to 44. Price..... **\$10.00**

Mail Order Department, - Winnipeg

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM.

By James L. Gordon, D.D., Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg.

GO IN

Go in for a fight. Have a hand in the struggle. Don't be satisfied with a fair average. Certainly, do not be satisfied to explain away your failure. For, sad to relate, we have met young men who strive to succeed and fail and having failed, explain, to their own satisfaction, why failure is better than success. Away with such! No man has a right to fail, finally, until he is over seventy. Hear? "There are several classes of young men," said Mr. Carnegie in an address before a graduating class in New York City. "There are those who do not do all their duty; there are those who profess to do their duty, and there is a third class far better than the other two, that do their duty and a little more. No one can cheat a young man out of success in life. You young lads have begun well. Keep on. Don't bother about the future. Do your duty and a little more, and the future will take care of itself."

CONCENTRATION

Study the logic of events. Something must be done today, others can wait until tomorrow, and some forever. The strong man selects the thing which is vital. All things are not of the same order of importance. Learn to ignore unimportant details. When the right moment comes the right detail arises and demands attention. "Mr. Gladstone knew the value of what he called 'throwing the mind into the common stock' in the work of the cabinet. This was essential to the business of joint counsel. On many questions with which his colleagues were charged he would say little until the time came to act, declaring that he was not able to adjust the proper conditions of handling a difficult subject until the question was at the door. This was a part of his habit of concentration."

DECISION

Don't you grow weary of people who are forever telling you what they "don't know"? Don't you grow tired of mortals who answer every question with a "can't tell". Folks there are who find an objection to every plan, scheme or proposal. This won't "work" and that won't "do" and what is the best thing to do under the circumstances they are not prepared to state. With such people the reasons "for and against" are always about equally balanced. They never get any where because they never start. "Mr. Lowell says: 'It is an inherent peculiarity of a mind like Hamlet's that it should be conscious of its own defect. Men of his type are forever analyzing their own emotions and motives. They cannot do anything because they always see two ways of doing it.'"

POWER

A sense of power is one of the sweetest mental luxuries. Oh to be "the power behind the throne." To direct even though you are unseen and unknown, is a satisfaction. For what you can do in secret you can do in "the open" if occasion calls for it. Some of the grandest men of history have answered to the outlines of the foregoing description. An American writer says: "One of the most remarkable men I ever knew was Daniel S. Ford, the editor of the 'Youth's Companion'. He was set apart from all other men by his total lack of self-appreciation. He sincerely believed that that paper was a lever which would uplift the minds and souls of American children. He gave his life to this work, but he kept himself wholly out of sight. The paper was conducted under a fictitious name. His own never appeared in it until after his death. He blotted himself out of view, even out of his own view. It was a noble trait and almost unique among Americans."

SILENCE!

There is a time to speak and a time to be silent. The man who is silent at the right time is a jewel. His friends say "He is wise." His enemies ask "What is he up to now?" All the neighborhood waits for him to speak, and when he does speak, they listen. Here is a paragraph from a recent biography of Charles Stewart Parnell:—"What was it about Parnell that struck you most?" "His silence." It was extraordinary. One was not accustomed to it. All Irish agitators talked. He didn't. He listened with wonderful patience. His reserve was a revelation. We used to say: "If ever there was a man for a secret society, this is the man—he can hold his tongue." But I could never discover that Parnell had the least notion at any time of joining us."

THE TIME ELEMENT.

The time element is supreme. When you ask me for an hour, you ask me for the most precious thing in my possession. It takes an eternity to make sixty minutes—or minute for that matter—possible. Is your banquet worth an hour? Is your lecture worth an hour? Is your society worth an hour? That's the question. Time is the current coin of every child of genius. Napoleon said: "Ask me for anything but time." We quote:—Mr. Mardin says of

President Washington that he dined at four o'clock. New members of Congress invited to dinner at the White House would sometimes come late, and be mortified to find the President eating. "My cook," Washington would say, "never asks if the visitors have arrived, but if the hour has arrived." The same thing is told of Napoleon, who once invited his marshals to dine with him. They came just as he was rising from the table and he said: "Gentlemen, it is now past dinner, and we will immediately proceed to business." Sir Walter Scott says: "When a regiment is under march, the rear is often thrown into confusion because the front does not move steadily and without interruption. The same thing is true with business. If that which is first in hand be not instantly, steadily and regularly dispatched, other things accumulate behind, until affairs begin to press all at once and no human brain can stand the confusion."

HOW TO LISTEN

To be a good conversationalist you must be a good listener. In other words fifty per cent of the secret lies in getting your neighbors to talk. To be a good conversationalist you must know how to conduct and direct the conversation. Everything depends on the ability to ask a suggestive question—and then add question to question. Every man is a specialist. He can tell you something you don't know. Get him started. One writer has said concerning Walt Whitman:—"When talking to or with him, he would approve a question by 'so' or 'perhaps.' He was a good listener, both in time and absorption. He almost equaled James G. Blaine in the latter. Mr. Blaine put persons before him through a process of mental absorption of their ideas, akin to the practical operation of a squeezer with a lemon. The skin, however, as with the squeezer, was left."

WITHOUT CAPITAL

If you had capital you could succeed. Of course you could. So could most men. Which is simply saying that you could "start if you knew how to begin." "If"—Unless you can dispose of that "if" you will never make your mark in the world. Henry George said to a friend. "I could start a newspaper if I had money." His friend answered, "any man could start a newspaper if he had the money, but it takes a man of genius to start a newspaper without money." "A story is told of how Paganini once came into the concert room, took the violin, and touched the strings. First one string broke, and a smile went round the room; then another string broke, and there was more audible expression of mockery; when a third string broke, many people laughed outright at his discomfiture. But Paganini stood forth with his violin as though nothing had happened and played on the one string, and the people ceased to smile, but listened spellbound. Some of those who had derided him began to weep, and some even prayed. Man is greater than his fiddle. If the man is the right sort, you can thrust him into any sort of emergency and he will work his way out."

LEARN TO WRITE.

Learn to write. The man who can build a good sentence can construct a good paragraph and strong paragraphs are the literary joints of an enduring article. Clean thinking and plain English produce an excellent style. So practice. Write on the subject you are most interested in. Let your article be brief—not more than a newspaper column in length and well divided into brief pointed and telling paragraphs. When Hawthorne was a student at Bowdoin College—then in the backwoods—a humble, homespun uncle of his wrote him a letter, in which he gave him certain counsel. He was advised at the close of the day to write down the experience of the day "in the best English at his command." That's good advice

IN THE BEGINNING.

There is always a beginning. Every successful man can place his hand on an act, incident, or event which occurred near by the opening doors of destiny: Booker T. Washington, in that most helpful and pathetic of books, "Up from slavery," tells us how he gained admission to Hampton Institute. He had tramped, and begged, and worked his way, 500 miles, from West Virginia, and it seemed to him that his life's fate hung upon the result. He was given a broom and told to sweep a certain recitation room. This is how he tells the story: "Never did I receive an order with more delight. . . . I swept the recitation room three times and I dusted it four times. All the work around the walls, every bench, table and desk, I went over four times with my dusting cloth. Besides every piece of furniture had been moved, and every closet and corner in the room had been thoroughly cleaned. . . . When I was through, I reported to the head teacher. She was a Yankee woman and knew just where to look for dirt. She went into the room and inspected the floor and the closets, then she took

her handkerchief and rubbed it on the woodwork, about the walls and over the table and benches.

"When she was unable to find one bit of dirt on the floor, or a particle of dust on any of the furniture, she quietly remarked: 'guess you will do to enter this institution.'"

CAESAR'S WOUNDS.

Geothé said, "Wherever thou art, be all there." Few young men are living up to their 'speed limit.' Life, to many seems to be a sort of prolonged vacation. Youth's finest achievement is to toll a few strands of Egyptian tobacco into a circular form and placing it between the lips—look wise. But to strike one splendid blow as an introduction to life's conquests does not seem to be theirs." Abbott, the historian says, "There were left only three of Caesar's slaves, who gathered around the body to look at the wounds. They counted them, and found the number twenty-three. It shows, however, how strikingly, and with what reluctance, the actors in this tragedy came up to their work at last, that of all these twenty-three wounds only one was a mortal one. In fact, it is probable that, while all of the conspirators struck the victim in their turn, to fulfill the pledge which they had given to one another that they would everyone inflict a wound, each one hoped that the fatal blow would be given, after all, by some other hand than his own."

TOO EASY.

That which comes easy is apt to go easy, be it money, memory or fame. That which costs toil, blood and tears, is treasured as a trophy of achievement. The struggle to secure a good thing tightens the grip. "The growth of what is excellent is slow," says Cowper, "and nothing excellent is ever acquired very easily." "Some will never learn anything because they understand everything too soon," says another writer. I remember reading of an actor who succeeded, in a case of extreme necessity, in cramming the chief role of a comedy into his memory in a few hours, and then successfully playing the part at night; but he said he forgot the whole thing in about as short a time as he had learned it."

UNDER THE SURFACE.

There is in every man a noble ambition. There in silence it slumbers in his bosom until some inspired soul arouses it by an earnest appeal. If that appeal is never heard, or being heard is not responded to, the soul strikes a low, mean average, but being once aroused the heroic element in a man comes to the surface and he begins to live. One writer says concerning Mark Antony:—"He launched on a course of wild dissipation that set Rome aghast. The orator Viceroy thundered invectives against him, and he was regarded as a hopeless failure in life. Yet at the call to arms he was at once in the field, aiding Caesar against Pompey and winning battle after battle. His soldiers worshiped him. He joked with them around the camp-fire, got royally drunk with them—was, in fact, their boon companion. Withal, he never for a moment lost his hold over them as commander; and they followed him eagerly to the jaws of death itself."

ANXIETY

Foresight is not anxiety and anxiety is not foresight. A man can certainly look into the future and analysis its possibilities without carrying the immeasurable burden of the unknown. Live one day at a time and crowd all you can of thought and execution into that day. When you work, work—when you rest, rest—and when you sleep, sleep. Bustrode Whitlock, Cromwell's envoy to Sweden, was one night so disturbed in mind over the state of his nation, that he could not sleep. His servant, observing it, said, "Pray, sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?" "Certainly." "Do you think that God governed the world very well before you came into it?" Undoubtedly. "And do you not think that he will govern the world quite as well when you are gone out of it?" "Certainly." "Then, pray, sir, excuse me: do you not think that you may trust him to govern it as long as you live?" No answer could be given, and composure and sleep followed.

COLOR AND CHARACTER.

There is a spirit of democracy in all things. Quality in men and things comes to the surface. Quality is like a certain peculiar brand of soap—"It Floats". The Sunday school scholar when asked if he had been able to glean any lesson from the story of Jonah and the whale said, "Yes, the lesson that it is hard to keep a good man down." A Southern gentleman wrote to Harvard complaining that there was a "nigger" in his son's class. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, who was asked to reply wrote: "My dear sir, you need have no further worry. An examination has just been held, and the negro is in the first division of the class and your son is in the fourth division."

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 For terms and particulars apply to the Sister-in-Charge, or to the Sisters of St. John the Divine, Major Street, Toronto.
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as a property owner, carry Fire Insurance—and yet neglect to insure the life and energy that built up that property?

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Ask for a set of blotters—free.

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 You want a pair of special farm boots? Will keep your feet cool and dry. Waterproof, sanitary, prevent rheumatism, outwear ordinary boots. Send for a pair of our lightweight wood-soled boots, any size. Price includes delivery. Catalogue free. **SCOTTISH WHOLESALE SPECIALTY CO.**
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Send Us \$1.00
 receive by return mail, postpaid, three beautiful wash dresses for girls from 2 to 8. One is of fine white lawn, one is of blue dotted muslin and the other is of blue checked gingham made just as pictured, trimmed with braid. Add 10c for postage. Single dress prepaid 38c.
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GREATEST INVENTION IN THE REALM OF MUSIC.

There has been a great deal of discussion in recent years as to the influence of the player piano. When this instrument was introduced a number of years ago, the tendency on the part of the average music teacher was to condemn it, on the plea that it would have a deteriorating effect on music. However, time has proven, that on the contrary, it has aided wonderfully in helping to elevate the tastes of the people. It has been proven that the player piano is of supreme importance in teaching children appreciation and love of music. It arouses interest in music lessons, by first arousing an interest in music. It shows what perfect technique is, trains the ear, and encourages practice. The player piano also provides a new and powerful in-

terest in the home. Evenings which might otherwise be less profitably spent, are occupied in playing over the lightest and brightest current music, the light opera hits, comic songs, the newest dance music, and the taking old favorite hymn tunes.

Probably the greatest importance that can be attached to the player piano is its influence in keeping the young people contented at home; by providing a cheerful and elevating atmosphere that will outweigh all attractions of the town or city life. Harold Bauer, the eminent pianist, is a great believer in the missionary value of the player piano.

With a thoroughly up-to-date player piano, and one that has a good piano back of it (and that is very important), so as to lend itself to all the degrees of shading, you are not limited by the player, but by your own ability or ca-

capacity to interpret the music. The player piano is unquestionably one of the greatest educators along musical lines in the world today.

Cross, Goulding & Skinner, a leading Winnipeg music house, make a specialty of the Player Piano. At their warehouses a number of recitals have been given to demonstrate the possibilities of these instruments. Visitors to the exhibition would be assured of a hearty welcome if they include this store in their list of places to visit.

Our Social Reformer: "What we want, my friends, are less overcrowded slums, larger villages, more pleasures for the workers, and less drink."

Villager: "Well, sir, but 'ow are we to 'ave more pleasure if we 'as less beer?"

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Here is a splendid opportunity of purchasing property in one of Winnipeg's most desirable residential districts. We honestly believe that buyers will be able to sell before next fall at a substantial profit.

Southwood Park

is one of the most beautiful sub-divisions around Winnipeg,—the fastest growing city on the continent to-day. It is situated only five minutes from the car-line and having regard to its position and attractiveness, the prices are more reasonable than for any sub-division in or near Winnipeg. **This is a proposition which merits your immediate consideration:** The city is growing fast in this direction and many beautiful residences are springing up everywhere. Southwood Park is beautifully situated on the Red River above and away from all sewerage, only a few hundred yards from the city limits next River Park, opposite Elm Park. We control a few thousand feet of this beautiful treed property and can highly recommend it to the readers of the Western Home Monthly. If you are visiting Winnipeg for the Exhibition be sure and call in and see us. Our automobile is always at your service and we will gladly take you out to see the property and let you judge the truth of our statements.

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200 Union Bank Building

Winnipeg

The Women's Quiet Hour.

By E. Cora Hind.

For some time my attention has been drawn to the many beautiful and soul-satisfying prayers which have been given to the world in the form of verse. All the summer

Prayers months are times of stress in Verse. and weariness to the women on western farms: there is not much time or strength for reading, and so I have chosen this month to give to my readers a group of prayers in verse that are easy to read and lines from which lingering in the mind may bring comfort on many a hard day. They differ widely in construction and sentiment, but all breathe the true spirit of supplication.

To-Day.

We say this day is hard to bear
And full of weary, irksome care;
But, lo, to-morrow may be fair.

Consider not my little work—

The mean achievement, scamped in act,
The high resolve and low result,
The dream that dare not face the fact.

But count the reach of my desire,
Let this be something in thy sigh,
I have not in the slouthful dare
Forgot the vision and the height.

Neither my body nor my soul
To earth's low easy will yield consent,

I praise thee for my will to strive,
I bless thy goad of discontent.
—From Roberts "Book of the Rose."

A Worker's Prayer.

If there be good in what I wrought,
Thy hand compelled it Master Thine,



A Pleasant Occupation.

So full of strange unrest are we;
Our eyes are blind—we cannot see
What blessing in the present be.

O, Father, help us to behold
The sweet content and love untold,
That e'en the present hour may hold.

Our Life.

We bear sealed orders o'er Life's wel-
tered seas,
Our heaven dim and far;
We can but man the helm right cheer-
fully,

Steer for the brightest star.
And hope that when at last the
Great Command
Is read, we then may hear
Our anchor song, and see the longed
for land,
Lie known and very near.

The Aim.

O thou who lovest not alone
The swift success, the instant goal,
But hast a lenient eye to mark
The failures of the incontent soul.

Where I have failed to meet thy
thought,
I know, thought Thee, the blame is
mine.

One instant's toil to Thee denied
Stands all eternity's offence;
Of what I did with Thee to guide,
To Thee, through Thee to excellence.

Who lest all thought of Eden fame
Brings Eden to the craftsman's brain,
God-like to muse o'er his own trade
And man-like stand with God again.

The depth and dreams of my desire,
The bitter paths by which I stray,
Thou knowest who has made the fire,
Thou knowest who has made the
clay.

One stone the more swings to its place
In that dread temple of Thy worth;
It is enough that through Thy grace
I saw naught common on Thy earth.

Take not that vision from my ken;
Oh, what so'er may spoil or speed,
Help me to need no aid from men
That I may help such men as need.

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strength makes a LITTLE go a long way.
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Three Doors.

Three doors there are in the temple
Where men go up to pray,
They that wait by the outer gate
May enter in either way.

There are some who pray by asking,
They lie on the Master's breast,
And, shunning the strife of the lower
life,
They utter their cry for rest.

There are some that pray by seeking;
They doubt where their reason fails,
But their mind's despair is the ancient
prayer
To touch the print of the nails.

There are some who pray by knocking;
They put their strength to the wheel,
But they have not time for thought
sublime.

They can only act as they feel.

Father give each his answer—
Each in his kindred way:
Adapt Thy light to his form of night
And grant him his needed day.

Give to the yearning spirits
That only Thy rest desire,
The power to bask in the peace they
ask,
And feel in the warmth of Thy fire.

Give to the soul that seeketh
Mid cloud and doubt and storm,
The glad surprise of the straining eyes
To see on the waves Thy form.

Give to the heart that knocketh
At the doors of earthly care
The strength to tread in the pathway
spread
By the flowers Thou hast planted
there.

Then in the common Temple
There shall worship hand in hand,
The lives that man's heart would hold
apart
As unfit to dwell in one land.

For the middle wall shall be broken,
And the light expand its ray,
When the burdened of brain and the
soother of pain
Shall be ranked with the men who
pray
Dr. George Matheson (the blind poet).

Prayer For The Deed.

Lord, not for light in darkness do we
pray.
Not that the veil be lifted from our
eyes,
Nor that the slow ascension of our
day
Be otherwise.

Not for a clearer vision of the things
Whereof the fashioning shall make us
great,
Nor for remission of the peril and
stings
Of time and fate.

Not for a fuller knowledge of the end
Whereof we travel, bruised yet un-
afraid,
Nor that the little healing that we lend
Shall be repaid.

Not these, O Lord. We would not
break the bars
Thy wisdom sets about us; we shall
climb
Unfettered to the secrets of the stars
In thy good time.

We do not crave the high perception
swift
When to refrain were well, and when
fulfil.
Nor yet the understanding strong to
sift
The good from ill.

Not these, O Lord. For these thou
hast revealed,
We know the golden season when to
reap
The heavy-fruited treasure of the field,
The hour to sleep.

Not these. We know the hemlock from
the rose.
The pure from stained, the noble from
the base.
The tranquil holy light of truth that
glows
On Pity's face.

We know the paths wherein our feet
should press,
Across our hearts are written thy de-
crees.
Yet now, O Lord, be merciful to bless
With more than these.

Grant us the will to fashion as we feel,
Grant us the strength to labor as we
know,
Grant us the purpose, ribbed and edged
with steel.
To strike the blow.

Knowledge we ask not — knowledge
thou has lent,
But, Lord, the will—there lies our bit-
ter need.
Give us to build above the deep intent
The deed, the deed.
—John Drinkwater.

Personally, I think these a wonder-
ful group of petitions, and, in conclu-
sion, what could be more fitting than
Whittier's confession of faith.

An Expression of Faith.

I know not what the future holds
Of sorrow or surprise.
I only know that life and death
His mercy underlies.

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

And so beside the silent seas
I wait the muffled oar,
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

I think the many women who read
the woman's pages will be interested
in a little piece of extra good fortune
which has come to the Winnipeg branch
of the Canadian Women's
C. W. P. C. Press Club, which is very
Club Room, largely made up of the
women who write these

pages.
You will all have read of the Indus-
trial Bureau building in Winnipeg.
Well, in this building the Canadian
Women's Press Club have been allotted
a room for their meetings. Through
contributions from the individual mem-
bers of the club and the generosity of
the newspapers on which the women
are employed, it has been possible to
decorate the walls of the room and fur-
nish it neatly with grass rugs and
grass willow furniture.

Just facing the door as you enter the
Union Jack is hung, for the members
of the club pride themselves on being
above all things loyal Canadians. A
very pretty touch in the room is a
couple of groups of framed photos, the
work of one of the members who
makes a specialty of taking and pre-
paring photos to illustrate magazine
work.

One of these groups shows old Fort
Garry gate, the Soldiers Monument in
St. John's cemetery, Winnipeg, erected
to the boys who fell in 1885, and the
Seven Oaks Monument commemorating
the death of Governor Semple. Need-
less to say, this picture hangs right
under the flag.

The room will be a rallying ground
for the club and will be the scene of
many a gathering as pleasant as the
one held on June 6, when the club in-
vited to a reception all those who had
so kindly assisted in the furnishing of
the room.

Among the events of July, the Winni-
peg Industrial Exhibition looms large,
and this year I would most cordially
recommend every woman who can pos-
sibly do so to come in for
Winnipeg at least a couple of days.
Industrial There will be an added
touch of interest in the
presence of His Highness the Duke of
Connaught and his most charming
daughter, Patricia. The exhibition
board are putting forth every effort to
make this exhibition not only worthy
of these distinguished guests, but
worthy also of the centenary of the
noble band of Selkirk settlers to whose
courage and endurance we owe the pre-
sent development of the West.

Prayers for Small Children.

Now I lay me down to rest,
Angels guard my little nest.
Like the wee bird in the tree,
Loving Father, care for me,
Glad and well may I awake,
This I ask for Jesus' sake.

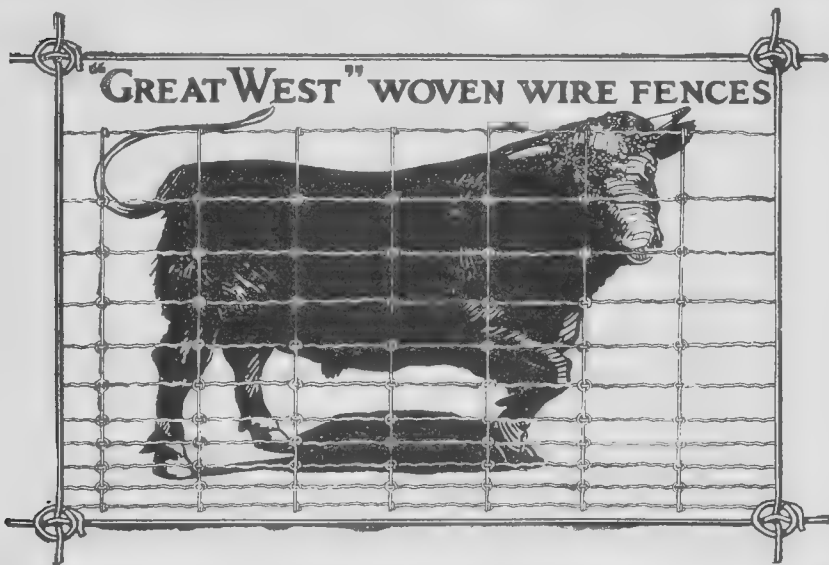
—Grace Banks Griffith.

Jesus, keep me all the way,
While I sleep and while I play;
Good and gentle I would be,
Jesus, make me more like thee.
Bless the dear ones that I love,
Guard them from the skies above;
Let me be Thy child alway;
This in Thy dear name I pray.

—E. Louise Umlauf.

Thank you, God, for all your care,
For things to eat, and things to wear;
My papa, mamma, good and kind,
Help me to always try to mind,
And grow a better child each day,
Like Jesus, in whose name I pray.

—Mrs. John H. Dunham.



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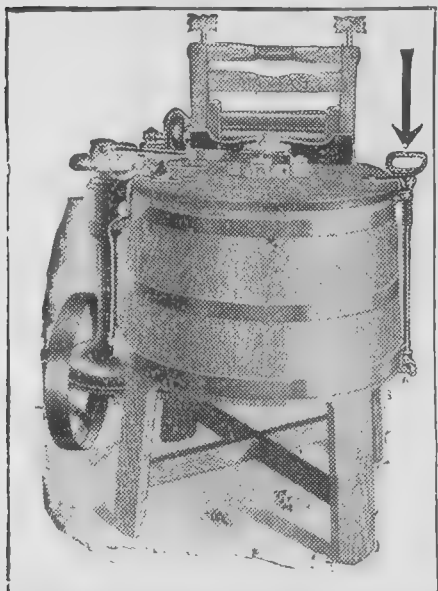
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Scotch Column.

Conducted by William Wye Smith, Scottish Expert on Standard Dictionary, Translator of New Testament in Braid Scots, etc.

An' just afore we bed oorsels,
We look at oor wee lambs,
Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,
And Rab his airm roun' Tam's.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
An' as I straik each croon,
I whisper, till my heart fills up,
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' mirth that's dear to me;
But sune the big warl's cark an' care
Will quaten doon their glee.
Yet, come what will to ilka ane.
May He what rules aboon
Aye whisper, though their pows be
bauld,
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon!"
—Alexander Anderson ("Surfaceman").

Some Homely Scots Proverbs.

If "ifs and "ans" were pots and pans,
there wad be nae use for tinkers.

Lightly come, lightly gang.

He's bare as birk at Yule.

Butter to butter's nae kitchen.

Bonnie birds are the worst singers.

Poortish pairts gude company.

The book o' "May-be's" is very braid.

There's as mony Johnstones as Jardines.

Ye may end him, but ye'll no mend him.

Time and tide for nae man bide.

Set a stout heart to a stey brae.

She has gien them green stockings.

Our sins and our debts are often mair than we think.

Love has nae law.

Never ower auld to learn.

Never rax aboon your reach.

O! the bonnie braes of Scotland,
My blessing on them a',
May peace be found in ilka cot,
And joy in ilka ha'
Whaur'er a beild, however laigh,
By burn or brae appears,
Be there the gladsome smile o' youth
And dignity of years!
—Robert Gilfillan.

In Scotland the natives are not believed on their oath when the climate of Scotland is involved. Sidney Smith.

Thomas Campbell and John Leyden. Sir Walter Scott writes in his Diary: When I repeated "Hohenlinden" to Leyden, he said, "Dash it, man, tell the fellow that I hate him, but, dash it, he has written the finest verses that have been published these fifty years!" I did mine errand as faithful as one of Homer's messengers, and had for answer: "Tell Leyden that I detest him, but I know the value of his critical approbation."

Australia is gaining in population, thanks largely to Scotland. Last year there were 80,000 immigrants, and a very large proportion of these were Scottish. Ninety per cent. of all the successful freehold farmers in the Commonwealth were either farm laborers in Great Britain or the children of such.

Within the next five or six years the Edinburgh School Board will spend £180,000 on new schools and sites.

The London & Edinburgh Shipping Co. have added another steamship to

their fleet, making four instead of three.

Thomas Campbell, the Scottish poet, greatly disliked being described as "the author of the Pleasures of Hope" — probably from having been always so described when his great poem came out in Edinburgh in 1799. But it seems a sarcastic revenge of Time when the traveller reads on his tomb, "Thomas Campbell, LL.D., Author of the Pleasures of Hope; died June 15th, 1844; aged 67."

A good wish:—
Here's tae ye a' yer days;
Plenty meat, and plenty claes;
Plenty parritch and horn spurne,
And anither tattie when a's dune!

A Scottish paper says a man's income is a paradox — for a man can neither live "within" it nor "without" it.

A traveller, sitting down to a well-appointed breakfast, said to the lassie waiting on the table, "There is nothing wanting here to prevent one making a most sumptuous breakfast, but an appetite."

"An appetite?" said the landwart lassie. "An appetite? I dinna ken whether we hae siccan a thing i' the hoose, but I'll ask the mistress."

Burns wrote twice to the mother of Highland Mary after Mary's death. But the mother afterwards destroyed the letters, saying, "She never could read them without shedding tears." Mrs. Campbell herself died in Greenock, 27th Sept., 1827, aged 85. Mary died 1786.

Come, ere the lark has left his nest,
Or lambkins bleated on the hill!
Come, see how Nature looks in rest,
And learn the bliss of being still.
—Francis Bennoch.

In a certain little town in Scotland the inhabitants are preserving envelopes of letters received on the first of March, as the Post Office authorities had stamped these "Feb. 30, 1912."

Steelworks. Messrs. D. Colville & Sons is the largest single steelworks in Great Britain. It occupies 70 acres in Motherwell, Lanarkshire, Scotland, and produces 700 tons of steelwork every week, the weekly payroll being £6,000 to nearly 3,000 men and boys.

Hearty Old Highlanders. Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Mackgregor, a Loch Lomond couple, celebrated their "Ruby Wedding in February, having been married 65 years. Each is 93, and the old Gael still steadily working. Many returns."

Dunoon has had, for forty years past, an average rainfall of over 74 inches. And yet it does not rain all the time—whiles it snaws!

A recently-erected statue of Sir Walter Scott stands on the brae-face of "Rockstone Hill" at Bemersyde. It is a colossal statue of twenty-one and a half feet in height.

There have been quite a number of earthquake shocks the past winter at Alva in Clackmananshire. So many that they cease to alarm. One in the neighboring county of Stirling, about the Bridge of Allan, was quite severe.

Hon. James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture at Washington, has been longer in the Federal Cabinet than any man before him. He is a Scotsman by birth and parentage.

Copper ore has been discovered in Gilfinnan parish, Argyll.

When the lark is in the air, the leaf upon the tree,
The butterfly disporting beside the hummel bee;
The scented hedges white, the fragrant meadows pied,
How sweet it is to wander by bonnie Nithside.

—John McDiarmid.

Six new elders in Crieff Parish Church, Perthshire. No vote of the members was taken.

"Society" is said by some of the papers to be getting back to the "good old custom of spending Christmas at home," which shows, one of the papers says, "that society is getting back some of its former common sense!"

The boy had already had five cups of "soiree tea" when he held up his cup for another fill. "My boy," said the matronly lady, "have you not already had enough?" "Na," he replied; "I've an adult ticket!"

Classified Want Ads.

For the benefit of our subscribers who wish to sell, buy, or exchange, we commence with this issue a Classified column of Condensed Want advertisements which we trust will prove of interest and convenience. Rates on such advertising will be 30 per word per insertion, cash to accompany all orders. Minimum charge 50c.

Position Wanted

COLLEGE GRADUATE desires position as Piano teacher in Western town. Address Teacher, c/o Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

Poultry

BABY CHICKS from healthy vigorous S.C. White Leghorns. Well bred, properly hatched, shipped safely any quantity. Also Eggs for hatching. Write for mating list. Pine Grove Poultry Farm, Box 29 E., Abbotsford, B.C.

For Sale

FOR SALE OR TRADE FOR LAND. One 40 H.P. Flour City Gasoline Engine, 10 plow John Deere gang and 36 x 64 Aultman Taylor Separator. For particulars address Lock Box 145 Elbow, Sask.

Help Wanted

WE HAVE VACANCIES for representatives in several Western towns and villages. Pleasant, interesting work and good pay. Write for particulars. Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

LADIES WANTED to do light and plain sewing at home, whole or spare time, good pay, work sent any distance; charges paid; send stamp for full particulars. National Manufacturing Co. Montreal, Que.

NEWSDEALERS:—The Western Home Monthly is in active demand everywhere and we can make you a very attractive offer on a trial order. Full particulars regarding discounts on request. Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

REPRESENTATIVE WANTED in each locality to mail circulars for Cut-rate Grocery Mail Order house. Few hours spare time will easily earn \$20 weekly. Anyone can do the work. Outfit furnished free. Dominion Grocery Co. Windsor, Ont.

Miscellaneous

SONG writers send us your poems, with or without music. A. Music Co. Warman, Sask.

110 FAMOUS COMIC RECITATIONS, 12c postpaid. 1400 Riddles, 12c. Both for 20c. C. F. Johnson, Eagle Hill, Alta.

6 SAMPLE SOUVENIR POSTCARDS, 3c stamps; 15 for 10c. Beauties. Large assortment of different varieties 50 for 25c postpaid. Huron Novelty Co. Toronto, Ont.

MUSIC LOVERS try this sweet song of the West "Little Laughing Girlie Meg," sent post paid by the writer for 25c. J. Duff, Mckin, Man.

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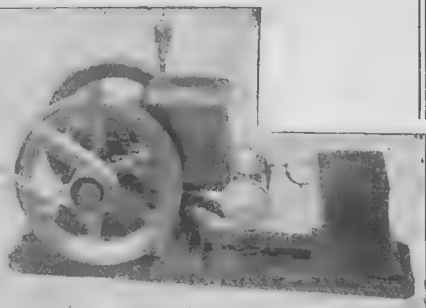
PATENT NOTICE. Anyone desiring to to obtain the invention covered by Canadian Patent, No. 126720 dated July 5th, 1910, for improvements in Cultivating Machines and granted to W. Laferriere and P. Laferriere, both of Silver Plains, Manitoba, Canada, may do so upon application to the undersigned who are prepared to meet all reasonable demands on the part of the public for said invention. Fetherstonhaugh & Co., Patent Barristers, Bank of Nova Scotia Building, Winnipeg. G. S. Roxburgh, Resident Manager.

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150 Princess St., WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

Fashions and Patterns.

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c.
Order by number stating size wanted.
Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

GRACEFUL GOWNS FOR AFTER- NOON OCCASIONS.

Two of the most noticeable features to be found in the latest fashions are graceful over-skirts and replums, and these models show them to advantage. In the illustration both gowns are made of taffeta, one white, the other striped, but fabrics are marvelously beautiful just now and there are a great many

binations and the model will be a very pretty one for two materials. Blouse and over-skirt, or tunic, made of marquisette or other transparent material over a messaline skirt would be beautiful, or plain material could be combined with striped or two colors could be used to make a good effect. For trimmings can be used frills, bandings, scalloped edges or any preferred finish, but frills of graduated widths make one of the new features. The slightly raised waist line



7402—Tucked Blouse.
7403—Four-Piece Skirt.

7304—Two-Piece Skirt.
7410—Surplice Waist.

that can be adapted to the purpose.

The white gown is exceedingly dainty. It is trimmed with frills and banding of lace and it is in every way as attractive as can be. The tunic is made in three pieces and the complete underskirt in four. There is very little labor involved in the making and the effect is smart in the extreme. The blouse includes the kimono sleeves that retain all their favor. It can be made just as illustrated or with either a square or high neck. In this case one material is used throughout, but over-skirts always suggest com-

is always pretty and is liked by many women, but there are a great many girdles being worn and this skirt can be cut to the natural line and finished with a belt if found more becoming.

For the medium size the blouse will require 2½ yards of material 36, 1½ yards 44 inches wide with 2½ yards of banding and 2½ yards of lace; for the skirt will be needed 7¾ yards 36, 5½ yards 44 with 8 yards of lace.

The May Manton pattern of the blouse, No. 7402, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 bust, of the skirt, No. 7403, in



NEW WAREHOUSE CLARE & BROCKEST WINNIPEG

"HECLA" Furnace With Five Exclusive Features

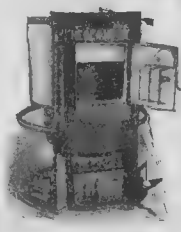
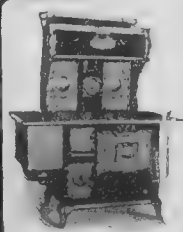
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**Clare & Brockest
LIMITED**

MAY STREET

WINNIPEG



sizes from 22 to 30 waist.

The second gown shows the favorite two-piece skirt and a blouse that is finished in an extremely novel way. Trimming portions are arranged over the tucks and over the ges of the peplum to give a most distinctive effect, and there is a fancy collar at the back that is in every way attractive. The foundation model, however, is just a plain one, shown in the small view, and the peplum can be made shorter if liked. As a result the model suits simple materials as well as the silk, and it would be charming made of shantung or foulard with trimmin of satin.

For the medium size the blouse will require 3¼ yards of material 27, 2½ yards 36, 2¼ yards 44 inches wide with ¾ yard of silk for the trimming and 1½ yards of all-over lace 18 inches wide; for the skirt will be needed 3¼ yards 27, 2¾ yards 36 or 44 inches wide; the width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2½ yards.

The May Manton pattern of the blouse, No. 7410, is cut in sizes from 31 to 42 bust, of the skirt, No. 7304, in sizes from 22 to 32 waist.

The above patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each.

For Summer Comfort.

Breakfast jackets combined with simple skirts make really ideal summer morning gowns. They are simple, easily made and easily laundered. They can be adjusted quickly and readily and, withal, they are dainty and attractive in effect. This jacket includes a new



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
7456 Morning Jacket,
34 to 44 bust.
6919 Five-Gored Skirt,
22 to 30 waist.

and exceedingly smart collar and is made with a separate peplum that means perfect smoothness over the hips. The skirt is five-gored and gathered at the upper edge, but it includes a wide tuck that suggests a tunic. In this case, the material is simple batiste woven with a border in two widths and the border makes the trimming, but any pretty summer material can be used with embroidery, simple lace or

contrasting material as a finish. Many women like all white for summer morning gowns. White lawn with eyelet embroidered banding would be very pretty. Figured dimity, with bands of color matching the figures, would make a pretty combination, or the collar could be of contrasting material. These sleeves are made to the elbows and left loose, but they could be cut in three-quarter length and finished with bands.

For the medium size, the jacket will require 3¼ yards 27, 2½ yards 36 or 2 yards 44 inches wide, with 3½ yards of banding; the skirt, 5½ yards, 27, 4½ yards 36 or 44 inches wide of material without up and down, or 7½ yards 27 inches wide of material with figure or nap; the trimming, 5 yards of banding.

The May Manton pattern of the jacket, 7456, is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 inches bust measure; of the skirt, 6919, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents for each.

A Dainty Summer Frock.

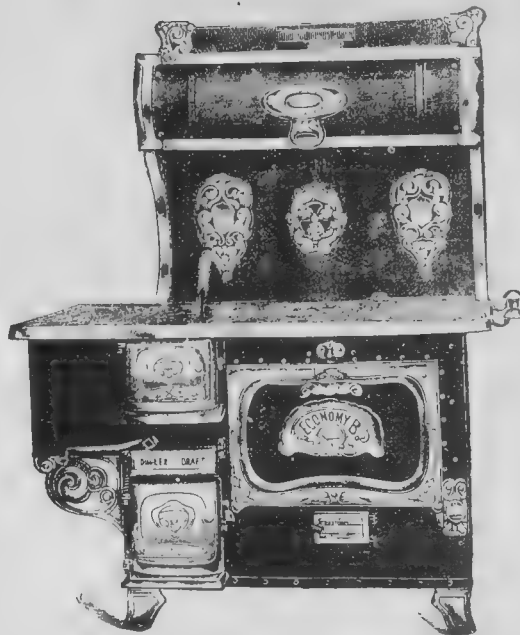
All sorts of pretty muslins can be made after this model or it can be utilized for one of the simple silks, of



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
7463 Tucked Kimono Blouse,
34 to 40 bust.
7344 Two-Piece Skirt,
22 to 30 waist.

which there are an unusual number. The blouse is a very simple one, but it is rendered novel in the extreme by the collar and the treatment of the tie. The cuffs are smart also and are finished to give a tuck effect at each edge. The skirt is the favorite one made in two pieces, but it is trimmed with scalloped bands that are very pretty and attractive. As illustrated the material is flowered foulard and the trimming is lace banding and frills, but the design is as good for voile, lawn and batiste as for silk. The blouse can be made with or without a lining. In this case, however, the lining is of net, which does not add appreciably to the warmth, while it protects the silk. If washable material is used and the lining is not

Is Your Kitchen Ready for Harvest?



It's none too early to make preparations for the hungry harvesters and threshers you will have to feed this summer and fall.

If you need a new cooking range refer to our large catalogue where you will find prices and full

particulars. We take the entire output of two large stove foundries, and our prices speak for direct dealing. The handsome range shown here is one of our best values. If you are thinking of buying a new range get our prices first. Write today for full particulars. We will tell you exactly what you'll save after paying freight to your station.

Semi-Annual Sale Bargains in Enamel ware, Tinware and Oil Stoves

Coming just before the busy season our Midsummer Sale gives opportunity to stock your kitchen with needed utensils at prices much below the ordinary. You can depend on it--every article offered in our Sale Catalogue is a genuine bargain. A little money goes a long way and it can't be spent to better advantage than in making kitchen work lighter during the hot harvest days. Go through your kitchen and make a list of what you need. With our large general Catalogue and our Semi Annual Sale Catalogue to draw from, your requirements can be filled to very best advantage.

Get Your Husband to Order with You

He will no doubt be in need of harvest tools, hardware or building materials, all of which we can supply at money-saving prices. Together you can make out an order that will go by freight and on which you will jointly save the greatest amount of money. We are offering a special value in two-ply roofing that is sure to command a heavy sale. Samples free on request

The Sale Catalogue is Free. Write for it.

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Williams' Talc Powder

Deliciously soft, fine, antiseptic and absorbent. Whether used in the nursery or for the toilet or after shaving, Williams' Talc Powder has the same degree of perfection that has distinguished Williams' Shaving Soaps for generations.



Note the Patented Hinged-cover Box
Four odors, Violet, Carnation, Rose—fragrant as the flowers themselves—and Karsi, a rich Oriental perfume.

How to get a Dainty Silver-plated Vanity Box



Simply buy a box of Williams' Talc Powder, any odor; send us the name of the dealer from whom you bought it, the date of purchase and ten 2c stamps (20 cents), and we will send the Vanity Box to you at once. This is an article of real value—one that you would willingly pay a dollar or more for at a jeweler's, at least a good many women have told us so.

It has a Hinged-cover, Concentrating Mirror, and a French Powder Puff. The little mirror, alone, makes the Vanity Box indispensable to every woman.

250 Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.
Maple Ave., Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.
Makers of Williams' Famous Shaving Soaps, Etc.

desired, the undersleeves can be tacked into place beneath the lower edges of the cuffs. Light weight taffeta would make a very charming gown trimmed in a little different manner. In place of the lace banding, narrow little puffings of the material with frills of the same could be used. Some of the striped summer taffetas are charming and would be very pretty made just after the manner illustrated. White voile or marquisette could be made with the entire collar and cuffs of lace. White silk finished in this way or with straight bands of lace in place of the scalloped ones would be very pretty.

For the medium size, the blouse will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 27 or $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36 or 44 inches wide with 1 yard 18 inches wide for the chemisette and undersleeves; the skirt will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 or 44 inches wide. To trim the gown will be needed 16 yards of lace banding and 22 yards of edging, the width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2 yards.

The May Manton pattern of the blouse, No. 7463, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust measure; of the skirt, No. 7344, in sizes from 22 to 30 waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents for each.

For the Summer Outing.

Every variation of the Norfolk Idea is smart this season and this blouse is one of the best liked for tennis and all



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.

7037 Outing Blouse, 34 to 42 bust.
7147 Six-Gored Skirt,
22 to 32 waist.

outing occasions. In the illustration, it is made of white linen trimmed with striped and worn with a skirt to match, but blouses of the sort are utilized in almost numberless ways. They are made from white linen and pique and used as separate wraps. They are made from pongee to be available in the same way and also of black satin with removable collars and cuffs of linen or pique. Treated in such ways, the blouse becomes one of the most useful possible summer wraps. Made with a skirt to match, as in this instance, it is adapted

to all simple, seasonable materials and costume is thoroughly satisfactory. The box plaits are applied over seams that extend to the shoulders and mean a satisfactory fit and the sleeves are sewed to the armholes. The blouse can be worn with or without the shield. The skirt is a favorite, in six gores with inverted plaits at the sides. Linen, galatea and pique are favorite materials, but the model also is a good one for those of lighter weight.

For the medium size, the blouse will require $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 27, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36 or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 27 inches wide for the collar and cuffs; the skirt will require $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27, 4 yards 36 or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide. If there is no up and down; but if the material has figure or nap, $8\frac{3}{4}$ yards 27, or 4 yards 44 inches wide will be needed. The width of the skirt is $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards at the lower edge, or $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards when the plaits are laid.

The May Manton pattern of the blouse, 7037, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust measure; of the skirt 7147 in sizes of from 22 to 32 waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each.

Tenderhearted.

Lady: "Why did you not serve the sardines as I told you?"

Biddy: "I couldn't find the sacred spring to open the tin box, and I had to break it with a hatchet; and when I lifted the lid, mum, the poor things were fast asleep ever so close to one another, that I hadn't the heart to roast them, as was my intintion."

Her Family Peculiarity.

Mrs. O'Brien: "Have ye any ancestors, Mrs. Kelly?"

Mrs. Kelly: "And phwat's ancestors, Mrs. O'Brien?"

Mrs. O'Brien: "Why, people you have sprung from."

Mrs. Kelly (impressively): "Listen to me, Mrs. O'Brien. I come from the royal shtock of Donaphues thot shpring from nobody—they shpring at them."

A Gilt-Edged Security.

For once the American had discovered something British that was better than anything they could produce "across the pond." His discovery was a fine collie dog, and he at once tried to induce its owner, an old shepherd, to sell it.

"Wad ye be takin' him to America?" inquired the old Scot.

"Yes, I guess so," said the Yankee.

"I thocht as muckle," said the shepherd. "I couldna pairt wi' Jock."

But while they sat and chatted an English tourist came up, and to him the shepherd sold the collie for much less than the American had offered.

"You told me you wouldn't sell him," said the Yankee, when the purchaser had departed.

"Na," replied the Scot. "I said I couldna pairt wi' him. Jock'll be back in a day or so, but he couldna swim the Atlantic."

Too Much for Sandy.

In a little hut in a desolate part of the Highlands, Jock, Sandy, and Peter had lived for fifteen years tending their flocks. When together they formed a sort of brotherhood of silence, for they never spoke except, maybe, to say "Good-night" or "Good-morning."

One never-to-be-forgotten night, as they sat over the fire after their frugal meal, Sandy broke the silence.

"Ah saw a bull oot ower t' glen the night," he said.

A long pause; then:

"Ah saw't, too," said Peter; "but 'twasna bull; 'twas a heifer."

Silence for fifteen minutes. Then Sandy removed his pipe from his mouth. "Ah'm tellin' 'ee, mon, 'twas a bull."

That ended the conversation. In the middle of the night Peter and Jock were awakened by hearing Sandy moving about gathering together his small belongings.

"Eh, mon," said Jack, "what's up?"

"Ah'm awa' oot o' this," was the reply. "There's ower muckle argyment in this hoose for me."

COLUMBIA UNRIVALLED



\$39, \$58, \$80, Etc.

The 1912 Model Hornless

Latest and best. Wonderfully loud and perfect tone.

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Look for the famous Watch Case Concert Grand Reproducer and other Columbia Patents.

These prices include a liberal supply of genuine Columbia records of your own choice.

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The Disc style is the best. Out of every thousand machines we sold last year, when we were selling all makes, 984 were disc, and of these 887 were Columbia Disc.

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30,000 Records in Stock, including all your favorite Songs, etc.

Double disc records, two different selections, 85c. Imported English, Irish and Scotch records now ready. Once try the new Columbia records, you'll never buy other makes. Perfect surface, finest tone, longest life guaranteed.

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Canada's Biggest Piano and Graphophone House.

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For Those Who

Still Like the Horn Style
OF TALKING MACHINE.

Special Bargains in Cylinder Machines and Records.

Old Machines taken in exchange.

EXHIBITION VISITORS!

We would like to have every visitor to the city call and see our exhibit of Pianos and Player Pianos, by far the most worthy and most beautiful instruments ever brought into Western Canada. These new instruments will be shown in the Main Building, next stand to Eaton's, and will be well worth going miles to see.

As is customary with us, we give Special Discounts during Exhibition Week. High-Grade Standard Pianos at \$285, \$300, \$350, \$400, \$450, etc., on Easy Terms, three years to pay if desired.

Your Chance for a Slightly Used Piano

If you ever thought of buying a slightly used Piano here is your chance. Read the detailed description of these Pianos and Player Pianos we give below; take particular notice of the prices and terms of sale.

TERMS OF PAYMENT: Under \$200, \$10 Cash, \$5 to \$7 per Month; Over \$200, \$15 Cash, \$8 to \$10 per Month.

UPRIGHT PIANOS and PLAYER PIANOS

A small Upright Piano, just the thing for a beginner. Nice tone.....	\$85
DOMINION.—7 Octave Upright Piano, by the Dominion Co., Bowmanville, in mahogany case, small size, plain but attractive in design, has Boston fall board, ivory and ebony keys, three pedals with mandolin attachment. Is just like new. Sale price.....	\$190
BELL.—7 1-4 Octave Upright Piano, in mahogany case, with full length music desk and plain polished panels; has double repeating action, three pedals, with muffler or practice attachment. Sale price.....	\$198
NEWCOMBE.—7 1-3 Octave cabinet grand Upright Piano. Is in attractive figured walnut case, with full length panels and music desk, three pedals, ivory and ebony keys, etc. Sale price.....	\$215
HEINTZMAN.—7 1-3 Octave Cabinet Grand Upright Piano, in rich dark walnut case, with full length figured panels, Boston fall board, three pedals, ivory and ebony keys, etc. Sale price.....	\$228
KARN.—7 1-3 Octave Cabinet Grand Upright Piano, by D. W. Karn & Co., Woodstock; is in figured walnut case, with plain polished panels; has full metal frame, Wessell, Nickel & Gross action, ivory and ebony keys, etc. Sale price.....	\$235
MENDELSSOHN.—7 1-3 Octave Upright Piano, by the Mendelssohn Co., Toronto, in handsome double veneered mahogany case of new design with full length polished panels, three pedals, muffler attachment, etc.; used less than a year; cannot be told from new. Sale price....	\$243

GERHARD HEINTZMAN.—7 1-3 Octave Upright Piano, by Gerhard Heintzman Co., Toronto, in dark mahogany case, with plain polished panels, full length music desk, ivory and ebony keys. A piano which has been received in exchange for a player piano, and has had very little use and is in good order. Sale price.....	\$263
SHERLOCK.—7 1-3 Octave Upright Piano, Louis style, with plain polished panels. This piano has been received in exchange for a Gourlay Angelus: is a splendid toned piano and is in perfect order. Sale price.....	\$275
GOURLAY.—7 1-3 Octave Cabinet Grand Upright Piano in rich figured mahogany case, simple and attractive in design, with plain panels, Boston fall board, three pedals, etc. The piano has had very little use, and is just like new. Sale price.....	\$305
BOUDOIR PLAYER.—Mahogany case, in use a short time only. Regular price \$600. Sale price.....	\$385
AUTO PIANO PLAYER.—This is a sample instrument and a splendid Player. Fine Spanish mahogany case. Regular price \$850. Sale price.....	\$485
GOURLAY ANGELUS PLAYER.—Grand Piano Scale, could be sold for new. Exceptionally fine player. including stool and music. Regular price \$950. Sale price.....	\$650
2 PIANOLAS.—Fit any piano. Each.....	\$90

Manitoba Hall,
Next Fairweather's

WINNIPEG PIANO CO

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PORTAGE AVE.
WINNIPEG,

The Young Woman and Her Problem.

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

VACATION REFLECTIONS.

Every girl should cultivate the art of enjoying everything. This is the season when the young woman goes into the country for a rest. Perhaps she visits the old home, or she may spend a month with an aunt, or she may pay her board at the farm home of a stranger. In any case, let me urge her to be appreciative. There are girls who can adapt themselves to any environment and can talk on any subject from politics to potatoes. May I speak to my girl reader in the second person? Let your visit leave behind you sweet memories in the hearts of those who have entertained you. One of the most important lessons Providence teaches us is that no human being has the right to live for self alone, so let your rest days be productive of kind words and thoughtful acts. Do not expect everything to centre in your own pleasure.

If the day be bright and sunny enjoy it; if it be dark and rainy enjoy the blessings that it brings. This will teach you the lesson to be found in every pain and disappointment, to be cheerful in spite of adverse circumstances. Cheerfulness is more from inheritance.

I know a girl who visited a sister and that sister lived in a tiny home, but she gave her guest the only bedroom in the house, while she and her family slept on couches in the living room. She sacrificed many comforts for her sister's pleasure, yet that sister remembered a little unpleasant evening only, and forgot the other 90 happy days of her visit. Whenever she referred to her visit she mentioned the little unfortunate affair. Is it any

wonder she was not invited again?

The really happy woman is she who can find pleasure in watching a plant grow, or a bird build its nest, or in looking at the sunset, or, best of all, in making another happy. A word, a look, or a gesture, may make or mar the entire day. Much depends upon the dimensions of our souls.

A THOUGHT FOR THE GIRL WHO DANCES.

A young girl of Western Canada writes me urging a discussion of the following problems: She is in a community where all of the young people dance, and as her parents object to dancing, she does not meet the young people. She is a girl of domestic tastes and fears that her chance of meeting the right young man is impossible. In reply, I would advise this

girl, and every other young girl, to obey her parents. I am not opposed to dancing, but, on the other hand, there are dances where it is not wise for a girl to attend. I am sure that a girl will not lose matrimonial opportunities simply because she does not dance. As a matter of fact many young men who attend dances feel when they seek a wife that they would prefer one with more in her head and less in her feet. So I would advise the girl who is not allowed to attend dances to improve her mind and personality and domestic accomplishments; by so doing she will become so charming and womanly that before she realizes it she will be sought by a young man worth while. While on the subject of dancing, is it not a pity that the real act should be so profaned and coarsened until in many localities it is positively vulgar. Then, two very harmful results are common—one is too late hours, and the other is sickness caused by the exposure of thin dress. Many young women dance themselves into consumption in this way.

As a matter of interest, I will quote from a letter on "the dancer's decalog," issued in all seriousness by the Academy of French Dancing Masters. It shows how far short of the

ideal the present system is. They are summarized as follows:—

1. Let your movements be beautiful.
2. The deportment shall be at all times correct.
3. Let thy dance be a tacit form of politeness.
4. Be refined in thought.
5. Thy movements shall be as noble as thy thoughts.
6. Subject all the muscles of the body to perfect training.
7. Be reserved, but graceful.
8. Let your movements be approved by your understanding.
9. Your soul must correspond to your dance.
10. Consider dancing to be a beautiful form of physical education.

The above is a serious consideration of the fine art of dancing.

AN INTELLIGENCE BUREAU OF OCCUPATIONS.

An intelligence bureau of occupations is endeavoring to form a plan whereby college graduates and other trained women as well may secure suitable positions. "The training in college," says the educational and industrial union in Boston, "fits women for seventy occupations besides teaching, yet many women seem to blindly drift into teaching."

Miss Frances Cummings, the manager of the intelligence bureau of occupations, says, "In our files we purpose to have in time abundant information which will help the investigator, translator, journalist, librarian, musician, designer, secretary, farmer, decorator, photographer, or the trained woman in any line, to add to her equipment, and to understand the labor field in her special line."

Eight colleges have responded in cooperation with the bureau, and hope to have the agency well established in a year's time. The president of the organization says: "More inspiring than the discovery of a plan which no one else has ever thought of is the dis-



Prize Winners at Canada Industrial Exhibition.

covery of an idea which everyone shares."

SOAPLESS POVERTY.

A young woman applied for a position as stenographer the other day. Her work was satisfactory, the employer needed her and she needed the position, but she was dismissed because she was untidy and even dirty. Her clothes were not clean, neither was her face. He felt that her work would in time be managed carelessly, besides her appearance robbed the office of a sense of dignity.

I have seen girls use combs and brushes in public dressing rooms. Is it any wonder that hair departments reap a rich harvest? Another bad habit is drinking from a public cup. A glance at a girl's dressing table sometimes is enough to drive one into hysterics. The first essential necessary for a business girl as well as for a girl of any other kind of work is tidiness.

A WORD TO THE STENOGRAPHER.

The girl who studies three months at a business college and then gets a position, should not be surprised if the remuneration is small. Short preparation always means small compensation. One reason the old country girl obtains a position so easily as stenographer is because of her thorough training in spelling, composition and mathematics. The better educated a girl is, the better is her chance for receiving a good salary. The stenographer who is thoroughly familiar with two languages is in a position to command a large salary. As our commercial relations with foreign countries increase, there is more need of stenographers who can take dictation in English and translate it into French, Spanish, German or other languages.

DEFINITE DECISION.

Many young women act and then spend hours regretting the decision they made. This weakens the will-power. When something important confronts a girl which demands immediate decision, she should settle it firmly for all time. It is far better to make an occasional mistake than never to make a definite decision. Decide firmly and positively. Then, too, it is not wise to consider too many things at a time. The girl who begins in the morning to do little things usually finds that she has little time to do big things. On the other hand, the girl who begins the day by doing first the important tasks not only attains success in her work, but has time for pleasure as well. The woman who succeeds in a great cause grasps the days work in the morning and then attends to the important things first.

Girls who lack the power of decision, who take a long time to make up their mind, and are always ready to reconsider or reopen a question never amount to much. Furthermore, young women who always grasp for the advice of prompters often lose splendid opportunities. One girl of my acquaintance lost a good chance of a husband because she could not quite make up her mind as to the sincerity of her love. She asked the advice of a girl friend, who betrayed her confidence, and in the end married the young man herself.

Every girl should have a mind of her own. A clear-cut purpose has a powerful influence upon the life. It gives direction to one's work and unifies it until every effort counts.

If a girl is dissatisfied with herself she should try to discover just where the trouble lies, find out the things that keep her back and then correct them. Young women say that they cannot amount to much because of their poor environment. It is not an easy matter to keep back a girl with an ambition to do something and to be somebody in the world. No matter what her surroundings are she will find her way out and succeed.

HEADACHES AND HYSTERICS.

A girl came to me not long ago with the above affliction. Pale and nervous,

with a lack of self-control, she was a victim of too much social life. After her office hours she hurried to her boarding place to get ready for a ball, or the theatre, or a card party, until nearly every evening she found she had an engagement. She had no time to become acquainted with herself and she went to her work every morning tired and listless. Consequently it became necessary for her to go home at times to nurse an attack of headache and hysterics. Is it any wonder that she lost her position? Too much social life brings on a state of mingled rapture and torture and will make a physical wreck of any girl. In order to think clearly and to work successfully—yes, and even to be a popular girl socially—she must first regard her physical health. Thin hosiery, insufficient clothing, and late hours cause many a failure in a girl's career. One cannot work properly if one does not get sleep enough. One girl who looked for an increase in her salary, after she had worked for the firm, came home in raging disappointment. She told her mother that she had made a mistake in some papers and that her employer asked her if she did not spend too much time in society and late nights. The girl exclaimed, "What right has he to dictate to me after office hours?" Her mother convinced her of the folly of her method of living. Six months

me that I wish I might write a message to them every month. I feel that I must give them just a little advice from time to time, because conditions are different from their home surroundings — from the time they step on board the boat until they have lived here long enough to become accustomed to the customs and life here.

In the first place, a girl must be very careful on the boat. It is not safe for a girl travelling alone to make friends on the way over, as the tempter reaps a rich harvest on the ocean liners. It is a pity that a good motherly matron is not employed on every boat. Of course, there are matrons, but their duty seems to be to dress conspicuously and patronize the passengers. If there is a place in this wide world where a good motherly matron is needed it is on every boat that steams out of the Old World for the New. A girl should refrain from making friends with men and women while crossing the water. As I have often stated, women are more dangerous than men.

Now, every girl likes to be admired, and the old country girl as well as the girl from a rural community is liable to be attracted to this bait. She thinks that every confessed admirer means what he says. I have watched a certain young man use this bait and every time a different young girl is attracted to the flattering flame only

what their wealth and position may be. It was interest in humanity that inspired Maud Miner to give up a vacation trip to Europe to dedicate her life to the welfare of her working sisters, and though she was young, highly educated, and wealthy, she became a waitress that she might face the legislature as a worker when she pleaded for justice to her working sisters.

It was interest in humanity that inspired Mrs. Mackay, with all the advantages of youth, beauty, great wealth and position to work for her toiling sister through the means of equal suffrage.

It was interest in humanity that prompted Mrs. J. Bordon Harriman to fight against the inhuman treatment accorded some young women models in the New York factories.

The same standard of right and wrong inspired Miss Annie Morgan to demand just compensation for the underpaid and overworked women shirt waist makers.

That the worker is greater than her work has fired the English woman with a zeal to lift her sisters from the slavery of machines to an atmosphere of human consideration. The whole world-wide movement is a manifestation of the sisterhood of women.

With this same motive, at the suggestion of Canada's brilliant author and lecturer—Mrs. Nellie L. McClung—



A Canadian Industrial Exhibition View.

later she came home, exclaiming "It's come, mother—the raise in my salary."

The Duchess of Westminster is the wife of England's richest peer. She has perfect health and great mental abilities. She says, "I value my health for the strength it gives my mind."

Remember that poor health, overworked nerves, aches and pains are business handicaps, not assets. Do not expect an employer to hire you because he is sorry for you. He will buy your energy, your strength and pay for them. He has no use for chronic headaches. There is absolutely no excuse for petty ills in this day when hygienic living is possible.

WHERE THE TEMPTER LURKS.

One young woman who reads this page pleased me with this statement: "It seems as if you are near us and not far away." Inasmuch as a girl from the old country informed us that one subscriber to the Western Home Monthly lends each copy to a dozen homes and since we have a large circulation in England, Scotland and Ireland, I realize that scores of young women across the seas read my talks in this department. Furthermore, a young Scotch girl told me that it was the Western Home Monthly that inspired her to come to Canada. Indeed, so many old country girls have come to

to flutter helplessly in the web of the invisible trap.

Now, there are splendid opportunities for every girl who comes here if she is able to take care of herself; but she must have personality enough to freeze any tempter who might dare to say: "Are you a stranger? I shall be pleased to take you to a good place." One girl who came into this city, looked about the station as if waiting for some one, whereupon a man came to her and asked, "Are you looking for some one?" "Yes," she replied, "I am looking for my brother. He promised to meet me." "Your brother is ill," he answered, "and he sent me in his place." Fortunately a woman nearby interfered and the girl was saved.

THE SISTERHOOD OF WOMEN.

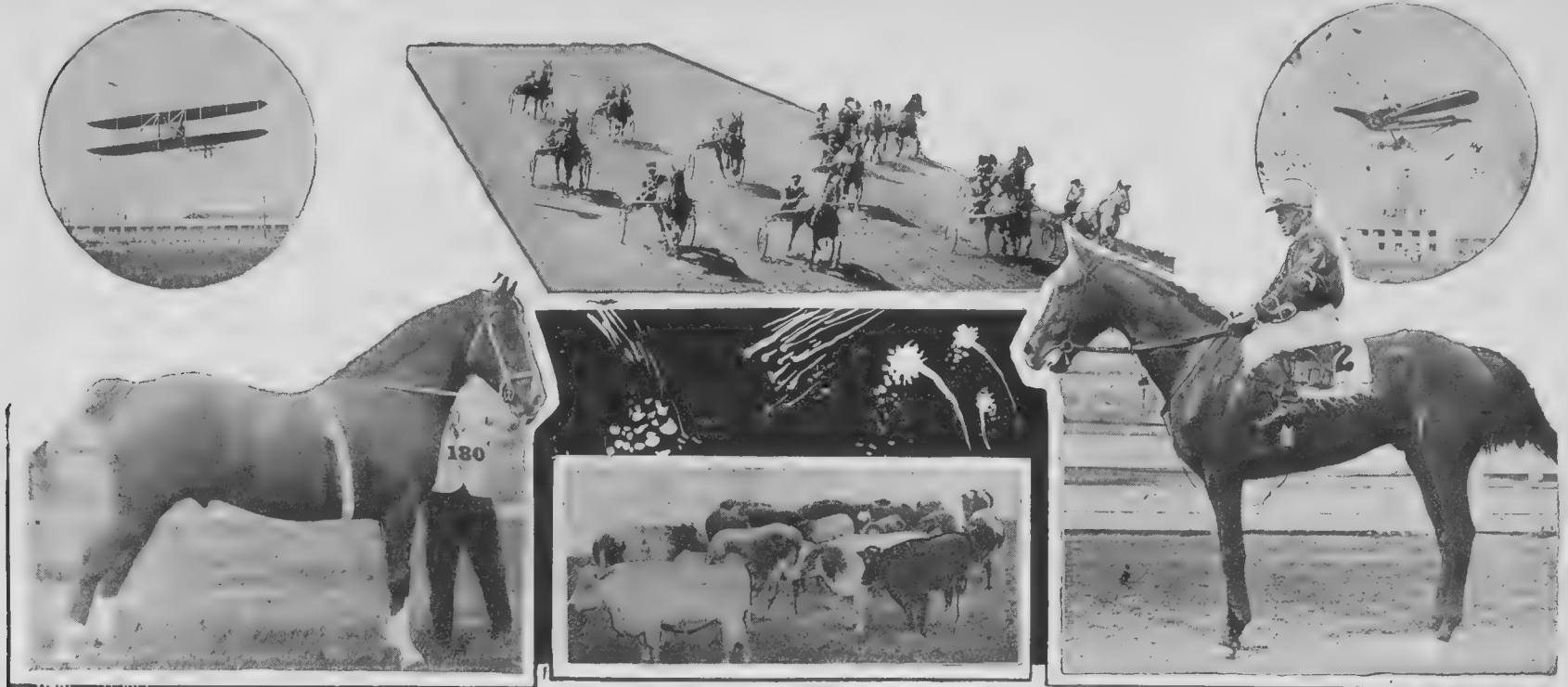
Women of education, of wealth, and of position are banding themselves together all over the world—not for the sake of voting, but for better wages and for better working conditions for the woman who toils and for the woman who suffers under unjust laws. The banding together of women is a growing reality. Women's organizations are working hard for the improvement of the girls and women who are trodden over by the heels of commercial giants.

The grievance of underpaid labor is a grievance to all women—no matter

an Equality League has been formed. The league is composed of educated philanthropic men and women who purpose to bring about needed reforms by the direct method of equality of the voting power between men and women. The officers of this organization are men and women of education, position and influence. Mrs. Thomas, who is well known as Lillian Laurie, is president of the League, and Dr. Mary Crawford is vice-president. Dr. J. L. Gordon is hon. vice-president.

I have heard a few remarks indicating the lack of knowledge concerning needed reforms in this new country. One has only to study the girl problem in Winnipeg to be convinced of a crying need of reforms, and the sooner these reforms come the better it will be for the womanhood of Western Canada. If you do not believe me go into certain dining rooms in this city and learn from the waitress herself that she is paid only five dollars a week, and then to make her condition still worse, a recent rule was made whereby she shall be paid by the month instead of the week, thus robbing her of two or three days' pay every month.

Telephone to a certain comfortable home and ask the mistress how her girl in domestic service is—a girl who was nearly killed the previous night by an accident on the street car—and she will answer sharply: "I don't know. I



Canadian Industrial EXHIBITION WINNIPEG

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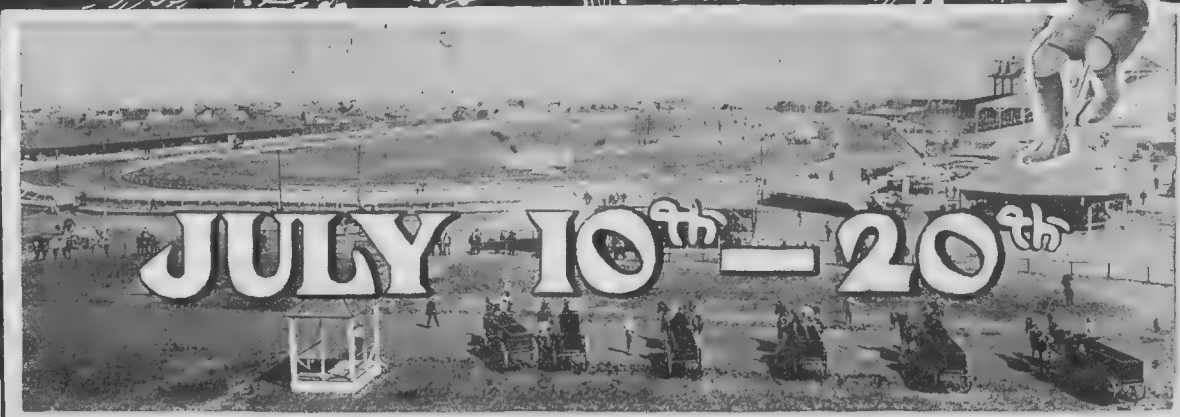
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JULY 10th — 20th

have not been up to see" — and you know it is ten o'clock in the morning.

Go to certain factories and watch the girls put on their coats and hats at ten o'clock because lack of work has shut down the factory for the remainder of the day, and the girls have a holiday that they cannot afford. There may be two or three such days this week. Of course, the girl is not paid for time she does not work, even though she comes to the factory. But her board and room rent have no holidays. Then go with her on pay day and you may learn that she has earned seven dollars during a full working

week, but she is paid only three with a promise that the rest will be paid next week. If you go with her every week you will learn that part of her pay is always kept back to insure the management against her leaving. She always knows just how much she earns, but she never knows how much she will be paid at the end of the week. Perhaps her board bill is due and must be paid? How does she pay it?

Then go into certain places where female help is lodged without protection. Perhaps a poor little wronged foreign girl who is crying her eyes out might touch a cord of sympathy in you.

Good Taste in Home Decoration

Furnishings of the Kitchen should be Chosen for Usefulness and Attractiveness.
By Edith Charlton-Salisbury.

Mrs. Bonham dropped the dish and its contents on the table with an ejaculation of disgust.

"Burned again! The third time in that same dish this week," she said while her nose tilted disdainfully as a whiff of scorched milk reached it. She lifted the dish at arm's length to pour the contents, which had promised to be a savory potato soup, into the garbage pail.

"Last week it was tomatoes and I made the family eat them in spite of black specks and queer flavor. The time before it was corn starch pudding and of all the bad smelling messes! I was almost ashamed to give it to the dog. I declare I have spoiled more food in that dish than I care to think about, to say nothing of my temper and time."

"Why don't you buy a new saucepan," Mr. Bonham remarked quietly, "they can't cost much."

Mrs. Bonham's remarks and experience have such a familiar ring to them that I am sure many housekeepers already look upon her as an old friend. Food burned in worn-out saucepans is a common occurrence in many households.

But after all it is fortunate for every one when the food does scorch, to such an extent it has to be thrown out, for the burning is by far the least dangerous part of those saucepans from which the enamel has chipped.

In beginning a little chat with you on kitchen utensils, I want to warn you against using chipped enamel ware in any kind of cooking. The enamel is a form of glass and some of it contains arsenic. The little bits that are constantly chipping off when once the surface has been broken away do all sorts of mischief if they happen to lodge in the alimentary tract. I have heard they may cause poisoning, inflammation and other ills; whether that is true or not I am not prepared to say but we all know that we do not care to have bits of glass nor even small portions of arsenic in our digestive organs. So a good thing to do is to throw away, or use for

another purpose than cooking, the saucepan or skillet or any other kind of a dish as soon as the first nick appears in the enamel. A better way is not to buy these imperfect utensils—"seconds" the dealer calls them—and because they are imperfect he will sell them to you for a few cents less. But it really doesn't pay to buy them, for the nick is likely to grow larger in a very short time and wherever the enamel is missing the metal is exposed. This heats very quickly and burns food, or when an acid like vinegar or tomato juice touches it, forms an unwholesome chemical compound detrimental to any stomach.

Good and Bad Qualities in Utensils.

It is not always easy to decide what kind of ware is best for cooking utensils for every kind has its own peculiar advantages and disadvantages and are more suitable for some things than for others.

Some women speak strongly in favor of aluminum and are saving dimes and dollars in order one day to own a complete outfit of that ware. Others, and I am among their number, have a preference for aluminum in some utensils but do not want it at all for others. For instance, I do not care the flip of a penny for an aluminum baking dish intended for custards, souffles and such dishes which require moderate heat. This metal heats too quickly and too intensely—a good quality to be sure in a bread pan or a pie plate, but less desirable for egg or milk dishes. For such I much prefer a baking dish of white enamel or even the common gray variety.

An aluminum fry pan or skillet is desirable and a tea kettle of that metal is always a delight, if it has a handle of wood or some other material which heats slowly. Another good point in favor of aluminum is that acids have no effect on it, so it is splendid for preserving kettles or saucepans in which tomatoes and other acid foods are to be cooked.

As far as wearing qualities are concerned I have not found a great deal of



Convenient arrangement of furniture and saucepans.

difference between the Austrian and American enamel and granite ware; either will break and chip if carelessly handled. They won't stand hard blows and will soon chip if left empty over a hot fire. Either of them will become stained by food after a time and both heat slowly and retain the heat for a long time. With reasonable care both have satisfactory qualities.

The ideal kitchen as pictured by some housekeepers always has a row of beautifully polished copper utensils hanging over the work table and sink. I confess to a weakness for this metal and can readily see the charm in a collection of copper saucepans. But the expense is too great to make them practical in any quantity and beside unless they are lined with silver or nickel they are not suitable for acid foods.

I do not think anything can be much more attractive than a blue and white kitchen with rows and shelves of blue and white kitchen ware all spotlessly clean and bright.

The housekeeper who takes pride in the equipment not only sees that it is adequate for her needs but is also concerned about its care. As I have already stated, enamel will stain in time and I know of no better way to remove brown stains than to fill the utensil with soft water, add about one tablespoonful of baking soda to each quart, and heat the water slowly to the boiling point. Keep at this temperature for ten or fifteen minutes then pour out water and rub with ashes or one of the patented scrubbing powders on hand. Invariably the stain will disappear and the saucepan look like new. This is also an excellent way to remove stains from the inside of tea and coffee pots but do not try it on your aluminum dishes unless you want to dull them beyond remedy. I have found it rather difficult to remove stains from aluminum but have had best success with wood ashes mixed equally with salt.

Sink is Not a Lavatory.

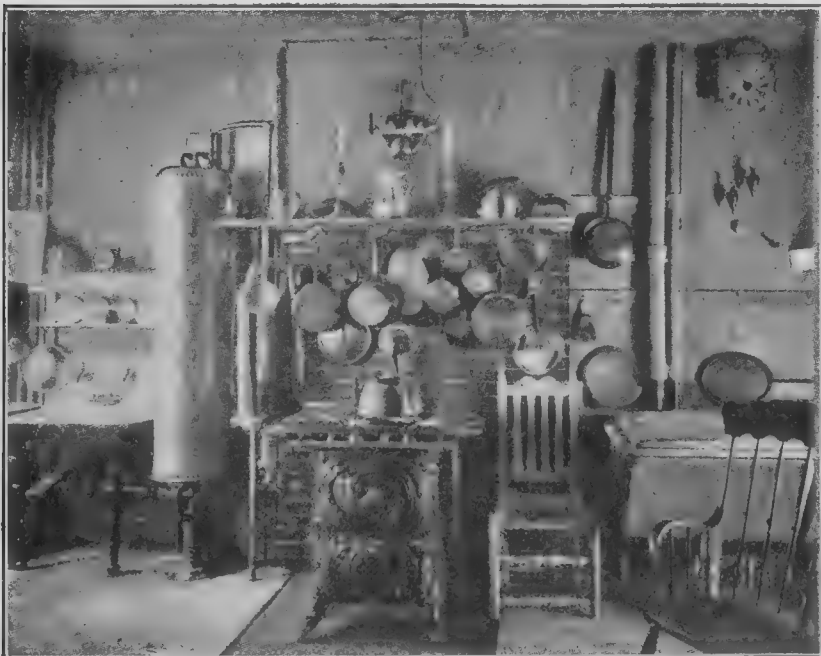
Next to the range the two most important pieces of kitchen furniture are the sink and work table. The first should always be supplied with water and drain connections to carry away the dish water. Even if the water system does not extend throughout the house it is possible to have a small hand pump in the sink, bringing the water in from the cistern without going out doors for it. Then a small pipe can connect the sink with the house drain and thus at the expenditure of a very few dollars save much unnecessary work. Do not decide that an iron sink will be good enough for you. It may cost a little less at first but the time and effort it will demand from you in cleaning is too great, and in the end the sink will not look well. If it is clean it will rust easily; if it is black and smooth it is pretty sure to be greasy. Better save yourself time and worry from the start and have a porcelain or enameled iron or soapstone sink when you are equipping your kitchen. If it happens that you have already been struggling for years to keep an iron sink clean and attractive, you will be wise to invest in a new one at the

first opportunity; economise in some other quarter if the opportunity does not offer soon enough.

Nothing but drain and water pipes should be under the sink and this space should be exposed, making it easy to keep clean. Beneath the sink is not a good place for an enclosed cupboard in which to keep kettles and saucepans.

Unless the pantry is real convenient to the kitchen and dining room, and is fitted with suitable cupboards and shelves for cooking supplies, a kitchen cabinet or convenient cupboard should have a place in the kitchen. There is only one class of housekeepers who should not be entrusted with a kitchen cabinet. It comprises those women who can not lift a cupful of sugar or flour without spilling a little, who tip over the spice cans and sprinkle cinnamon and nutmeg on the shelves just where it will attract ants and other insects. If a cabinet is not kept clean it can cause endless worry and labor but when it is properly used and kept in good condition it is one of the joys of housekeeping.

The ideal kitchen has in it only those things which are necessary for the easy and quick accomplishment of work; it is the work room of the house and as such should be supplied with the worker's tools. But it can fill every requirement and still be exceedingly good to look upon. The woman who loves to keep house finds as much, maybe a little more, pleasure in her kitchen than any other room in her home, just as a doctor does in his office or a student in his study. It is the place where she has opportunity to practice those arts which are some of the marks of the successful homemaker. It is made cheerful with bright suitable colors; it is wholesome and clean; there are no dark corners in which dust and germs are hidden, no un-



Utensils commonly used in ordinary cooking.

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Why risk your entire season's profits on a sudden turn of the weather? Lack of sufficient power may spell ruin.

Plenty of reserve power means a quick, full harvest. It's the necessary aid to bigger, better crops and larger profits.

So when harvest time comes, be sure *you* have plenty of power.

Don't depend on animal power. Play safe. Horses and men are profit wasters. Use the "ever ready" mechanical power of a Hart-Parr Tractor. Then you'll understand why

Harvest Days Are Hart-Parr Oil Tractor Days

One Hart-Parr Tractor is more efficient than 15 to 30 horses and several men. Hauls 3 to 5 big binders with steady, even pull. Never tires. A blazing sun can't sap its strength or endurance. Exerts full power every minute you work it.

Depending on size, it will harvest 60 to 100 acres a day and save \$8 to \$10 daily over horses. Many a Hart-Parr owner pulls a 6-bottom gang plow and 7-ft. harvester behind his tractor and easily harvests and plows 20 acres a day. This kills weeds and insures a better crop next year. Here's Hart-Parr performance. Read this letter—ponder over it.

Watson, Sask., Can., Jan., 1, 1912.

Hart-Parr Co., Charles City, Ia.

Dear Sirs:—

When threshing began, we hired a steam engine to do our threshing, so that we might plow with our Hart-Parr Oil Tractor. The steamer did not prove satisfactory, so we ran the separator with our Hart-Parr Tractor and threshed about 15,000 bushels. Threshing was slow on account of bad weather.

After we finished threshing, the ground froze, and of course, we did not get much plowing done. We set our tractor aside; meanwhile it snowed considerably and got very cold, so that some steam threshing outfits got disabled by the cold weather and others quit altogether, with still quite a lot of threshing to be done in the neighborhood. Some of our neighbors asked us to thresh their grain. They offered us 4c. to 6c. a bushel, they to furnish everything but power.

Altho it was hard getting around in the snow and very cold mornings, of course we threshed. We got our Hart-Parr Tractor started any cold day. It was the only one that could pull a separator behind it in the snow.

It has got to be very cold when our Hart-Parr Tractor will not start with the first turn of the fly wheel. Very truly yours, F. J. Weber.

It's the easy to operate *One Man Outfit*. Uses cheapest kerosene for fuel. More reliable than horses. Costs nothing for upkeep when idle. Three sizes: 30, 40 and 60 B. H. P.

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Ask for a pocket ruler—free.

I Was A Sight From Superfluous Hair

I Cured It Quickly So It Never Returned

I Will Send Free To Any Other Woman the Secret of How They Too Can Remove All Trace

For years I was the victim of a horrid hair growth on my face. I knew I was a sight and every time I met another woman with this "mannish" mark and saw how it spoiled her looks, I became the more distracted, for I had tried all the pastes, powders, liquids, and other "hair-removers" seemingly highly endorsed, than I had ever heard of but always with the same unsatisfactory result. My time, money and patience were about exhausted, when a friend persuaded me to try a secret from Japan, almost against my will, for I had little faith owing to former experiences.



What was my amazement when I found that it actually did what was claimed for it. It was so simple that it took but a few minutes time to work a complete transformation in my appearance. Any woman who is troubled with superfluous hair can readily appreciate what a difference it would make to her looks if it were removed, for no woman can be beautiful if she is

afflicted with a hairy growth on her face, neck or arms. My experience with this wonderful remedy was so remarkable that I feel it my duty to put my sensitive feelings aside and tell my experience to my sisters in distress, in order that they may profit by it, and not waste their time and money on worthless "concoctions" as I did.

Therefore, to any lady who will write me within the next few days and will send me a two-cent stamp for actual return postage, I will send quite free in a plain sealed envelope, full information which will enable you to forever remove all trace of embarrassing hair by the wonderful method that cured me. Address your letter, Mrs. Caroline Osgood, Suite 997 B.V. 118 East 28th St., New York City.

SPECIAL ENDORSEMENT: As the method above referred to has been endorsed by doctors, true specialists and many other publishers, we advise all readers thus afflicted to take advantage of Mrs. Osgood's offer and write her at once at above address.



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Writes long letter with one filling. Always ready. No coaxing. No blotting. Best for ruling, manifold and constant use. Fine or medium points. Sent postpaid, 16 for 20c, 3 doz. 40c, 6 doz. 75c. Postal Note or Money Order, Money back if wanted. Address Dept. & A. D. Hastings 393 Hargrave St. Winnipeg.

sightly places where "cast-offs" are concealed. I have heard it said, and I am inclined to think it true, that when you find empty cans, fruit jars, old clothes and paper sacks tucked far back in dark cupboards or pushed behind sink or cabinet or under the sink, you may be fairly certain that the presiding genius of that kitchen, be she mistress or maid, is more interested in other things than the working part of the house. If the mistress does not permit such carelessness, the maid will rarely dare to practice it.

Cost of Furnishing a Kitchen.

One can spend two or three hundred dollars on kitchen equipment, or all the necessities and many of the "extras"—conveniences it is well to have whenever possible—can be bought for less than one hundred dollars.

Here is a list of some of the principal furnishings with approximate price that may be a guide in furnishing a moderate kitchen:—

Range for coal or wood,	\$50.00 to \$75.00
Coal scuttle	.75
Coal box, painted black	2.00
Tea kettle—block tin or enamel	1.00
Steel frying pan	.35
Kitchen cabinet	\$5 to 25.00
Plain table	3.00
High stool	1.00
Kitchen chair	1.00
Refrigerator	15.00
Meat grinder	1.00
Pair scales	3.25
Garbage can with cover	1.00
Enamel ware—saucepans, etc.	10.00
Wooden ware—brushes, kneading board, etc.	10.00
Iron and tin ware	10.00
Cutlery	3.00
Linen—towels, ironing sheet, etc.	3.00

Winnipeg Exhibition.

The Canadian Industrial Exhibition, which is to be opened on Wednesday, July 10, promises to excel in interest any of the twenty-one annual fairs that have been held in Winnipeg. Several incidents of interest and importance will contribute to make the great western fair of 1912 one to be long remembered by those who are privileged to attend.

Chief among these are the visit of the Duke of Connaught, who is the first member of the Royal House to hold the premier office in any of His Majesty's Dominions, and the fact that the year

1912 is the centenary of the founding of the city of Winnipeg.

His Royal Highness, who will be accompanied, it is expected, by the Duchess and Princess Patricia, will come out west with the particular object of opening the fair, and he has already intimated in various ways that he is taking a keen interest in this first visit to the west. His interest in the fair also is of no casual kind, and he has already expressed a desire to meet with representative farmers of the west and see and learn from actual experience the great development of the agricultural resources of the west.

Another event of importance in which the Duke will take part is the encampment, the first of its kind, of Boy Scouts which will be held on the Exhibition Grounds during the first three days of the fair. On Friday afternoon, July 12, the Duke, who is at the same time the Chief Scout of the Dominion, will review the boys who are to be picked from all parts of the province and are the chosen of the best of the scouts of the west. During the other days the boys will give a display of exercises and drill in full view of the spectators.

That the present year marks the hundredth anniversary of the coming of the first settlers to the Red River Valley brings notably to mind the name of Lord Selkirk, that pioneer of settlement in the West of Canada. It was in June, 1812, that his first band of settlers, under the guidance of Captain Miles Macdonell, a Glengarry man, came out by way of Hudson Bay to the future site of Winnipeg, and started in the midst of severe hardships, both at the hands of rival traders and the weather, to cultivate the land which was one day to become the granary of the British Empire. In honor of these first daring adventurers and their lord who projected the far-sighted scheme, the fair is termed this year the Selkirk Centenary, and one of the days—Monday, July 15—will be named the Lord Selkirk Day, and the descendants of the first settlers will be entertained at a luncheon, at which the Duke of Connaught will preside.

There will also be each evening of the fair a great pageant, the like of which has never before been seen in the West, which will portray in vivid form the events of the hundred years of history which have followed the coming of the settlers to the "Great West." Three great years will stand out particularly: 1812, the year of the coming of the Highlanders from far Scotland; 1870,



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Big Ben is hand-built, like a fine, thin-model watch, and "time checked" for 140 hours for accuracy. 1,055 skilled watch-makers build Big Ben—the clock that's the pride of the famous Westclox Community of La Salle, Illinois.

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Big Ben is sold by 5,000 Canadian dealers. If you cannot find him at yours send us \$3.00 today and we will send him by return express, duty charges prepaid.

Big Ben

WESTCLOX, La Salle, Illinois



H.M. Queen Victoria, H.R.H. The Prince Consort, The Governor General, at the age of one and The Duke of Wellington.

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the Rebellion in Winnipeg, and the Wolseley Expedition; and in 1885, the Great West Rebellion and the stirring events around Batoche. The poster of the exhibition also shows that the year is one of importance in the history of the West, and the picture, which was chosen after competition, and is the work of E. Stainton, of London, Ont., shows the landing of Macdonell and his first band at the place now known to Winnipeggers as Point Douglas.

There is a chance also that the sole descendant of Lord Selkirk may be present at the fair in the person of Captain John Hope, R.N., who lives at St. Mary's Isle, Kirkcudbright, Scotland. Through his mother's side, Captain Hope is a grandson of the famous Earl, and though somewhat retiring in his disposition, is one of the most popular landlords in the whole of Galloway. With that innate tact which belongs to the British Royal House, the Duke of Connaught has invited Captain Hope to be present during the exhibition and the centennial celebrations in honor of his distinguished ancestor in Winnipeg and to take some part in the various func-

fair is so important for these tests as the one held in Winnipeg, and the field here is greater than at any other point; while the competition for the prizes is all the keener. The tests this year will be similar to years past, though, after consultation with the manufacturers, several changes have been made. There will be the brake tests for economy and maximum, and the plowing test on a field of unbroken soil. A new competition also is added this year in the form of an engine gang plow competition, in which the power of the various engines and their endurance will be put to the test, and thus an opportunity given the farmer to judge from the results what plow is most suitable for the ground which he has to till.

Of attractions, a greater and more varied programme is to be offered to the public this year than ever before. The aviation events which last year

proved such an interesting feature are redoubled this year, and two competent aviators have been engaged for the ten days of the fair. These are Jimmie Ward and George Mestach, the former of whom will fly a Curtiss biplane, while the latter will have a French machine, a Borel Mathis monoplane. Much interest will be taken in comparing the two types of machine, and as both men are skilled airmen and have made hundreds of successful flights, there will be some great displays of the conquest of the air in Winnipeg this summer.

To head the long list of bands from Winnipeg and district which will be at the fair, the Royal Besses o' th' Barn band, the champion band for many a year in England, will come out direct to play every day of the fair, and much interest is being evinced in their performances. Of the other attractions, there are favorites old and young, and

while some of the hair-raising and electrifying style, there are the comedy acts and humorous turns to keep the spectators in the best of humor.

Taken all in all, the ten days of the great fair of Winnipeg and the West promise to be something quite unique. Crowds which will be far in excess of anything heard of before are expected; keener competition in every class; and better attractions than ever will make the fair unparalleled. It will open on Wednesday, July 10, the Duke performing the opening ceremony at 2.30, and for ten days the grounds will bustle on every hand, the closing day being Saturday, July 20. There will be special excursions from all parts of the West, and as the fair has come to be regarded to be no local institution every part of the prairies will be represented as well as numerous eastern and southern points.

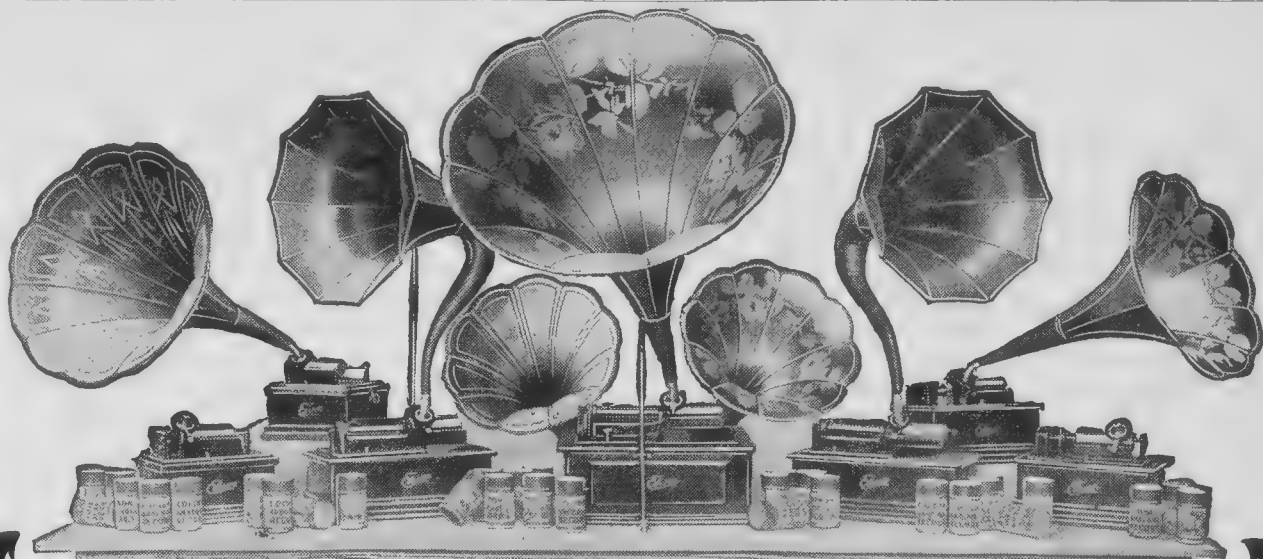


The Governor General at the age of 6 in Highland garb at Braemar.

tions. It is highly probable that Captain Hope will be here, and as the grandson of the real founder of Winnipeg, he is sure to meet with a hearty reception.

Of the other features of the exhibition it is hardly necessary to speak. They are so well-known to the people of Western Canada that they need no repeating at this time. In all the classes, whether of horses, live stock, dogs or poultry, the entries this year are greater than ever before, and every indication is that the competition for the prizes which the fair has to offer will be more keenly contested than ever in the past. The racing programme which is generally regarded as the foremost harness event in the West will be further enhanced this year by the first Selkirk futurity race which was instituted for foals three years ago.

Supreme in interest and importance is the motor competition which, though but in its fifth year, is now universally recognized as the foremost in the world. Entries this year are far in advance of any previous year and reach near the total of half a century. Manufacturers of these great machines, which have a greater market here in Winnipeg and Western Canada than in any other part of the world, have come to see that no



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The Home Doctor.

Fly Time.

Keep foods of every sort and particularly milk in screened enclosures or safes. See to it that garbage cans are kept closely covered, that they are emptied daily and well scrubbed before being used again, or that the collector gives clean ones in exchange. To make assurance doubly sure, add a tablespoonful of copperas to a pail of water and sprinkle about the place where the garbage can is kept. A sprinkling of chlorid of lime serves the same end. Do the same to every moist nook and refuse pile appearing to offer a breeding place for flies. Treat vaults by a plentiful use of dry earth at all times, and at least once a week to a thorough sprinkling with crude petroleum or copperas.

A bulletin of the American Civic Association gives the following valuable hints for the abatement of flies: "All stables should have a manure bin with a door at the side and a wire screen on the top, that the larva deposited in the manure before it was placed in the bin will be screened when hatched; and as flies seek light and come to the top of the bin, they can be easily killed by burning paper or some other device.

"The fly has a thirst only equalled by his hunger; place a dish of poisoned water in the stable and a greater part of the flies hatched there will be killed."

Screen all food. Apply this rule not only to food prepared at home, but to foodstuffs offered for sale, and especially fruits, salads, and all other things which do not require to be cooked.

The strong odors of savory meats and animal foods make an especial appeal to the fly. The milder flavors of a fleshless diet extend a less ardent invitation.

Herein, too, lies one advantage of fireless cookers and other means of cooking which do not scatter food flavors in the air.

Even fragments, small bits and smears of food are an attractive lure for him. It takes very little to provide a sufficiency for his meal. Therefore, a wise housekeeper will see to it that her cooking utensils are washed as fast as used instead of allowing an accumulation of smeared kitchen ware to scent the air and draw flies.

The way of salvation from the dangers and annoyances of flies lies first of all in measures of prevention. Flies cannot breed in a dry place, neither will they breed in a clean place. The solution of the problem, then, lies in our hands. Make clean everywhere, in and about the house, and keep clean, and flies will not be born. Now, just now, at the beginning of warm weather, is the time to act.

Remember that in general whatever is moist and dirty counts in the flies favor. While the chief hatchery of the fly is horse manure, any decaying organic matter will serve the purpose of a nursery for the development of eggs, "fly blows," into the maggoty young and then into the mature insect. Stables, piggeries, vaults, household waste, garbage cans, decaying vegetables and other articles of food, the sweepings of crumbs and moist litter at the back door, dead animals, rotting straw, refuse piles, all contribute to the sustenance and supply of flies.

The causes are innumerable, but there is only one radical cure—absolute cleanness. The number of flies indoors may be lessened by the prohibitory measure of screening the house windows and doors, and this should be done early.

Opportunity.

Walter Malone.

They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.
Wait not, for precious chances pass away;
Weep not for "golden ages" on the wane!
Each night I burn the records of the day;
At sunrise every soul is born again.
Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say, "I can!"
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep
But yet might rise and be again a man!
Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past
And find the future pages white as snow.
Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to Heaven.

Sleep.

By Woods Hutchinson, M.D.

Sleep As Much As You Can.
"How much sleep shall I take in the twenty-four hours?" This can be answered unhesitatingly in five words, "As

much as you can." Here no competent authority would question the absolute safety of instinct as a guide. As the period of sleep represents the time necessary to restore the oxygen balance of the tissues, to recharge the battery, then obviously it must last until that process has been completed, as attested by the familiar sense of "restedness" and refreshment. "Go to sleep when tired, get up when you wake feeling rested," contains the philosophy of the whole problem.

Obviously no hard and fast rule as to the number of hours required can be laid down. Just as individuals differ in the color of their hair and eyes, the vigor of their appetites, their tendency to be fat, or lean, so they differ in the rapidity of their recuperation during sleep. As has been already mentioned, a few vigorous, energetic individuals seem able to recuperate with such rapidity that as little as four hours sleep suffices them. To mention a few notable instances, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, and his conqueror the Duke of Wellington, John Wesley, and in recent years, Edison, the inventor, were able to refresh themselves completely within this time. On the other hand, anemic and nervous individuals may recuperate with such extreme slowness that they require ten, twelve, or thirteen hours of sleep properly to redress the balance. At a rough working average it may be stated that the majority of vigorous adults require an average of about nine hours. Women require half an hour to an hour more than men of their age. Any attempt to shorten this necessary period, whatever it may be, which can readily be ascertained by each individual for himself by a brief period of intelligent experimentation, is not only irrational but suicidal.

Nine Hours the Average of Adults.

As a matter of fact, the average amount of sleep taken by most individuals is in the neighborhood of nine hours. The proverbs are, as usual, at sea, and have about the usual amount of influence over actual practice.

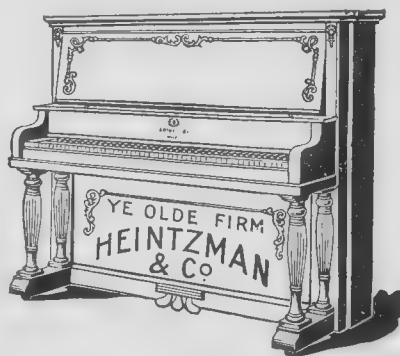
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has won its enviable position as one of the foremost pianos of the world. There are various styles and finishes, but only one tone—quality. It is the instrument demanded by the most cultured homes, because it is so thoroughly good in tone and construction and so lasting in quality.



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This is a different kind of player-piano possessing distinctive features found in no other player-piano.

Makes it possible for you or your youngsters to play the classics with the dash of a virtuoso, and the rag-time with the dash of a music hall comedian.

The piano any one can play without knowing a note of music. Quality in workmanship, quality in materials, and above all, quality in tone makes this a high-grade instrument in every sense of the word.

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Many extra special inducements await you here. We receive so many used pianos in exchange as part payment on Heintzman & Co. Pianos and Player-Pianos that we are always in a position to offer exceptional bargains. These instruments are all thoroughly overhauled by our own experts and put in good condition. They are offered far below their actual worth and on the easiest of terms. Should you purchase one of these we will always accept it back on a new Heintzman & Co. Piano or Player-Piano and allow you the full amount you paid. There are dozens of second-hand and slightly used pianos and organs here to select from.

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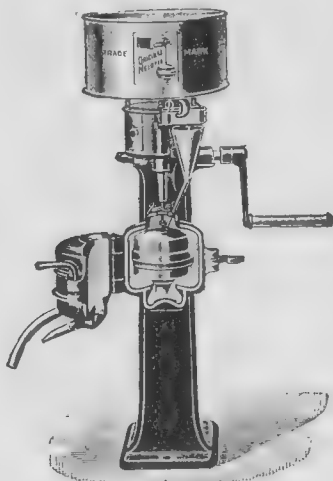
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for they are abreast of the times and in the lead with modern improvements. They are known EVERYWHERE as a reliable product. Down to the smallest part the MELOTTE surpasses other makes in a hundred ways—many of them intensely practical.

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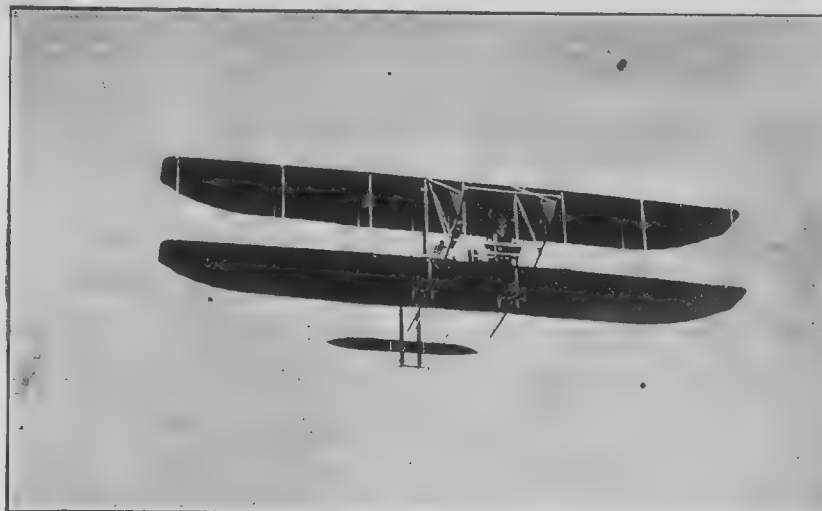
There are so many reasons why the MELOTTE has won renown that we cannot mention them here, but the MELOTTE BOOK tells! Write us for Catalogue No. 15, which in word and picture tells you all about it.

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The first successful air sailing in Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition 1911

"Seven hours for a man, eight for a woman, and nine for a fool," has been their dictum for centuries, but the average human being cheerfully plunks himself into the "fool" class, much to his benefit. I believe that the usual eight-hour average laid down in the textbooks errs on the side of brevity, and the majority of men in active work take more than this or else suffer for it. The average laboring man goes to bed at between 8.30 and 9.30, or if he does not, often falls asleep in his chair about 7.30 or 8.00 and sleeps until 6.00. The average business or professional man goes to bed about 10.00 and rises about 7.00. Each class getting on an average nine and ten hours respectively. How the superstition ever grew up that there is such a thing as weakening yourself by oversleeping I cannot imagine. Whatever may have been the source of the delusion it is utterly without basis in physiology. No one ever got too much healthy, natural sleep, or injured himself physically by staying in bed until he felt rested. It must, of course, be remembered that sleep in stuffy, ill-ventilated rooms may never produce this sense of being rested, no matter how long it is prolonged. But, again, it is not the length of sleep, but the quality which is at fault. More than this, a great majority of men and all women would be benefitted by a nap of from twenty minutes to an hour after the midday meal. In the case of women, who are able to control their time, this should be insisted upon as a daily rule. Many men are unfortunately so situated that for business reasons this rest cannot be obtained, but they should make an effort to obtain it even if they do not fall asleep in the time.

This average of nine hours, of course, applies only to adults. For children it is impossible to lay down any fixed rule whatever. In the earliest days of infancy, fifteen to eighteen hours are required for the recuperative process. So astoundingly somnolent are young babies that I was once consulted by an anxious father who expressed great uneasiness lest his baby's brain should not develop properly because it slept so much of the time. Needless to say it was his first. From this the period gradually falls until by the third year it has reached the neighborhood of 12 hours, and the fifth year, 10. But these again are to be taken only as the crudest of averages, as individual children differ enormously, according to their vigor, rate of growth, time of year, etc.

A baby or young child should have absolutely every minute of sleep that it can be induced to take, and sleeplessness is even more emphatically a sign of disease in children than in adults. This necessity and capacity for large amounts of refreshing sleep persists up to adult life and the amount required seldom falls below ten hours before the eighteenth or twentieth year.

To make children or rapidly growing young adults get up before they have had their sleep-out, and feel thoroughly rested, is not merely irrational but cruel, and when it is done as a routine practice at boarding schools or other institutions, by those who pretend to be fitted to have the care of children it is little short of criminal.

Indigestion.

Mr. George Keenan, the celebrated Siberian traveller, stated that the Eskimos eat reindeer moss which has been half digested as a remedy for and preventive of constipation. The predigested moss is obtained by killing the reindeer at a certain time after feeding, removing the moss from the stomach and submitting it to a very slight and simple preparation.

The natives of Japan and China eat a quantity of raw turnip or similar vegetable with their rice, which forms the staple food of these people. The Highlander escapes the constipation which would otherwise result from his diet of buttermilk, oatmeal and potatoes by swallowing his "brose" in a half raw state. The wild Arab supplements his diet of camel's milk and dates with wheat ground on a stone mill, which supplies all the cellulose of the bran with the addition of a considerable quantity of pulverized stone.

The desire for bulky green things which almost every one experiences in the early springtime, when the oncoming heat reduces the bulk of the food by lessening the appetite, is an instinctive prompting which cannot be disregarded without injury.

Bodily activity is another means of mechanically stimulating the intestine. Vigorous exercise sets the diaphragm muscles at work in such a way that between the two intestines are vigorously kneaded and squeezed, and thus stimulated to action. The sedentary man or woman not only loses the immediate benefit of muscular activity through the

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in the home like the breath of a day in June, compared to the July like dryness and intensity of the furnace heat with which you are familiar. It's all in the big **Circle Waterpan** with its adequate provision for humidifying the heated air, and a furnace construction absolutely gas and dust tight.

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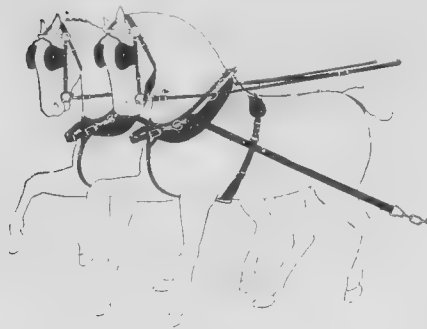
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\$23 HARNESS



The above is an exact cut of a Team farm harness, with 1½ inch three ply trace and well proportioned in every way complete with any size collars \$23.00.

The last ever offered for the money. A Postal card will bring you quotations on any style of harness, harness parts, or horse goods.

Thos. McKnight,
166 Princess St. Winnipeg.

I Cleared My Face of Superfluous Hair

I Destroyed the Blemish, Never
to Return.

The Secret Yours Free.

"Women who are despairing because they have tried all manner of things without success to remove a disfiguring growth of superfluous hair on face, neck or arms will be delighted to hear that a recognized chemist of standing has made public a new scientific method, whereby 'hairy arms' can be made a thing of the past, and all disfiguring growths on face or neck forever banished from sight.

"I entirely cured my heavy growth, after all else had failed, by the use of the new method invented by a former Professor of Chemistry at the famous College of Rugby, England, and who has received many degrees and titles for his learning.



"I am sure that no matter how many things have failed—no matter how heavy the growth, no matter where it is—on the face, the neck, or arms, of any other part of the body—Professor Smith's Method may be relied upon to actually destroy hair so it will not return, as I myself found."

This is the glad message of Mrs. Kathryn B. Jenkins, a prominent society woman of Scranton, Pa., who resides at the fashionable Duckworth Apartments in that city, and who has graciously allowed her photograph to be published herewith.

In order that every sufferer in this country may receive the benefit, full particulars will be sent absolutely free and without charge, which will enable you to get rid of your growth as if by magic.

If you are troubled with hair on the arms so that you are unable to wear short sleeves with comfort: if you are affected with a growth of hair on the face or on the neck which interferes with your peace of mind and spoils your feminine appearance, send your name (please state whether Mrs. or Miss) and address and a two-cent stamp for return to Elinor Chapelle, Sec'y, 997 H. F. Delta St., Providence, R.I.



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increased activity of the chest and with it the diaphragm and abdominal muscles, but his abdominal muscles become permanently weakened, relaxed, lacking in tone, and incapable of supporting the intestines in their proper places, thus adding a number of other factors which contribute to the lessening of intestinal activity.

And It Is Cheap at That.

During the year 1911, reports the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, more than \$14,500,000 was spent in fighting tuberculosis. By far the largest item of expense was that for treatment in sanatoriums and hospitals and for the erection of institutions of this kind, more than \$21,800,000 being spent for this purpose. Dispensaries for the examination and treatment of tuberculosis spent \$850,000, and associations and committees in their educational campaign against tuberculosis spent \$500,000. The remaining \$1,300,000 was spent for treatment in open air schools, prisons and hospitals for the insane. New York alone reports the expenditure of \$3,550,000. Appropriations of more than \$10,000,000 for tuberculosis work in 1912 have already been made by state legislatures and municipal and county bodies.

Why persist in being imposed upon by buying poor trashy alum baking powder when you can just as well buy Magic Baking Powder, the health giving "No Alum" brand at the same price? At all Grocers.

Recruiting Stations;

By David R. Locke.

Is there anything frightful in the heated air that steals up from unseen sources in the winter and the cooled air that comes without call in the summer? Is there anything frightful in the flowers they have for your delectation all the seasons, and the things of beauty with which they surround you? Ah! no, indeed.

But what has all this to do with license? Everything. When an advocate of license wants to crush a Prohibitionist he takes him to one of these places to show what the liquor business should be, and would be were it properly conducted. The idiot does not realize that these are the places that should be remorselessly crushed out first of all; that these places are the ones above all others that should be killed. These are the recruiting stations. These are the places where young men congregate, because they are respectable. Here is where Vice exerts her greatest power, because she is disguised and in her best array. The skeleton is puffed, padded and painted.

If mankind had to deal with the hideous, frowsy, filthy termagant Pope has in his mind, there would be no danger, to the young at least. After dealing awhile with the syren who invites him, he will and does become so depraved as to deal with the hag, but not at the beginning.

When it comes to the "frightful mien," it is when vice has him safe in her clutches, and does not need to masquerade. It is after the fancy drinks have done their work that vice finds that sugar, lemon, pounded ice, and all that is wasted, that all she needs to finish with is plain matter of fact alcohol, undisguised. Then vice becomes hideous, but she cares not. She is then dictating terms—not the victim. So that he gets the alcohol it does not matter whether it is served by a sprucely dressed, be-diamonded young man, or a toothless hag whose hair has not known a comb from girlhood. It may come from washed or unwashed hands, the alcohol is all that is wanted; the shortest road to death on a dung-hill or the padded cell in the lunatic asylum is what the victim wants then, and he will get it no matter what laws stand in his way.

Now, what are you going to do with these gilded places where your boys are seduced? License them? Better license

the places of low resort, the finishers.

The young man who is seduced into these places by the cut glass and wonderful concoctions will not long stay there. Ah, no! The time will come when his blunted senses will have no enjoyment of these beautiful surroundings; when all he will require will be the straight, unadulterated liquor; when he will care nothing for surroundings, but drink for effect only. He goes from the Hoffman to the Bowery, and from the Bowery to Baxter Street. He is as sure to come to it as the sun to rise and set so many days. He starts with the cut glass and the strawberries, but the day will come when the bottle will be good enough for him, and that day is never far distant. It only takes a few years—sometimes months—to mark the time. There is no disease that does its work so certainly and none so quickly.

Looked at from any point of view, "Regulation" of the liquor traffic is not to be thought of, provided the liquor traffic is wrong. When you have conceded the necessity of "Regulation," you have conceded the necessity of Prohibition. If it is an evil that calls for legal intervention at all, it calls but for one kind, and that is destruction. A good thing that may be abused may be regulated, but not a bad thing, which the whole world concedes to be bad through and through. You license the respectable makers of drunkards with a faint hope of prohibiting the traffic by the finishers of the work. Humanity does not want "Regulation." It makes no difference to the starving and freezing wife whether her rum-enthralled husband gets his liquor at the licensed druggery or at a free one. He will have it anyhow, at no matter what cost. But it does matter to the suffering mother whether there shall be licensed rum shops on every corner, full of light, full of beautiful things, warm in the winter and cool in the summer, full of enticements, which, under the protection of the law, shall entice her children into their awful devil-fish embrace, and add to the horrible curse of a drunken husband, boys certain to be drunkards and girls certain to be harlots. It makes a difference to the community at large, to the tax-payers, whether the evil shall go on, the black stream rolling on for ever, bank-full. License, which is Regulation, means its perpetuation, its continuance, without let or hindrance. Prohibition means the saving of the coming generations and the help of those now on the road. One strengthens traffic—the other is an honest attempt at its suppression.

That is the difference between Regulation and Prohibition.

Elbert Hubbard: Some men work for the public; other men work the public.

Rev. Dr. Bland: Few men are free-thinkers. Those who clamor most are often bound by prejudice and training.

Dr. A. J. Douglas: The board of health has a right to insist upon cleanliness. It is no invasion of private rights to enforce law.

E. J. Chamberlain: In twelve years from now the bulk of the population of Canada will be west of Ontario.

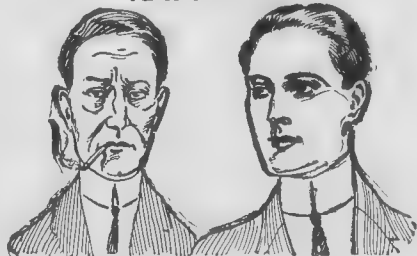
A. F. Sheldons: The essentials to success in business are that a man should know himself, know the other fellow, and know his business.

Police Magistrate Macdonald: A man's house is his castle, but when a man's house shelters a nuisance the neighborhood has rights.

Sir Gilbert Parker: It is by no means too soon to face the prospect of a Canada swayed largely from beyond the Great Lakes. It is no longer permissible to consider the western Provinces as numerically weak and politically unimportant. Ten years from now there will be a powerful public sentiment in the west, sufficiently strong to make a decided impression on matters of national policy. This is the great significant fact of western development. It is the emergence of western Canada from obscurity into a prominent position in Confederation.

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Dr. Elder's Tobacco Boon Banishes All
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A positive and quick relief. A Home Treatment easy to take. S. E. Addington, of Bethel, Okla., writes: "Your Tobacco Boon has cured me after using tobacco 34 years." H. S. Evans, of Meridian, Miss., writes: "I had been a heavy chewer for 54 years. After taking your treatment 8 days I was completely cured." Adolph Erigen, of Pigeon Falls, Wis., writes: "I would not take \$1,000 for what good your Tobacco Boon did me." Hundreds of similar letters from satisfied patients.
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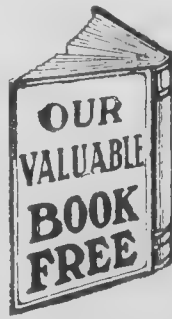
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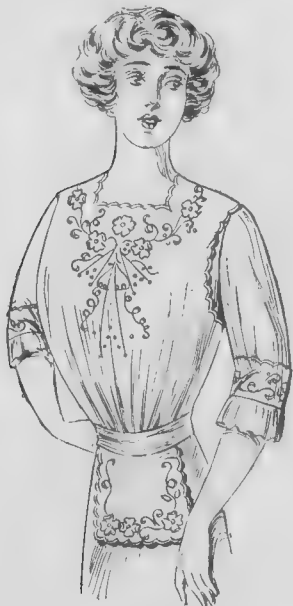
Dress Embroideries.

Some of the newest ideas for embroidered dress wear are shown on this page and every week seems to bring forth fresh suggestions for these. The tremendous vogue of hand embroidery is easily understood when one considers the beautiful garments which can be produced and its only decoration is one's own handiwork.



8524—Dress, \$5.00

A charming dress is illustrated here, its lines are simple and graceful, and the embroidery effective without being too elaborate. The sample gown has been embroidered on marquisette and shows a decoration of the beautiful punched work as illustrated before on these pages. On this background the punched work has a beautiful lacy appearance and it is also very easy to do upon this material, as the threads separate very easily. Colored voiles may also be effectively used, or, if preferred, this dress could be effectively embroidered on linen.



8541 Waist on Voile, 90 cents.
Waist on Linen, \$1.35.

One of the newest ideas is the peplum blouse and we show two examples of these. The first (8541) has been embroidered on linen and shows a beautiful combination of punched and



211—On Handkerchief Linen, \$1.25.

solid embroidery. The material allows for the set in sleeves which are now so generally used, and, if preferred, a skirt to match this waist may be supplied stamped in the same manner as the dress shown above. Another idea



207—On Handkerchief Linen, \$1.25.

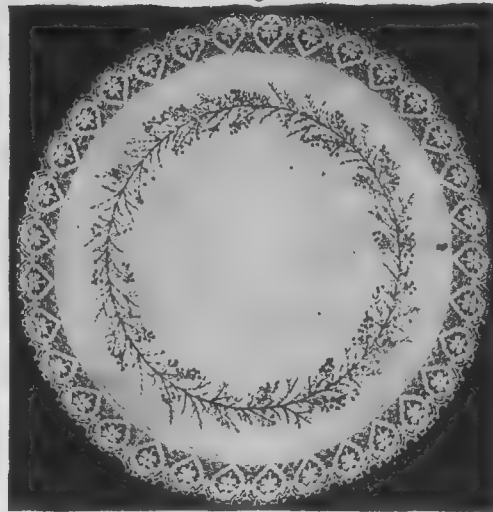
is the slip-over peplum shown as 8540. This may be worn over any dress as it is sleeveless and forms a dainty finish to a plain gown. Suitable materials for these peplums are linens or marquisette and material either stamped or plain may be supplied for a skirt to match this waist.

The simple lingerie waist is shown



217—On 45-Inch Marquisette, 75 cents.

If You will send us 35c



For eight skeins of ART EMBROIDERY SILK which is sufficient to embroider a 15 inch Cream Linen Centre Piece, stamped for the new HEATHER EMBROIDERY.

We will give you FREE, this Centre Piece, and sufficient Cream Lace to edge this as illustrated, also a diagram lesson which will teach any woman this beautiful embroidery which is simple but effective.

Send to-day, as this generous offer is good for a short time only.

This offer is made to convince every woman that our ART EMBROIDERY SILKS are the best made.

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You may send me The Acousticon on 10 days free trial as per your offer in "Western Home Monthly." It being understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name
Address
Reference

on design, 211. This waist has been embroidered on sheer linen lawn and the only decoration is its design embroidered with a combination of punched, eyelet and solid embroidery. These waists are easily made up after being embroidered, and they have a place all their own in the wardrobe as nothing else will fittingly complete a pretty costume, and as they launder so easily they are a most useful possession.

No. 217 is one of the kimona waists which are still so fashionable, although it is stamped on sufficiently wide material to allow for cutting and setting in sleeves, if preferred, the marquisette is 45 inches wide and this beautiful waist has been embroidered

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Better still, Professor Smith's scientific discovery enables many with weak eyes to throw their glasses away and make their vision stronger and more capable. Neither operation nor dangerous drugs are necessary.

His secret will also enable you to secure long, silky eyelashes and thick, well arched eyebrows, which are to a beautiful eye what a fine setting is to a brilliant diamond.

In addition, this remarkable discovery makes weak eyes strong, and quickly overcomes smarting effects of wind, dust and sun, besides clearing the eyes of "bloodshot" and yellow sear. If you wish to make your eyes bright, healthy and beautiful, write today, enclosing 2 cents in stamps for reply, (please state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss) and address your letter to Prof. A. P. Smith, Dept. 997 C., Pine St., Providence, R. I., and you will receive the secret free.



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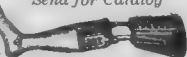
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ticles. Materials and directions for working same will be furnished if desired.

For further information regarding any of the articles described on this page write to Belding, Paul, Corticelli, Limited, Dept. L., Montreal.

Allow at least 10 days from the time the order is received for filling.

The Spare Room.

The Spare Room. Written for the Western Home Monthly by Dell Grallan.

Every farmer's wife likes to make her guests or chance visitor comfortable, and a great deal depends upon the spare bed room; more than most people imagine. How pleasing it is to us to hear a visitor say, "I do not know when I had such a delightful night's rest;" or upon taking his departure to hear him say, "I don't know when I enjoyed a visit so much." On the contrary, nothing so annoys us as to have our visitor feeling tired or cross in the morning. People can hardly help but show it in some way if they have not had a good comfortable sleep.

I remember a visit I made to a kind old lady, and I have often wished to pay her another. She had such a nice comfortable spare room, not a bit like the average spare bed room, which is often the most dreary, uncomfortable room of an otherwise pretty country home. If the mistress of the house doubts my word, let her pretend she is a guest in her own house and just sleep one night in her spare bed room. She will then learn all about it by lying awake most of the night, and rising in the morning feeling rather tired and stiff, but she will be a wiser woman. Perhaps she will find the water jug half full of water a week old, on top of which floats a heavy scum of dust, and she may have to dry her face on a damp towel.

As soon as a visitor leaves do not have the bed all "fixed up" for the next visitor, who may not come along for a whole month. The sheets will get chill and rather damp if left long on a made up bed. When your visitor leaves have all the jugs emptied and do not have them filled again until an hour before the newcomer is expected to arrive. Fresh sheets should have an airing, and in cold weather should be well warmed before putting on the bed, or your guests will feel as though they had got into a snow bank. Don't forget to keep, even in the summer, an extra pair of blankets or a quilt handy; always have a hard

stuffed pillow as well as a very soft one, for so many people cannot sleep unless the pillow suits them. See to it that there is plenty of good soap, and several clean fresh towels.

Don't fill up the room with flowers, a few are alright; but many are unable to sleep if the air is heavy with the perfume of flowers. I cannot sleep a wink if there are roses in the room. Keep your spare room window a little open and let in the sunlight and air, for nothing is so destructive to sleep than a dead atmosphere behind closed blinds, closed and shut windows. Do not have the bed in a place where the morning sun will shine on the visitor's eyes; and as you are a considerate human being, place a small table near the head of the bed to hold a lamp, some matches, a small pitcher of drinking water and a glass.

Do not have the dressing table covered with toilet articles, they are of no real service to any guest, since women take along with them their own precious instruments, and men greatly detest those feminine knick-knacks. Leave a good comb and brush, put some pins in the pincushion, and leave a few hair pins in a pin tray, if your guest be a woman. Try to provide a wastebasket where a woman can throw her combings and a man his shaving paper, and, for mercy's sake, don't have the drawers reeking with the smell of moth balls. Also leave at least one easy chair in the room.

The hostess ought never to ask two women who are not related or two men, even if they are brothers, to occupy one bed. Health and comfort now demand separate beds.

When you have a friend to stop over a few days try to remember her likes and dislikes. If Miss Smith likes to have a snooze in the morning, manage some how or other to keep the children from running and jumping in the room overhead, or shouting under her window. If Miss Brown is a timid old maid, be sure to tell her upon retiring how near her room is to those occupied by the family; assure her as to the nature of the noises she may hear during the night, in order that she may not be alarmed. She will be so thankful to you for telling her.

These little hints may be wisely adopted by those with pretentious homes as well as by the ordinary farmer's wife. Most frequently it is in the grand house that the least comfort is after all.

Though they Forget.

Our husbands ever brave and strong,
Our lover-husbands, leal and true,
Who stalwart stand 'twixt us and wrong,

Nor reck the cost of what they do
For us they love—who love them—yet
They will forget, they will forget.

Not plighted troth, nor lover's word,
Not tender phrase, nor deed most kind,
Not duty's voice, though scarce 'tis heard,

Not faith to us they leave behind;
But oft by business cares beset
The things we send for they forget.

Offtimes to urgent last requests
They give no heed from morn to noon.
And oft they bring unbidden guests
At times the most inopportune;
The things on which our hearts are set
Are oft the things that they forget.

The anniversaries year by year
Of wedding days unheeded go—
Those days we hold most sacred, dear
Yet in our heart of hearts we know
That spite of all they may forget
They love us yet, they love us yet.

And tho' oft to our grief we find
Our letters pocketed, unsent,
Yet to our cherished projects blind
They wound us most where least 'tis meant;
What tho' our birthdays they forget,
We love them yet, we love them yet.

Whether the corn be of old or new growth, it must yield to Holloway's Corn Cure, the simplest and best cure offered to the public.



Dr. C. Gordon Hewitt, Dominion Entomologist, says, referring to the infantile death rate from intestinal diseases and diarrhoea spread by the house fly, he believes that these so-called harmless flies yearly causing the death of thousands of infants, as well as spreading the germs of typhoid fever.

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are hatched in manure and revel in filth. Scientists have discovered that they are largely responsible for the spread of Tuberculosis, Typhoid, Diphtheria, Dysentery, Infantile Diseases of the Bowels, etc.

Every packet of

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Receive by return mail postpaid, THREE LITTLE DRESSES like cut, ages 2 to 8, one white lawn, one blue and white check apron gingham, and one plain dark blue, white strapping, trimmed as pictured. THE THREE ONLY ONE DOLLAR. Add 12 cents for postage Standard Garment Co., 10 Standard Bldg., London, Ont.

Woman and the Home.

A Canadian Lullaby.

By Algernon de V. Tassin

Sleep, my darling one, sleep,
Wildly the winter wind blows;
Wake not, my darling, to weep,
Coldly and fiercely it snows;
Child, be thy slumber deep—
The deeper the better, God knows.

Dried are the tears on thy cheek,
Close shut are thy tiny hands;
Thy white lips so wistfully meek
Are mute to thy hunger's demands.
Gently, my darling one, seek
Thy comfort in slumber's dreamlands.

Child, be thy slumbers deep!
Wildly the winter wind blows;
Wake not, my darling, to weep;
The mother-heart breaks for thy woes.
Death, and her half-brother Sleep!
And which is the better, who knows!

Baby Lore.

Often an active, healthy baby of eight months will attempt to creep a little on the floor. This is good exercise, and should be allowed if the baby does it of his own accord, but do not urge him to do so. He knows better than his mother when his little limbs are strong enough for such exercise.

Creeping is ruinous to white dresses, petticoats and stockings, therefore many mothers make creeping aprons for their babies to use while on the floor. These aprons are made of fine gingham, and may be put on over the dress or worn without one in very hot weather. They are usually made to button all the way down the back, and sometimes have an elastic or draw-string run into the hem at the bottom of the apron, so that the white skirts may be kept perfectly clean.

One mother of twin babies who found it necessary to economise in the matter of washing, made for her children some creeping trousers. In summer they were made of thin gingham and in winter of outing flannel. They were cut after the pattern of ordinary worsted leggings, coming all the way down to the ankles, and having broad elastic to go over the feet to prevent the leggings from slipping up.

The Falsehood of Over-Dressing.

It is astonishing how many women fail to realise the importance of what they wear. They seem to forget that dress is the sign, the index which they proffer to every stranger, by which, at a glance, their refinement or their vulgarity will be judged. And it generally takes a long and intimate acquaintance afterward to remove a false impression thus made.

A woman's dress should be sincere, and if its price exceeds her means it is an acted lie. And she may be sure that the falsehood is patent to every woman, and to many a man. There is nothing that tells a lie so quickly as a woman's clothes. The vast majority of women have to consider the question of expense in their clothes, and consider it closely, and it is no disgrace to have to study economy — if it were, then ninety-five out of every hundred women would be disgraced.

The mistake, therefore, which so many women make by dressing beyond their means is as silly as the mistake of others who hope to deceive their friends and acquaintances by resorting to shams. When they cannot buy silk velvet, they wear a cotton imitation of it; they try to conceal the flimsiness of their cheap silk gowns by equally cheap cotton lace; in lieu of diamonds they wear any sort of imitations around their necks. They seem to forget the old-fashioned rule among well-bred women: "Let your gown be the best of its kind. If you cannot afford a good silk, wear a good cloth. Economise in

your material, but never in its quality. When Princess Louise (the Duchess of Argyle) arrived in Quebec some years ago, she appeared first at luncheon in the dining-room of the hotel. Some of the women visitors staying in the hotel, hearing of the arrival of the royal guest, quickly attired themselves in velvets and jewels. But the Princess came in quietly, wearing a grey cloth gown with linen collar and cuffs.

"Oh, yes," one of the women exclaimed bitterly, "a princess does not need to assert herself by her clothes." But she forgot that no woman needs to assert herself by her clothes. There is no reason why the daughter of a working-man should not be as noble in purpose, as pure in heart, as well-bred and courteous in manner as the daughter of a queen.

Plain, simple garments always silently express the strength and refinement of a woman's life. But when she "asserts" herself in tawdry finery and poor imitations of the gorgeous garments worn under different circumstances by richer women, she only betrays weakness and vulgarity.

After all, our clothes, like our eyes, our voice, even our words, are but messengers which our soul sends out to speak for it to the world; and it is, indeed, a poor sort of a woman who allows the meanest of these servants to slander her and belittle her to her friends and sex. But she always does when she dresses other than prudently and honestly, and no woman ever deceived another through her clothes. Remember this:

There is nothing finer than a woman simply and quietly dressed in the best materials that her purse allows. And there is nothing so distinctly or so audibly vulgar as the woman who dresses above her means or resorts to imitations of goods beyond her reach.

Concerning the Pantry.

Although pickles and preserves may in these days be purchased over the counter, though they are of excellent quality and fine flavor, and, considering the trouble they save, are by no means dear, yet the old-fashioned housekeeper still prefers to stock her pantry with her home-made products.

She likes to select her fruit, and examine peach, pear and quince with the utmost care. She is more than fastidious about the exact moment when the onions, cucumbers and peppers should be placed in pickle; about the precise number of minutes that syrup should boil, or fruit remain over the fire, and the filling of the cans, their sealing and labelling is work for a lady's hands. When the rows of glass jars stand on the pantry shelves with the perfume and the flavor that mother's preserves always have, the family are aware of a certain pride and complacency. It is only good housekeepers who never fail with jams and jellies, whose preserves never ferment, and who always have ready the foundation for a toothsome dessert, or a gift pleasing to a convalescent.

The memories of our childhood are sweetened by the thought of the luncheons and dinners we once ate with such appetite as is no longer ours; we found bread and butter a feast when pound-for-pound peaches in their thick syrup were added, and we asked nothing better when currant and raspberry jam topped off a frugal meal. Some of us ask nothing better now. An abundant provision of sweet preserves, and plenty of crisp pickles will give the home table a crowning excellence when wintry winds are chill.

Economy.

"It is cheaper to pay your honest debts while you have the money, than to stave them off to accumulate and crush you in the end.

It is cheaper to make an honest effort to reform a man who has "gone wrong,"



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The Mirror Shows Plainier Than Words What a Wonderful Improvement May Be Realized by a Gain of Even 10 or 12 Pounds

Lean, lank, skinny, scrawny men and women should take advantage of this ten-day Free offer before it expires.

Nothing is more embarrassing than extreme thinness.

It is the plump well-developed man who 'cuts the melons' and has the fun socially.

Scrawny, skinny women are seldom popular. We all admire fine figures. No dressmaker can hide a bony, skinny form.

Here is a chance to test free the one guaranteed reliable treatment which has "made good" for years in this country, which has taken England by storm and which has just been awarded a gold medal and diploma of honor at Brussels, Belgium.

Nothing in history has ever approached the marvelous success of this new treatment, which has made more thin folks plump than all the "tonics" and ineffective medicines for fifty years.

There is a reason, Plump, well-formed men and women assimilate what they eat. Thin, scrawny ones do not.

This new discovery supplies the one thing which thin folks lack: that is the power to assimilate food.

It renews the vigor, re-establishes the normal, all in nature's own way.

It is not a lash to jaded nerves, but a generous upbuilder.

This new discovery puts on firm, solid flesh at the rate of ten to thirty pounds a month in many cases.

Best of all—the flesh "stays put."

The treatment is furnished in concentrated

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No one need know what you are doing until your gain in weight causes complimentary comment.

Here is the special offer for the purpose of convincing thin people in this community that these tablets will do just exactly what is claimed for them. It has been arranged to distribute for the next ten days for the coupon below, a free 50 cent package of Sargol.

This large 50-cent free package will be sent you in a private and perfectly plain wrapper, so that no one but yourself will know the contents. Accompanying this package will be full and complete data and directions, letters of testimony and a special letter of expert advice that in itself is well worth your time reading.

If you want to add ten, twenty, or even thirty pounds of good, solid flesh to your bones, do not delay, send at once for a free 50c package of Sargol.

All that you have to do is to cut out the coupon below and send it with your name, address and ten cents to pay for distribution expenses to the Sargol Co., 5-U, Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

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Gentlemen—I am a reader of the Western Home Monthly and desire a Free 50c package of Sargol, in accordance with your generous offer. I enclose 10c to help defray expenses.

PIN THIS TO YOUR LETTER.

than to neglect him and let him drift into a life of crime.

It is cheaper to spend the necessary funds in keeping a city clean and sanitary, than to fight disease that is sure to arise from filth and evil conditions.

It is cheaper to educate and make good citizens of our neglected waifs, than to leave them to grow up as incapables, paupers and criminals.

Wife or Household Drudge.

Rev. W. J. Dawson.

I hold that it is a fatal error to suppose that friendship has no part in marriage. True marriage will always have friendship as its foundation. It is a great help in the marriage relation that husband and wife should cultivate the same interests. They should read the same books, exchange views and opinions, and live a common intellectual life.

When this element is lost, much that makes the home partnership of marriage is lost. The woman is apt to sink to the level of the mere housekeeper, or even the household drudge. She is condemned to a narrow life. She spends her whole force on domestic concerns. The man presently becomes aware of an element of disappointment in his marriage. He seeks his intellectual interests outside his own home.

What he does not see is that he is chiefly to blame. Before marriage he treated his wife as a friend, as the best beloved of friends. He consulted her, he listened to her counsel, he discussed every question that interested him with her. Unconsciously he has deposed her in marrying her. And the result is that he and she drift apart, and in the end there is worse than disappointment; there is disillusion and variance and strife.

Sweets for the Children.

Nearly all children, especially if normally healthy, crave for sweets. A great many parents, without any thought or reason in the matter, deny to their children all kinds of sweets. They do this from some preconceived notion that sweets are bad for the children. Other parents go to the opposite extreme, and indulge their children in all sorts of confectionary, from the cheapest to the most expensive, allowing them to eat rich, indigestible cakes, jams, candied fruits, etc.

Give the children sweets in the form of pure chocolate, honey, and syrup made from fruits. A lump of sugar or a stick of good candy now and then will not hurt them. Let the children have sweets. The system craves for them. They impart warmth and energy. They nourish and build up the tissues. The best time to give the children sweets is at meal time. Let fruits, jelly, syrup, or honey form part of each meal, and the children will not so often plead for candy and cake.

Let the children have sweets. But see to it that they are furnished with the proper kind, at the right time, and in sensible quantity.

Mottoes in the Home.

The habit of hanging up mottoes in the home is, on the whole, a good one. But it can be overdone, as the following story shows.

When Mr. and Mrs. Hollister were married somebody gave them a motto, "God Bless Our Home." Sam hung it over the piano.

After they had been married a little time he bought another motto, "Wilful Waste Makes Woeful Want," and took it home.

"What's that for?" asked Mrs. Hollister.

"I thought it would be a good thing to hang up in the kitchen," said Sam. Mrs. Hollister did not say anything, but shortly after Sam brought home "A Penny Saved is a Penny Earned," and put that up.

"What did you pay for that motto?" asked Mrs. Hollister.

"A dollar," said Sam.

"Didn't they have one that says 'A Fool and His Money are soon Parted'?" she asked.

"No," said Sam. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing," she said.

A little later Mrs. Hollister bought a motto, "The Lord Loveth a Cheerful Giver," and then Sam got one, "Wives, Obey Your Husbands." They had more or less trouble after that, and it might have ended seriously, but Sam took home a new motto, "What is Home Without a Mother?"

Next day Mrs. Hollister went after her own mother, and brought the old lady back to stay a month. She was a smart old lady, and she set about putting things the way she thought they ought to be, and she said she despised mottoes, so down they came from the walls and went into the attic; and Sam and his wife have got along all right ever since.

A Substitute.

A young married woman, whose husband had been called away for some weeks on business, had a visitor one morning who asked if she were not lonely without her husband.

"A little lonely," was the qualified answer.

"But surely," said the visitor, "you miss your husband very much now he is away?"

The young woman laughed.

"Oh, no," she said. "At breakfast and at dinner I just stand his newspaper up in front of his plate, and half the time I forget he isn't there."

If the absent husband had heard that it might have set him thinking.

Lullaby.

By Eugene Field.

Fair is the castle upon the hill—

Hushaby, sweet, my own!

The night is fair and the waves are still,
And the wind is singing to you and me
In this lowly home beside the sea—

Hushaby, sweet, my own!

On yonder hill is store of wealth—

Hushaby, sweet, my own!

And revelers drink to a little one's health:

But you and I bide night and day
For the other love that has sailed away—

Hushaby, sweet, my own!

See not, dear eyes, the forms that creep

Ghostlike, oh, my own!

Out of the mists of the murmuring deep;

Oh, see them not and make no cry
Till the angels of death have passed us by—

Hushaby, sweet, my own!

Ah, little they reck of you and me—

Hushaby, sweet, my own!

In our lonely home beside the sea;
They seek the castle up on the hill,
And there they will do their ghostly will—

Hushaby, oh, my own!

Here by the sea a mother croons

"Hushaby, sweet, my own!"

In yonder castle a mother swoons
While the angels go down to the misty deep,

Bearing a little one fast asleep—
Hushaby, sweet, my own!

Bird-Inspired Music.

One of the most pathetic scenes remembered from the experiences of an unhappy genius is given, among other facts about Beethoven, in the "Life of Sir Herbert Stanley Oakeley." The great composer delighted in the outdoor world. He loved a tree, he once declared, with pardonable exaggeration, "better than a man."

After he had become stone-deaf he visited the valley of Heiligenstadt, near Vienna, where he had stayed in other and happier days.

"Here," he said to the friend who ac-

accompanied him, "I composed my Pastoral Symphony, and here the birds composed with me. Can you hear a yellow-hammer?"

"No," wrote his friend, on the conversation slate. "And in the symphony I only remember the nightingale, quail and cuckoo."

He believed certain phrases to have been meant for a direct imitation of certain birds; but Beethoven's method was a more poetic one. The birds had inspired him; they had "composed" with him. But they had done it by contributing unconsciously to the joyous harmony of the scene.

Beethoven, in answer to his friend's suggestion, took the slate and wrote upon it a passage for the flute, in the "Brook Scene." That was what the yellow-hammer had inspired him to do.

In Fit Array.

Talk as one will on the vanity of clothes, the consciousness of being well dressed has something of moral force in it. "Brush your hair and things won't look so bad," was the wise counsel given by a friend to a woman whose husband had lost his money.

The little child in the Rev. E. J. Hardy's "Manners Makyth Man" hit on this great truth when she replied to her mother, who was reproving her.

"O, Katie, why can't you be a good little girl? See Julia, now; how nice she is. Why can't you be as good as she?"

"Pr'aps I could, mama," answered Katie, "if my dress had little pink bows all over it."

Brilliant Afterthoughts.

There are few of us who do not have the experience of the brilliant afterthought. At the moment when we are called on for a short address our thoughts are slow and our tongues falter. We stumble on saying something after a fashion, but not saying at all what we intend, and we sit down with a sense of failure. How indifferent was our attempt! But, in the night or the next day, the brilliant anecdote, the striking thought, the neat phrase flashes on the brain, and we know that it has come too late.

Afterthoughts of this kind are tantalizing enough, but as only our own vanity has suffered, there is nothing to be done. But sometimes it is the opportunity to do a kindness that has passed us by. We might have helped a brother, and we did not extend a helping hand. We might have sent a letter that would have carried joy to an anxious heart, but we delayed, and death has taken away the loved one. Then our afterthoughts are full of pain and useless regret.

To cultivate the mood of present thought, is "a worth while thing" for us in this world, for we pass this way but once.

The Begging Letter.

None but those who are very rich know to what an extent the writing of begging letters has become a profession with a class of women who think the world owes them an idle life. An investigation has recently been carried on by persons trained to detect fraud, and its results are discouraging to any charitably disposed person who may have been touched by a tale of woe, told in a letter from a stranger.

Out of a hundred letters examined, nearly two-thirds came from women. Twenty-five were from absolute impostors. Fifty were from persons not precisely impostors, but not proper objects of charity. Of the twenty-five who needed some help only seven were worthy as well as needy.

It is beyond the skill of the average man to distinguish the fraudulent appeals from those which represent genuine distress. In fact, the professional beggar is likely to tell the more moving story.

At first thought it seems difficult to guess why any self-respecting woman should ever write an appeal for money

to a total stranger; but she falls under the delusion that it is less humiliating than to appeal to a friend for aid. Touching as the case may be, when the facts are known, it rarely appeals to the millionaire. It has come to him the wrong way. The begging letter is discredited, and rightly.

Genuine distress must be sought out, so that it need not itself turn beggar. Christianity must constantly find new ways of holding out the helping hand—ways which shall neither pauperise nor humiliate the man or woman in real want.

The "Great Things" Wife.

A parodist declares that "wives of great men all remind us, we can't make our wives sublime." The case in point was that of Victor Hugo, who indulged in philosophical monologues, to which people were expected to listen.

One evening the great man burst forth:

"How poor, how small, how absurd is atheism! God exists. I am more sure of His existence than of my own. God surrounds and upholds us. We are in Him. From Him we have life, movement, being. All is created by Him. But it is not true to say that He created the world. He creates it unceasingly. He is the Soul of the Universe. He is the infinite I. He is—Adele, you are asleep!"

This abrupt accusation was hurled at Madame Hugo. Since dinner she had been huddled in an armchair, her chin resting on her chest, her hands folded and her eyelids closed. Her breathing had been suspiciously regular. Now, at this onslaught, she roused herself.

"You dear, great thing," she protested, "how could you possibly imagine I should go to sleep while you were talking?"

Living Word.

Richard Real.

O Earth! thou hast not any wind that blows
Which is not music; every weed of thine,
Pressed rightly, flows in aromatic wine;
And every humble hedgerow flower that grows
And every little brown bird that doth sing
Hath, something greater than itself and bears
A living word to every living thing,
Though it may hold the message un-
awares.
All shapes and sounds have something which is not
Of them: A spirit broods amid the grass;
Vague outlines of the Everlasting Thought
Lie in the melting shadows as they pass;
The touch of an Eternal Presence thrills
The fringes of the sunsets and the hills.

Other Times, Other Manners.

The perplexities of new summer clothes are upon the feminine world and the difficulties of altering last year's garments to fit this year's models are as numerous as fashion and her servant, the dressmaker, can contrive.

But at least the modern woman may be thankful that her problem lies between her purse and her dressmaker. She does not have to consult the statute-book to find what she may do for her adornment—as did the dames of 1639, in the town of Boston, U.S.A.

The Court of Assistants in that year solemnly passed the following orders: "No garment shall be made with short sleeves whereby the nakedness of the arm may be discovered in the wearing thereof, and such as have garments already made with short sleeves, shall not hereafter wear the same, unless they cover their arms to the wrist with linen or otherwise; and that hereafter no person whatever shall make any garment for women, or any of their sex, with sleeves more than half an Ell



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I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhœa, Green Sickening and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use. Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address: MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box H. 86 WINDSOR, Ont.

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The Choice.

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

If life is always a warfare
Between the right and the wrong,
And good is fighting with evil
For ages and aeons long,—

Fighting with eager cohorts,
With banners pierced and torn,
Shining with sudden splendour,
Wet with the dew of morn,—

If all the forces of heaven,
And all the forces of sin,
Are met in the infinite struggle
The souls of the world to win,—

If God's is the awful battle
Where the darkling legions ride—
Hasten to sword and to saddle!
Lord, let me fight on Thy side!

Man in the Kitchen.

The helplessness of mere man in the presence of ordinary domestic tasks was illustrated in the case of the old miner, who explained that he had once tried to improve his cooking by studying a book of recipes. "It was no use," he sadly confessed, "because every one of them recipes starts off with 'take a clean dish.'"

He was kin to one of the sons of a noted Scotchwoman. She was called away from home one day just after dinner. As she was leaving she said to the boys:

"One of you must wash the dishes and the other wipe them and put them away, so that everything will be tidy by the time I get back."

"All right, mother," said Jack, "but Will's got to wipe them. I'm willing to wash, but wiping is such greasy work!"

The Evening Bells.

Margaret E. Sangster.

Across the fells the evening bells,
Are sounding out in silvery swells.

At set of sun, of labor done,
Of rest and peace by toilers won.

The sweet bells chime; the evening time
Is linked with heaven's long years sublime.

We fold the hands, across the lands,
The music floats o'er fields and sands.

We bow in prayer and drop our care,
For God the Lord is everywhere.

One day the bells in silvery swells
Shall hush earth's rough discordant spells,

And we shall meet at Jesus' feet,
Where overmore is rest complete.

Sorrow and Joy.

The old song that sorrow and joy may meet has its vital illustration in almost every life.

A woman lost her only boy a few years ago, under most harrowing circumstances. He was a peculiarly clean-minded, winsome lad of eleven. On the day before Christmas he fell from some joists into the cellar of a half-finished house, and so injured his spine that he died after a few days of agony.

The blow drove the mother almost insane. Her husband, her friends, no one seemed to have the slightest power to comfort her.

One day, when it seemed as if her mind would finally give way, she started up with the cry:

"I must see my boy! I cannot stand it any longer! I must see him!"

It was late in the afternoon, and before she realized where she was, she found herself in the streets of the city. As she stood there on a corner, dazed, undecided, a newsboy approached and thrust a paper toward her with an appealing glance. She looked down, and as she did so met the eyes of her own dead son.

The face itself was different. It was dirty, unrefined, uneducated; but the eyes were the eyes of her dead son.

Her heart gave a great leap for joy. She asked the newsboy where he lived, and told him that she should call on him the next day.

She kept her promise. The conditions in which she found the boy were conditions of squalor and poverty, as was to be expected. She began to improve them. The first call was followed by others, and the newsboy was invited to her own home. From her interest in him she became interested in others of his kind.

The woman is not rich, and she has many demands upon her; but she now has a family of fifty newsboys, for whom she cares and on whom she calls at least once a month. She is their mother, their good angel, and to-day is one of the happiest women in the world.

Sorrow illuminates our vision. We search for our lost ones in vain; but as we look, behold! the eyes that seek ours for help or sympathy may be those of the Christ, beckoning us to minister in His name.

Trained to be Helpful.

Train your little ones to be helpful. Teach them to have consideration for the comfort, pleasure and convenience of others—especially of their elders. In this way you will be developing the better side of their nature, and will be fitting them for present as well as for future usefulness.

Every child in the household, old enough to help, should be given some small share in the daily work. In a family where there is but one maid of all work, or perhaps none at all, there are many duties which the children can very well perform, if allowed to do so. Little people, as a rule, like to be busy, and will readily enjoy helping mother. At the same time their duties should be light, and should be varied occasionally. It is not well to give them the same thing to do every day. Such a course will afford but little scope for the exercise of their many faculties. When, however, work is varied, they soon learn to do a number of things readily and well.

Of course, it will not do to expect too much of the children. One must remember that by far the greater part of a young child's life should be spent in play. Sometimes, when duty seems irksome to the children, it is a good plan to introduce the play element into their work. A visitor who called one morning on a neighbor, found her and her three little ones busy getting ready for dinner. The oldest child was washing potatoes, and the other two shelling peas.

"You seem to be having a jolly time of it," the visitor remarked.

"Yes, indeed," the mother laughingly explained. "Friends are coming on the next train, so we're playing that this is a boarding house where new guests are expected."

That was a wise mother who knew how to transform work into pleasure.

By training the children to be helpful, you increase their sense of responsibility. And a sense of responsibility, we are told, "underlies all true character."

An Oil for All Men.—The sailor, the soldier, the fisherman, the lumberman, the out-door laborer and all who are exposed to injury and the elements will find in Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil a true and faithful friend. To ease pain, relieve colds, dress wounds, subdue lumbago and overcome rheumatism, it has no equal. Therefore, it should have a place in all home medicines and those taken on a journey.

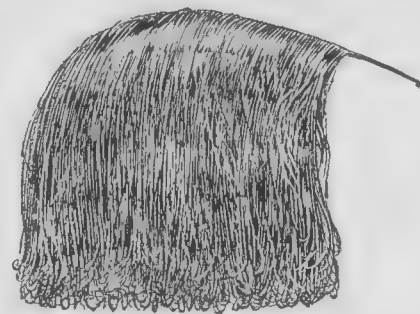
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About the Farm.

The Horse's Prayer.

Jno. Johnston, Marquette, Man.

Feed me, water and care for me. When the day is done, provide me with a shelter—a clean, dry, bed and a stall wide enough for me to lie down in comfort.

Be always gentle with me and talk to me. Your voice often means as much to me as the reins. Pet me sometimes that I may serve you gladly and learn to love you.

Do not jerk the reins. Do not whip me when going uphill. Never strike, beat or kick me when I do not understand what you mean. Give me a chance to understand you, and I will serve you well.

Points of a Good Stable.

Horses walked on starting out in the morning and after the noon feed.

Men bring the horses in at noon, and at night, cool and breathing easily.

Legs well rubbed if wet or muddy, or if the horses are tired.

Head, ears and neck well rubbed, if wet from rain or sweat.

humane, but it is profitable to the owner. Horses shown these attentions last longer, do better service and are more free from ailments.

Horses are exceedingly susceptible to cold on the chest, and a horse will often-times contract pneumonia or other ills if left standing unprotected, which he would escape if provided with a thick apron of carpet or oilcloth suspended from the hames and reaching to the lowest portion of the chest. It is a little thing and inexpensive, but it is worth attending to.

The best preventive of sore shoulders in horses is properly fitting collars. If the surface galls under the collar, wash with salt and water at night, and with clear water in the morning; and protect the spot with a pad under the collar. If the skin breaks, use a lotion of one dram of carbolic acid to one quart of water twice a day, and relieve the horse from work for a day or two.

When the Work Horse is Tired Harness Often Cause of Balking.

The maxim, "Slowly out of the stable and slowly into it," is one to be carefully impressed on one's mind. If the horse reaches the stable with a dry coat, matters are greatly facilitated and simplified in making it comfortable. A



Promise of a full milk pail when they reach maturity.

Horses sponged under collar and saddle.

Horses well brushed if dry.

Feet washed and examined for nails.

Eyes, nose and dock sponged in summer.

In very hot weather, and then only, horses wiped all over with a wet sponge on coming in. (This does not mean washing the horse, much less turning the hose on him.)

Horses given a little water, but not much, on coming in warm.

No grain fed for at least an hour.

Horses watered when cool, then hayed, watered again, and grained. (In any case watered at night, after eating their hay. This is especially necessary in summer.)

Plenty of bedding and horses bedded down all day Sunday.

Hay and grain of the best quality.

A bran mash Saturday night or Sunday noon; cool in summer, hot in winter.

Horses salted in the bran mash, or otherwise, with regularity.

Hayloft kept clean.

Harness, especially collars, kept clean. Wide stalls.

Easy runaway.

Horse Comfort.

Feeding horses at least an hour and a half before harnessing them, and giving them a full hour at noon, is not only

vigorous rubdown with wisps of straw always does horses good on coming in, but it is positively essential only when they are wet with sweat or from rain, in which circumstances it serves partially to dry them, and to do that is very desirable. It prevents chills and insures comfort for the horse.

But in addition to its drying effect, rubbing down proves generally beneficial and invigorating, as it stimulates the action of the skin, has a favorable influence upon the circulation and affords easement to the tired and possibly stiff muscles, hence it is to be strongly advocated in all cases, if the time can be spared, irrespective of whether the coat needs drying or not. If the latter is actually saturated with sweat, the scraper may be suitably brought into requisition in the first instance, this appliance also being very effective for removing the worst mud from the belly and legs in dirty weather. Generally speaking, the bringing in of a horse in such a state of perspiration as to warrant the use of a sweat scraper is, of course, inexcusable; still there may be exceptional occasions when it is unavoidable.

A horse should be given some water as soon as it comes in. The animal's thirst ought to be quenched, and there is no harm in watering it, even when in a warm state. But if the horse be actually hot, the precaution must be observed of taking the chill off the water, nor must it be permitted to drink too greedily. If the water is given lukewarm the animal will, in any case, not swallow it too hastily, even if very thirsty, because horses do not care much

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"Look at the salt itself—see how clear and transparent and perfect the crystals are—sparkling like little diamonds.

"Now taste them—notice that they dissolve instantly. And they leave no bitterness on the tongue.

"I am sure of Windsor Salt quality.

"Ma'am—it's the only salt we recommend for table use and for cooking".

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SHE PAID

To Escape These Disks!

We have in our office, this very minute, the letter telling how the plucky woman here mentioned paid her hard-earned money to escape washing these disks.



Letters come to us telling how plucky women pay hard-earned money out of their own purses to escape washing disk-filled cream separators. Here is just one such instance: A lady and her husband decided to have a cream separator. He thought only of the purchase price and refused to pay more than the cost of a cheap, disk-filled machine. Like other women, this lady could not bear the thought of washing 40 or more disks twice a day. She wanted the wonderful

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Dairy Tubular Cream Separator

She knew that Dairy Tubular bowls contain only the little piece shown in the right-hand pan and are the only

One Difference Between Tubulars and Others

easy-to-wash separator bowls. She also knew that Tubulars have twice the skimming force and skim twice as clean as others—thus paying more every year in extra profits than could be saved through buying any cheap machine. So, to what her husband was willing to pay she added enough hard-earned money from her own slender purse to buy a Sharples Tubular. And now she is one of the happiest, most contented separator users you ever saw.

What greater praise could be given Tubulars than the fact that women so greatly prefer Tubulars that they will pay to escape washing other machines? Ask for Catalog No. 248.

Do you want a free trial? Do you want to exchange your old separator in part payment for a Tubular? You can do either.

THE SHARPLES SEPARATOR CO.
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The very best oil for steam plants on the farm. Lasts longer and gets more power from the engine, with less wear, than any cheap substitutes; costs less in the end.

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The short cut oil, specially prepared for use on farm machinery. Prevents all avoidable friction. Does not run off or thin out. Body not affected by moisture or change of climate.

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The Imperial Oil Company, Ltd.

for such water. For a tired horse a bran mash proves most acceptable on coming in, and nothing could be better for it, as it has a soothing and restorative effect. A feed of carrots, too, is much appreciated, and may advantageously be given to horses returning to the stable, while in the spring and summer some cut green forage may suitably be supplied, it tending to refresh greatly. A little hay should always be put in the rack, which the tired animal will munch with relish. If it is much fatigued, grain, even though the usual feeding hours be due, should be withheld for quite an hour after the horse has come in, so that it may first rest itself somewhat. It will not be able to stomach it properly at once, or may indeed refuse to touch the grain feed altogether until it has enjoyed a little rest.

Harness Causes Balking.

Very often, where one has had little experience (and sometimes when one has had much), a slight misadjustment of the harness may be the direct cause of an animal balking; in fact, the fault

top of the collar sometimes pinches the neck and causes the horse to balk. If the hames are too tight at or near the bottom of the collar they will choke the animal, and this is one of the quickest and surest causes of balking. A loose-fitting of the hames, either at top or bottom, is also conducive to balking, as the pressure of the load is thrown too far back on the shoulders and the play of the hames worries and irritates the animal every move he makes.

The Useful Everlasting Gate.

The following is a plan for a gate: It is made of two 2x4's each four and one-half feet long; one oak plank seven and one-half inches wide, one inch thick and eight feet long; a one-inch strip three feet long and two inches wide, a garden hoe handle; four strands of No. 9 wire each seventeen and one-half feet long; one strand of No. 9 wire twenty feet long; five strands of No. 12 wire each seventeen and one-half feet; one strand of No. 14 wire thirty-five feet



A Water Fall in the Kootenay District.

rarely ever is with the horse, but with the driver.

Sometimes a tug slips from its proper adjustment, the buckle again catching in a hole that leaves it several inches longer than the other tug. This causes too much pressure on the shoulder of the short tug, throws the animal's body in a twist and is pretty sure to cause him to fly back. Keep the tugs exactly the same length.

Some horses will not stand for being tightly reined up, especially with the gag rein, and this is a very common form of encouragement in balking. When a horse balks, or shows any signs of balking, it is a very good plan to unrein him. Very often this is all that will be necessary.

But the closest attention should be given the harness around the neck and shoulder, since here is where the weight of the load falls; and if anything occurs that will hinder a free, open working of all straps and the collar at this point the horse naturally feels that it is his privilege to relieve the pressure by stopping. A tight hame-string at the

long and a few 6 and 10 penny nails. To build this gate take one of the 2x4's and lay on the ground edgewise. Take an inch bit and bore a hole through it about one inch from the ground end and another one and one-half inches above it and so on to the top of the post the same distance the wires are apart in the gate. Starting from the ground the distance between the wires is one and one-half inches first and spreads an inch to every wire to the top. This post goes at the latch end of the gate. The other 2x4 is taken next and small notches are cut in one edge the same distance apart as the holes in the other one. These 2x4's are then laid squarely on the ground eight feet apart and the eight-foot plank is placed middleways of the posts and each end is nailed hard and fast to the posts. Next a strand of No. 9 wire, seventeen and one-half feet long is taken. The ends are wrapped together tightly, making a double strand eight and one-half feet long. One end of this double strand is hooked in the top notch of the post at the hinges, and the other end is inserted through the top auger

hole in the opposite post. The hoe handle is then pushed between the wires after being passed through the auger hole and the twisting over and over of the hoe handle completes the stretching of the wire. When the double wires are twisted tightly together and the hoe handle is being drawn very tightly against the post the twisting is stopped and a small piece of hoe handle is sawed off long enough to keep the wire from going back through the hole. Another seventeen and one-half foot strand of No. 9 wire is put at the bottom in the same way as the top. Next the strand of No. 9 wire twenty feet long is taken. One end is stapled to the lower end of the latch post and the other one twenty-two inches from the top of the same post. This loop is then hooked in a notch out in the top of the hinge post. The small three-foot strip is then slipped between the wires and the twisting begins. After those wires are twisted as tightly as they will go the slat is nailed to the eightfoot plank and holds it tight. All the rest of the wires running lengthwise are put in like the first two and twisted with the hoe handle. The three top wires, the bottom wire and the brace wire are No. 9. The other five wires are No. 12. The small ring wires made to keep the wires from spreading are No. 14. A gate made in this form will hold any kind of stock, weighs one-third as much as an all-wood gate, is very easy to open and shut, and will never sag a particle.



Western Canada is specially adapted to sheep raising, but the fact remains that nearly all the mutton consumed on the prairies comes from Ontario, New Brunswick, the United States, Australia and New Zealand.

Rack for a Kettle.

Take a piece of iron two inches wide and one-half inch thick and long enough to make a hoop to fit your kettle, make a hoop out of it and weld it together, then take three pieces of iron about an inch in diameter and about a foot long, and weld to the hoop for legs. The legs can, of course, be made any length desired, but the legs on my rack are about a foot long. This completes the rack and the kettle may set in it. This gives plenty of room for wood, and there is no danger of the kettle falling. Another plan may be to use gas pipes with the legs set in the pipe and may be used at any length desired.

Calling "Bad Luck," by its Right Name.

"That's just my luck!" exclaimed a farmer as he looked on the carcass of a dead horse that had been killed by a toppling hay stack one stormy night. "It looks as if I'm destined to have bad luck all my days."

But it was not bad luck or anything of that nature that caused the death of the horse. It was bad management. This man had turned his stock to the haystack to feed themselves and they had eaten the stack nearly down. Some of the neighbors had spoken to him about the dangerous condition of the stack. He intended to fence it the next day, but that night a windstorm came and the valuable horse was killed. It was bad management, in the first place, to feed hay in such a manner, for the stock waste a great deal of it. It was

bad management, in the second place, because the farmer neglected to do today what should have been done.

Many a man attributes the cause of his misfortunes to bad luck or fate when the troubles come from poor management. Sometimes what we term bad management is nothing more than shiftlessness. Here is the fellow who intended to separate his sheep and hogs, but he kept sitting by the fire, and before he realised it his sheep were lambing and his hogs had eaten some of the newly-born lambs. He said he was the victim of bad luck, but we say that "luck" had nothing to do with the case.

Is Your Home Co-operative.

The co-operative home, with cheerfulness as its ruling spirit, is the home that is going to be remembered with a feeling of tender pleasure when the children grow up. They may kick now and then at the task imposed upon them just as you and I did when we were young. And it takes the mother with a heart full of love and a far-seeing eye to make them do little things around the house, that she at the time might better do herself with less labor and less talk.

Children may be divided into three classes: Those who have to be literally driven to their tasks; those allowed to shirk, by parents who would rather do it themselves than be after them con-

tinually, and the ones who do cheerfully and well the duties allotted to them. To instill the latter spirit into children, reason with them.

Take time to carefully explain the whys and the wherefores, for it is by a course of reasoning with ourselves—often unconsciously—that we get back into line when the daily grind becomes wearisome; otherwise it would be intolerable.

Explain how each one's toil in the home contributes to the solving of the problem of daily living. Little children are extremely sympathetic as well as amenable to reason, and will readily see the justice, if understandingly appealed to, of dividing up the tasks and not letting father or mother carry all the burden.

They will forget and require frequent admonition; but patience, unstinted praise for work well done, special rewards given with discretion and an allowance—be it a penny or 50 cents—will all go a long way toward attaining the required goal.

Enlist the children's interest. Make them feel that it is their own work. Do not sternly command, but kindly direct the work, giving to each child the work best suited to him.

Have faith in their ability, and early trust them with small tasks.

Teach them by precept and example that every task is worthy of the best effort. That even a homely bit of work if well done is in its way a work of art. Seek to make the work attractive. Let the girls learn to sew on bright pieces or make a pretty dress for dolly. A little boy can and ought to learn to use



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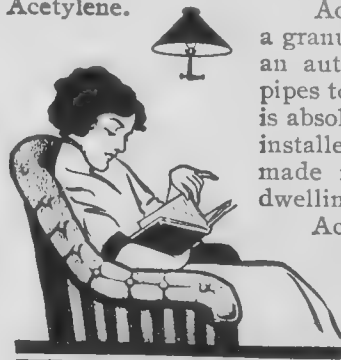
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But by all means do not impress by your own attitude that work is a drudgery and something to be avoided.

Important Attention to Poultry.

Walter M. Wright, British Columbia.

Many times the sidelines of farming are responsible for the dissatisfaction of farmers with their occupation. Not that the fault lies with the sideline, but because the sideline is treated as a sideline, and during the rush with the haying, harvest or other crops, it receives scant attention.

If there be any one sideline more than another that shows up the truth of this statement, it is that of poultry raising.

There is no other small feature of farming that has proven itself equal to producing such a large percentage of profit on the investment as poultry raising. It is the only branch of stock raising in which the individuals reproduce and develop their own kind in one-half of the year. That is perhaps better explained by saying that, if we set eggs in early spring—March, we will say—then we will have the chicks from these eggs laying, or the undesirables ready to kill and at their best in five to six months. It is not necessary to feed them, as with other farm stock, a full year before they have reached that stage in their development where they have attained their highest market value and are yielding an income from the investment. Cows are two and a half or three years before they have reached their highest market and are yielding an income as

milkers, or are marketable to best advantage as beef. Horses rarely are worth their full value as saddle horses at two years, and when not valuable for saddle, are not worth their full value till broken. Do not misunderstand this statement as intended to encourage poultry raisers at the expense of stock raising. It is explaining the former statement as to the rapidity with which poultry commence to give returns on the investment, hence an argument in favor of them as a sideline.

This being the case, that chickens are the quickest to mature to the state where they give the highest returns of which they are capable, we must acknowledge that they have the possibility of becoming a very profitable sideline. But, in order to keep hens in such condition that they will yield their best, they must receive constant "little at-

tentions" that, if they do not receive, makes them a most undesirable addition to the business of the farm. It is two of these "little attentions" that this article is intended to emphasize — two which, because their demands are not heeded, are responsible for much of the discouragement that exists in poultry keeping.

Chicks that are tormented by mites can't attain full development early. Hens worried all night by the irritation of thousands of these pests can't be expected to lay. It costs as much in many henhouses to feed the mites as it should to keep the hens in laying condition. This is so because it seems almost impossible to kill them out once they get a hold, but it can be done. Last summer during the heat one house in which we had only a few birds, for lack of attention, became literally overrun with red mites. The house was needed about the end of September to accommodate the older pullets, and had to be cleared of mites.

We tried several recommended sprays, such as coal oil, creolin, carbolic and soap, but they were unsuccessful. Finally, we tried lime-sulphur, the spray used by the orchardists so extensively. The solution was mixed with water, ten to one. The roosts were lifted out of their supports, nest material taken out and burned, and everything thoroughly covered with the spray. The next day the same process was adopted. Then we missed a day, and all the mites the spray had not affected could easily find lodging under the end of the roost poles, and another application of the spray cleaned the place. Mites never remain on the birds during the day, but simply fill up on blood and go back to the roosts. Lice are another proposition. They stay on the birds, and must be treated with an application of sulphur (which, alone, is rather strong) or insect powder, each bird being handled singly while the powder is applied. The only way to keep mites down is by regular cleaning out of the henhouse and frequent application of coal oil or lime-sulphur to the roosts, say every fortnight, or thereabouts.

The other "attention" referred to is the selection of layers. Where trap-nests are not used, the birds can only be taken by selecting the hustlers, or those seen frequently on the nests. There is no system other than the trap-nest that is even in the least reliable as a guide to the selection of the layers. Birds hatched after the 24th of May are not early enough to be profitable layers, and should, under ordinary conditions, be used for market. Early March chicks are a risk, as they are liable to molt; then they are of no more value than old stock.

By selecting from pullets hatched between the 24th of March and 24th of May, the laying tendencies of the flock can be much improved. Without this little attention, or by the killing of the largest pullets because they are ready for the early market prices, we tend rather to destroy the laying inclination, than to increase it.

Trap-nests are absolutely reliable as a means for selecting the layers. Often fowls kept as layers would be discarded where the trap-nests are used. An instance of this will show what the trap-nest reveals. A pen of eight White Wyandottes were put into a winter pen. These pullets had been selected. The results obtained from two of them were most interesting. One of these was rather a large hen for this breed, and she was continually on the nest and often cackling about the pen previous to being placed in this pen. The other, a small one, was always on the floor scratching and fighting. When the records of these two were made up, the small hustler had, in four months, January, February, March and April, 20, 22, 19 and 30 eggs to her credit. The large cackler had 2, 5, 3 and 1. The others in the pen ranged from 14 to 18 eggs per month. It is easily seen from which ones we kept eggs for hatching.

These two "little attentions," if carefully looked after, will often transform a losing sideline into one of the most profitable and interesting, changing or helping to change the attitude of those who may feel dissatisfied with farming and the varied problems met with in handling the "sidelines."

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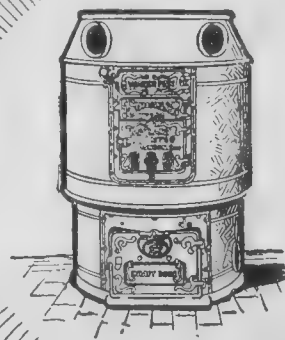
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Home Curing of Meat.

Under the less highly-organized conditions of earlier days, practically all meats consumed in rural communities were produced and cured by farmers on their farms, and, in truth, much of that consumed in the towns and cities took the same direct route. We hear on every side, and often now, regretful references to the "good country ham" that is no more; and it would doubtless be a source of considerably more profit and much more and better cured meats if during the winter months the men who raise the hogs continued to cure meat for their own consumption and for the market. Mayhap they could help regulate the price of pork by so doing. The Missouri Experiment Station some time ago issued a popular bulletin on "Butchering Hogs on the Farm," which was written by a man who has practiced curing his own pork, marketing it, and profiting both at the table and financially from the transaction. From it, a few pointers not necessarily new to many people, but nevertheless of more or less interest, may be presented.

Cold weather is desired for hog kill-

ing-house shoulder. After the joints are removed, cut off the feet, then cut the shanks well up at the large part of the joint. From the middling remove a strip from the top a little wider than the groove left by the removal of the tenderloin, and from the bottom a strip just large enough to remove the teats.

Salting and Curing Meat.

"As the process of common dry salting is so well understood, we do not consider it worth while to dwell on it. Many farmers have never used any other method. Much very excellent meat is made in this manner; and in our opinion, were most of it not left in the salt so long, it would be much better.

"We are going to lay more stress on the process commonly called 'sugar curing.' We think that any farmer who ever successfully uses the sugar method would never return to the dry-salt method. For, we may say, 1,000 pounds of dressed meat, mix one-half bushel of salt, 8 to 10 pounds dark-brown sugar, 1½ pounds of ground black pepper, then stir the mixture together thoroughly. Take about one-half pound of saltpetre,



The Artist at work.

ing on the farm. It is preferable to kill with a small rifle; stick at once, and allow to lie perfectly still until absolutely lifeless; use water at 185 to 195 degrees F. for scalding; water at 165 to 175 degrees F. will do, but not so well. Scrape at once, hang up for gutting, and scrape when hanging again and before removing entrails. After removing the internal organs, wash thoroughly with warm water, and lastly with cold. Let the carcass hang overnight before cutting up.

Cutting up the Hog.

"We are now ready to cut up the carcass, and are entering upon that part of our work upon which a great deal of our success and profit depends. First remove the head, then lay carcass flat on back, and with an axe or cleaver cut the ribs down each side of the backbone. In case of very fat or heavy hogs, it may be necessary, before chopping, to cut along with a butcher-knife. When cut in halves, remove the tenderloin and ribs from each side. In cutting the joints, bear in mind that a piece of meat that is inviting always sells best. It would be well to study the shape of a pack-

and dissolve in as little water as will dissolve it. Pour the solution over the salt mixture and mix well. Spread a thin layer of dry salt over the bottom of the 'meat box,' then lay a board across the top of the box to place meat on, so that any waste material will fall into the box. Now place a piece of meat on this board and thoroughly rub a mixture over it and into it, taking great care to cover all cut surface, and especially the shank end. Build the pieces into the box as closely and as compactly as possible, using dry salt to fill in all vacant space and holes. We prefer to put the joints in the bottom and the middlings on top. Use plenty of salt. If the weather is not too cold, the meat should lie in salt about two weeks. The same salt preparation may be dissolved in water, making a brine. Place meat in a barrel, then pour the brine over it.

Hanging the Meat.

"After the meat has taken salt for a sufficient time, it should be taken up and the salt brushed off. Place a kettle near the smokehouse and have it full of hot water. Have some wire stretched near-by, and see that the meat hooks

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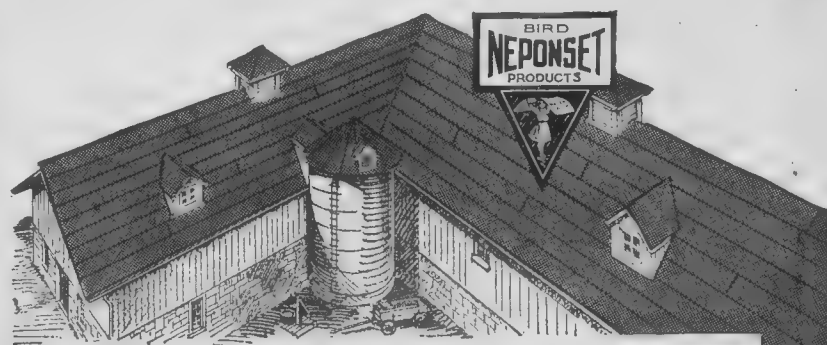
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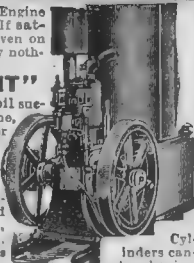
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are ready. These meat hooks may be made of No. 7 or 9 galvanized wire, and, if taken care of, will serve more than one season, but if very rusty, throw them away, as wire is cheap. Place several pieces of meat in a washtub, and pour the hot water over it. Rinse off the salt, and hang on the wire to drip. Proceed with this operation until all the meat has been washed, and by that time the first pieces washed will be ready for the next process. Get a baking powder can and punch the lid full of holes, making a big 'pepper box' out of it. Punch the holes from the inside of the lid, leaving it smooth on inside and rough out. Fill the can with powdered borax and shake this over the meat. Then hang it in the smokehouse, ready to be smoked. The borax should be put on before the meat is dry, so that it will adhere to it. The top of your smokehouse should be strung with a lot of wires laid over the joists. The wire hooks before mentioned should then be hung over this wire. This hook method has a great advantage over the old string system, in that it makes a much less hole in the meat to insert the wire than the string, and this damages less meat and makes but little place for vermin.

Making Good Bacon.

"Up to this time we have handled our bacon a whole side in a piece; we shall now divide it. There are two kinds of bacon, thick and thin. Fortunately, there are also two kinds of bacon eaters. One class prefers it thick and fat; the other thin and streaked, the more lean the better. Nature has so built the hog that it can cater to both classes. To accomplish this, simply take your knife and split the side the long way of the hog, leaving the upper, or thick side separate from the lower, or thin, part. The thick bacon can be used or sold in the early part of the season, and the thin until summer time, when it will be more in demand and more palatable.

Smoking the Meat.

"After all is hung, we are ready for smoke. Place an old stove or open kettle in the smokehouse, and keep a fire of green hickory or sassafras, or both together, for several days. The exact

time would depend upon how closely built the house was, and thus how well the smoke was confined. The only sure way to test it is to try some of the meat. If the meat is to be kept until late summer, it should be canvassed during dry weather, and dipped in a preparation of ochre or whitewash, and kept in a cool, dark place.

Trimnings and Bones.

"We have now disposed of the bulk of the hog, and will return and look after the trimmings and bones. Probably the best way to market the tenderloin is just as it is taken from the hog. But if that is not found satisfactory, it can be used in the sausage. To make good sausage, it should be well ground, and the grinding should be done before the seasoning is added. It is probably less trouble to add the seasoning first, but you can never make as good sausage by that process. The ribs and back bones can be sold or used at home. The heads should be skinned and the jowls ground into the sausage, while the skin is placed in the lard."

Extermination of Rats and Mice.

If it were generally known that there is no trouble to rid a house, barn or any building of rats and mice by the use of Gillett's Lye, it is doubtful if the article could be made as fast as it would be used for this purpose alone. The process connected with using it is very simple, the plan being to sprinkle a little of the article in and around the holes made by these pests in floors, partitions, etc. In addition to this, it is well to use a thin piece of board about a quarter of a foot square or even smaller, and make a complete circle of the lye on the board about a quarter of an inch deep, and inside of the circle place some meat or cheese. In endeavoring to get at the bait the feet of the rats and mice will be burned and the whole colony, whether large or small, will immediately disappear from the premises.

The plan is worth trying, but the good kind—Gillett's Lye—should be procured. Refuse the many cheap imitations and substitutes.

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This dandy rifle free for selling 20 pkgs. ART Post Cards at 10c per pkg. Send for cards today. When sold, send us \$2.00 and rifle will be sent you at once. GATER MFG. CO., DEPT. 562, CHICAGO.



DEVILS GAP. BEAVER CANYON.

A Cure for Runaways.

By David Buffum.

The vice of running away is an exceedingly dangerous one, and the horse that has contracted it is comparatively worthless whatever may be his qualities in other respects. For the comparatively small number who are willing to drive such animals the remedy is generally some savage form of bit. Though this may sometimes make a runaway horse useable, the treatment is unscientific in principle. We should cure the vice, not merely stop it.

To do this it is necessary to take advantage of the limitations of the equine mind that were mentioned in the article entitled "Cures for Kickers," and to show the horse that we have it in our power, without any apparent effort, to prevent him from running away or even moving if we so elect. To accomplish this proceed as follows: Use no checkrein on your horse. Have the same extra bit and the same rings above the rosettes on your bridle that were described in the above article. Take a cord the thickness of your finger, leave one end in the buggy, carry the other end forward through the off terret, thence through the off ring above the rosette, down through the off ring of the extra bit, over the horse's nose, through the near ring of the extra bit, up back through the near terret and tie,

sion that will cause the device to act as an overdraw checkrein. Adjust this so that the horse's head is at the right elevation, neither too high nor too low, and tie a string from the top of your bridle to the cord where it passes over the horse's nose to prevent it from slipping down. Now, with the cord lying ready to your hand, get into your buggy and drive on. If the horse attempts to run pull strongly—but do not jerk—on the cord. You will find that by so doing you can stop your horse in his evil intent instantly and also without hurting him or injuring him. Moreover, the device has this inestimable advantage, that as long as the horse behaves it is entirely inoperative, serving only as a checkrein. It must be remembered that no treatment of a vice is effective if it is operative at any time other when the vice is exhibited.

Permanent Precautions.

After the horse has several times attempted to run away and on each occasion has been reprovved and checked in this manner, he will not soon attempt it again. The device should be kept on, however, for a long time, for almost invariably, after a number of weeks have elapsed and the impression of the lessons is not so fresh in his mind, he will try again. The treatment thus administered after a considerable period of good behavior is likely to be final. Horses, however, differ so much in temperament

— a power that was sufficient to hold him, and hold him easily, in his wildest efforts to run; and though this power should never be needlessly repeated, some slight hint of it should always be present.

It seems hardly necessary for me to add that, to be effective, treatment for any vice in horses must be right in principle. If such treatment is intelligently and faithfully applied the trainer need have no fear of the result. Only a few days ago a farmer came to me for advice concerning his horse. The horse had run away and he had stopped him only by running him into a high fence. As soon as he could secure the animal he tied his head strongly to a post, close to the ground, and, with a whalebone whip, administered a tremendous thrashing. He was surprised to find, when he again harnessed the horse, that

he was much worse than before. The horse had been shown no power by which his vice could be checked, and the thrashing only roused his anger and made him worse. There is a proverb that when punishment ceases to be reformatory it becomes revenge. As applied to horses it is even worse, for the treatment that is not reformatory almost always makes the vice worse than it was before.

Housing the Poultry.

The first question that presents itself to the embryo poultry keeper is: What sort of house shall I put up, or purchase, and how much land can I spare for a run. If you are only speculating in half a dozen fowls in the nature of an ex-



The Indian's delight.

behind the saddle, to the line that runs into your buggy. Be sure to tie with a knot that will not slip and at a ten-

and in natural tractability that it is impossible to give any general rule as to how soon the device may be discontinued. The judgment of the driver must be used and the device kept on until the horse's general demeanor—which should be a sufficient guide to any one who has had enough experience with horses to be fit to apply treatment for vices at all—gives evidence of his permanent reformation. When it is discontinued a four-ring bit and overdraw checkrein should be substituted and used permanently thereafter on the horse. This bit is very powerful and has the advantage already mentioned of not hurting or irritating the horse as long as he behaves well.

That runaway horses can be cured permanently of their vices there is no question. In the course of my life I have purchased a number of runaways that I treated as herein described and have used them for years without a single recurrence of the vice. But, as in the case of horses that have never formed the vice, they should be held in a horse fashion and never handled in that slack way which is a temptation to any horse to cut loose in some form or other. It is for this reason that I recommend the four-ring bit and overdraw check for a horse that has been cured of running away. He should never be allowed to feel that he is in any wise out of hand or left to himself. The reason for this is simple. He has been cured by a display of power on the part of his driver

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QUARTER CRACKS,
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POLL EVIL,
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THE BEST FOR BLISTERING.

I have used GOMBALT'S CAUSTIC BALSAM quite a good deal, and for a blister it's the best I ever used. I wish your remedy every success.
CHAS. MOTT, Manager,
Mayfield Stud Farm, Leesburg, Va.

CURED CURB WITH TWO APPLICATIONS.

Have used your GOMBALT'S CAUSTIC BALSAM to cure curb. I blistered it twice, and there is no sign of it any more. The horse is as good as ever.—DAN SCHWEB, Evergreen, Ill.

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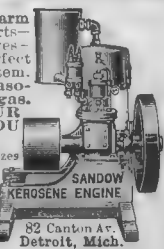
Swollen, Varicose Veins; Bad Legs, Gout, Wen, Gout and Rheumatic Deposits, Sprains and Bruises respond quickly to the action of ABSORBINE JR. A safe, healing, soothing, antiseptic liniment that penetrates to the seat of trouble assisting nature to make permanent recovery. Alleviates pain and inflammation. Mild and pleasant to use—quickly absorbed into tissues. Successful in other cases, why not in yours? ABSORBINE JR., 5¢ and 25¢ per bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 1 G free.

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stances, use galvanized iron; it becomes oppressively hot in the summer and freezing cold during the winter months, unless one has a wood lining underneath, which naturally adds to the expense.

Whilst we must make our fowls comfortable, we must not err on the side of coddling them up. Fowls require to be cosy, but do not thrive in a house that is too warm. Just as close confinement of a number of human beings in an ill-ventilated house causes illness, so does overcrowding and consequent overheating cause sickness amongst fowls. Let the house be well ventilated with a good draught of air running through the top well above the heads of the fowls.

A brick and mortar house is considered the best because it is not subject to violent changes of temperature, but a tenant has to consider, as a rule, the possibility of removing, so that it is just as well to have a wooden building which, if made first in sections, is easily removable. There are many patterns to choose from and there is a diversity of opinion as to which is best. Experience has proved that poultry houses well ventilated at the top should allow about 10 cubic feet to each bird. So that a house for the accommodation of half a dozen birds should be about 3 by 4 by 5. If the house has a wire front then it can be made somewhat smaller or a few more birds may be kept in one of the size mentioned.

Perches should be about 2 or 2½ inches in thickness, varying according to the length and the number of birds they are likely to accommodate. If it is possible to get a small branch of a tree with the bark on, the birds will prefer it and it will be found much more com-

MEN! STOP



The Weakening of Your Vitality Before it has Destroyed all Your Hap- piness and Strength.

Don't allow this weakness to take away all the pleasures of living; don't see yourself losing your nerve force, your manhood, when a cure is at hand. You know that you are growing older and weaker everyday, and that unless you cure yourself now you will soon be a wreck. You have pains and aches, dizzy spells, despondency, confusion of ideas, weak back, varicocele, and are growing weaker in every way. Cure yourself now, and enjoy happiness for the rest of your life.

DR. McLAUGHLIN'S ELECTRIC BELT

is a great vitalizer. It will cure you. It will pour vigour into your weak, relaxed glands and restore the full strength of manhood. It will renew your old vim and courage, stop pains, and make you feel like a man among men. You wear it while you sleep, and when you get up in the morning you will feel refreshed and full of new life. You will get better day by day, and soon every indication of your trouble will pass away and you will be cured for ever.

J. C. Jamieson, Elmside, Que., cured of Rheumatism in one week's use.

D. Jannison, Steelton, Ont., cured of weakness and Varicocele.

C. H. McHague, Roland, Man., cured of Weakness, Losses and Constipation.

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T. A. Blackman, Moose Jaw, Sask., cured of Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

Chas. Coesant, Masonville, Ont., cured of Kidney and Urinary Troubles, as well as Weakness.

Henry Weeks, Tilsonburg, Ont., cured of Rheumatic Pains, Constipation, Sleeplessness, and General Debility, is now strong and vigorous.

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periment, you might just as well—providing always that you are handy with the tools—put it up yourself. On the other hand there are various manufacturers of poultry appliances who will supply a portable poultry house from a few dollars upward, and fencing, 6 feet by 5 feet, from a dollar. With a few boxes from the grocer and fruiterer, about 50 feet of slate battens, some wire and a few yards of felt, a good handy, and, if decided on, movable, poultry house and run can soon be put together.

The house should be built with a view to protecting the birds during the cold wet and windy weather of the winter, whilst it is essential that it should be cool and airy for the summer months. The side facing the south should be made in a separate frame so that it can be removed during the warmer weather and a framework of wire substituted. It should be large enough to provide plenty of good, dry scratching where it is too wet for the fowls to be outside, and it should be well ventilated near the roof. Another point not to overlook is the letting in of plenty of light. Many people have the mistaken idea that the birds do not require light in the poultry house. They are wrong. If possible the window should be made in the movable frame on the south side so that when the sun does shine in the winter the birds will get the full benefit of the warmth through the glass. A couple of handles should be placed at each end of the house so that it is easily removable to other parts of the garden or ground.

Another mistaken idea is to put the fowl house in some dark, out-of-the-way corner of the garden where plants won't thrive. If you cannot raise plants you cannot raise chickens; they dislike dark, cold and damp places just as much as we ourselves do. Carefully select a site for your fowl house. The soil should be light and porous, gravel for preference. If the soil is heavy it will retain the damp and the birds confined on it will become capital subjects for colds and diseases of all kinds. If you can find a place where the land slants somewhat, facing the south and sheltered somewhat from the winds, make that your choice of position at once. If they have the shade of a few trees it will materially reduce the heat in the summer and be a protection against heavy storms in the winter.

Cover your sleeping house with felt well tarred; do not, under any circum-



To be a Farmer's Boy.

fortable. The half-oval perch never seems to give satisfaction to the birds; they will sometimes sooner stand on the floor than use them—it does not give the right grip for the feet.

Nests may be made from orange boxes with a strip of wood nailed along the front at the bottom edge. These are better than the more expensive nest-boxes, and can be thrown away and replaced by new boxes as often as one likes. Peat moss or earth with a layer of straw, changed once or twice a week, is all the furnishing that is necessary.

The inside of the house should be well lime-washed at least three times yearly—cleanliness in poultry keeping in everything, more easily spells success than anything else.

Dust baths are a necessity. In the corner of the covered run or underneath the poultry house, if it is raised, and in a sunny corner, place a shallow box partially filled with dry ashes, sand or earth, or 2 or 3 feet of earth may be enclosed in a box frame. It must be perfectly dry to enable the birds to roll about and cleanse themselves from vermin. Fowls enjoy this as much as we enjoy our tub. A little flower of sulphur scattered will assist to destroy the vermin and make the birds healthier.

The run should be as large as possible. It cannot be too large. If you can allow your birds to wander about in unlimited space, so much the better. They will find plenty of ground food, be less expensive to keep, and much the healthier for it. Unfortunately, not many of us can give our birds unlimited space, and in that circumstance it is advisable to have, as we mentioned in the first place, a movable house and run. It can then be shifted to any part of the garden that is not being cultivated at the time and the birds will get good

fresh ground to pick over for insects, seeds, worms, etc. There is no reason, too, why, if we have a little plot of grass or miniature lawn, the birds should not have their turn on that also. Fowls love a grass run. It is no use trying to turf in a small run, the green will soon disappear. If, however, the run is permanent and large enough to be divided into two divisions one half may be turfed and the birds allowed on it for an hour or two daily.

Two-inch mesh wire is the best for fencing in a fowl run. No wiring above is necessary if the sides are made 5 feet in height for heavy fowls and 8 feet for Leghorns and Hamburgs and lighter flying birds.

Typhoid Fever.

Typhoid fever has an eruption peculiar to itself, which may be found in a little more than half of the cases. This eruption is most often present at the beginning of the second week of the disease and should be looked for especially on the abdomen. It consists of small, rose-colored spots and they come in crops which last about three days—then they fade, and another crop appears; this may keep up for a week. If there is a relapse of the fever, then there is a return of the spots also.

In cases resembling the adult type of typhoid fever the temperature runs a typical course. It generally grows higher every day for a week, fluctuates from one to three degrees the second week, and then gradually grows lower the third week, often reaching normal at the end of this time. In other cases among young children the temperature does not run the typical course but jumps at once to quite a height. In mild cases we may expect the temperature to be 103 or 104 degrees when at its highest point, and in severe cases to be 105 or even 106 degrees. Relapses not infrequently occur.

The nervous symptoms in children may be quite marked; there is often delirium, headache or stupor. Hemorrhages from the bowels and perforations of the intestines are quite rare in children.

There is a certain test of the blood in typhoid fever that is often of great value in deciding surely what the disease is. This is called the "Widal serum test" and must be made by an expert doctor. It is not always found, even in true cases, but when it is found there can be no further doubt of the nature of the disease. Sometimes it is necessary to make this blood test many times before it can be found positively, and a mother should always be willing to have the doctor take a specimen of the blood of the child as often as he deems necessary.

In the treatment of typhoid fever absolute quiet and rest in bed are essential. No matter how mild the attack may be, the child must be put to bed at once and kept there while there is the least fever and for several days after this period is over. Keep every one out of the sick-room except the one needed to nurse the child.

The diet must be fluid for three or four weeks. Milk in some form is usually given every three hours. For young children this should be diluted, or koumyss or matzoon may be used as a change. It is often advisable to peptonize the milk partly, or to add Vichy to it if the stomach is at all irritable. Pure water should be given between meals. A number of doctors within the last few years have given their patients gruels made from rice, wheat or barley, flavoring these with a little mutton or chicken broth, and cutting off all milk while the fever lasts. The gruels may be dextrinized if they seem to cause any extra gas or distention of the abdomen.

The fever should be controlled by cool sponge-baths; an ice-cap, or, if it is very high, a cold pack may be given. Whenever the temperature reaches 103 degrees it is usually well to employ one of these methods to reduce it. They are less exciting and exhausting to the little patient than a full tub-bath. Medicines are sometimes needed for the bowels or other symptoms, but they must, of course, be given strictly according to the doctor's orders.

All movements from the bowels and also the urine must be carefully disinfected in a solution of bichloride of mercury, 1-1,000, before they are thrown down the closet. Bed-linen, night-dresses, etc., should also be disinfected and then boiled for two hours separately from the clothing of the rest of the family. The nurse must be careful to wash her hands thoroughly in soap and water after handling the patient, and disinfect them frequently.

A Darks Dialogue.

In a Southern town one morning a colored man called upon a neighbor. He was met at the door by his friend's wife, and the dialogue ran something like this:

"Kinder cold dis mawnin'."

"Kinder. Think mebbe it's gwine to rain."

"Mebbe it is. Is Dan in?"

"Shore; he's in."

"Kin I see him?"

"No, sirree!"

"But I wants to see him bad."

"I's sorry, but you cain't see him. Dan's dead."

"Go 'way! You's jokin'!"

"No, I ain't jokin'. He's dead all right."

"He die sudden?"

"He die very sudden."

"Yo' shore 'bout dat?"

"Jest as shore as I kin be."

At this point the caller hesitated a moment, and then added: "He say anything 'bout a bucket o' whitewash befo' he died?"

A Good Reason.

"Why didn't you put on the porous plaster I sent you?"

"Plaster! Docthor, I'm a mumber ov th' Hod Carriers' Union, and it's against th' rules for me to do anny plasterin', except in th' reg'lar workin' hours."

A Matter of Spelling.

A well-known actor was rehearsing a company of supers in a projected performance of "Richard II." In all his reproductions he takes the greatest pains

to have his crowds as life-like as possible. After he had allotted most of the supers to their several places, he said:—"Now, at this place the corpse is brought on. I want some men for the bier."

Immediately there was a rush forward, and it was not until the actor-manager had explained that he spelled the bier with an "i," not an "e," that calm was restored.

Taking Precautions.

Visitor: "Well, Tommy, what will you be when you grow up?"

Tommy (aged nine): "A soldier."

Visitor: "But you will be in danger of getting killed."

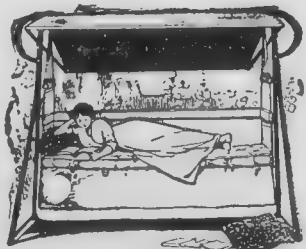
Tommy: "Who'll kill me?"

Visitor: "Why, the enemy."

Tommy: "Then I'll be the enemy."

It is Wise to Prevent Disorder.—Many causes lead to disorders of the stomach and few are free from them. At the first manifestation that the stomach and liver are not performing their functions, a course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills should be tried, and it will be found that the digestive organs will speedily resume healthy action. Laxatives and sedatives are so blended in these pills that no other preparation could be so effective as they.

The "IDEAL" Hammo-Couch



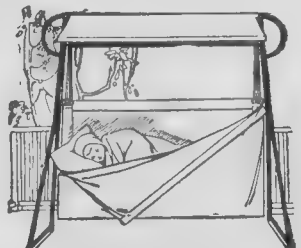
ON THE LAWN
Always in the shade—always comfortable. How different from the old "half-moon" kind.



ON THE PORCH
Can be suspended from ceiling. Room and strength enough to hold three or four persons.



IN THE CAMP
A portable bed that keeps you off the ground—wind protection all round.



THE BABY BUNTING
A smaller size, for baby's out-door naps. Wind-shield all round keeps him safe and comfortable.



THE SPRING
Famous Simmons fabric, with fourteen spirals at each end. Strong, resilient. Experience has demonstrated superiority of this construction.



THE FRAME
Note construction. 1 1/4-inch steel tubing, supporting spring from ends, leaving no unyielding edge. Strongest and most comfortable.



Compare the "IDEAL" Hammo-Couch with any other "couch hammock" offered you. You'll find it excels in every point of comfort, strength and durability. For example:

Frame of the "IDEAL" Hammo-Couch is round 1 1/4 inch steel tubing, connected at the ends with angle steel. (See illustration below.) Other couch hammocks have an uncomfortable, insecure wooden frame, which may break under weight of several persons.

Spring in the "IDEAL" Hammo-Couch is the famous Simmons fabric—suspended from the ends, free of frame, no contact with hard edges as on other kinds. Every move of occupant yields ease and rest.

The back of the "IDEAL" Hammo-Couch is just right height for perfect comfort. A light slat, concealed in top edge of wind-shield, gives sure support. Other kinds have an unsupported, "baggy" flap, which you cannot lean against.

Seat is just the right width for either sitting or reclining position. Other kinds are suitable only for one person lying down. Mattress cushion is 3 inches thick, filled with soft, sanitary cotton. High quality, khaki-colored duck is used throughout. Magazine pockets securely sewed and riveted to each end of couch. Adjustable canopy sun-shade is another exclusive feature.

Length is 6 feet; width, 2 feet 2 inches. Sold with the steel frame support for use on lawn, or without frame when to be hung from verandah roof.

Easily carried from place to place.

Write for Free Booklet H 12 and name of store where you can see one.



THE IDEAL BEDDING CO. LIMITED
22 JEFFERSON AVENUE, TORONTO

The genuine Hammo Couch bears this Trade Mark. Be sure it is on the one you buy.

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DISCLOSURES MADE TO THE PARIS BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY
STARTLE THE SCIENTIFIC WORLD.

"Sequarine"—a mysterious and powerful new serum which is more effective than the interchange of blood, and more active than radium—Cures Disease, Heals Sores, and Overcomes the Weakness of Old Age.

Scientific discussion is at present rife ament the wonderful achievement of Professor Brown-Sequard, F.R.S., F.R.C.P., (Lond.). It will be remembered that the Professor, who was formerly head physician to the Hospital for Paralysis and Nervous Diseases, Queen's-Square, London, recently made a discovery which is ranked as one of the greatest in the annals of Medical Science. In a paper read to a distinguished gathering held under the auspices of the Paris Biological Society, he disclosed the secret of his discovery—a powerful and active serum which has been found to be a swift and effective cure for many of the diseases to which mankind is heir. The Professor called this serum *Orchitine*, but doctors and scientists have begun calling it *Sequarine*, in honour of its discoverer.

After Prof. Brown-Sequard made known the composition of *Sequarine* and explained its manner of application and action, a number of famous scientists began to experiment with and test the serum, and it proved to be so potent in curing various illnesses that many doctors expressed the opinion that the advent of this serum marks a step in the progress of medical science equal to the advance of electrical science through the coming of wireless telegraphy. When the cures, given below, were announced, they literally caused a furore among savants, who are convinced that a new force has been discovered with which to fight disease.

VITAL ELEMENT OF LIFE. CURES ARE PERMANENT.

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RHEUMATISM,	DYSPEPSIA,	INFLUENZA,
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Correspondence.

We invite our subscribers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all the interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print. We would point out that we cannot send names and addresses of our contributors to these columns, but anyone wishing to communicate with any of the letter writers should send us a letter in a stamped envelope, which we will address and send to the party named. We receive a great many letters, both for publication and to be forwarded from persons who are not subscribers, and we wish to say that so great is the work incurred that we really cannot promise to publish or forward any letters from non-subscribers. We think this only fair to our large number of subscribers, as they should be given the prior use of this column.

A Country Maiden.

Manitoba, March 27, 1912.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to your valuable paper. My first found a resting place in your waste paper basket. Now don't send this one to look for its lost sister. Well, I'm a country girl, born and brought up on the farm.

wealth and happiness. The city's all right in its own way and for those that like it. Now, dear editor, I do not wish to try your patience or take up too much space in your much coveted columns but before I close may be you'll like to know something about me. I'm 22 years of age and as happy and good natured as the day is long. I've been a subscriber to the W. H. M. for 5 years and through its help hope to cheer up some lonely homesteaders with a jolly letter. No one but a teetotaler need write; I wouldn't waste paper on one who drinks. Wishing your paper every success. Good night.

"The Old Home's Joy."

Be Sure and Read This.

Manitoba, April 12, 1912.

Dear Editor,—As I have been silent for quite a while may I please claim a little space in your correspondence column? It is with the keenest of interest that I have been reading the letters of late, especially those of Josephus and others on dancing. Now, although I think that Josephus goes it a little too strong, I willingly admit that these innocent "kitchen sweats" are responsible for the moral downfall of many a young man or woman. But, anyway, I think dancing has had its due. So what's next in line for discussion? How about drinking? I



A Busy Day for the Family.

Am a good cook and clean house-keeper; but if I can do housework I'm not useless outside, for I can milk cows, feed pigs and also clean and hitch up a horse and drive it, or them anywhere. I can ride horse-back too. And yes, I can feed and look after the whole bunch of them, it would not be the first time. I think a farmer's daughter, sister or wife that can't go out and give a helping hand in time of need is not worth much. I've lived in the city for a couple of years and still go in for a two weeks' visit each winter and have a real good time too, but as far as for the difference between country and city life, well, I say it's not to be compared in the same day. Out here in our free happy country life with all nature's work around you, in summer the beautiful green fields, the shade trees and fragrant wild flowers, the singing of the happy hearted birds but not more happy than the honest farmer, as he views his rich harvest field and oh, fair city cousins, how often do you wish you were with us in the winter to enjoy the merry ride with a sleigh load of jolly laughing country girls and boys winding their way through frost clad wood and over the beautiful fields of snow to a party or dance. Yes, I dance and see no harm in it. Dear friends if you look on the weak dull side of life you will find harm in all things, but if you have a true noble heart and a strong mind you will only see the bright, happy side. Such friends are always welcome guests at any fire-side or gathering. Yes, the country life for me with all its health,

for one think it far worse than dancing. And surely the days are gone by when it was considered manly to go to bed intoxicated every night. And a clear head, a firm hand, no longer draw upon their owner the reproach of effeminacy. On the contrary, in these sadly degenerated days, an evil-smelling breath, a blotchy face, and a husky voice are regarded as the hall marks of the cad rather than of the gentleman. Now some men are forever drinking on one excuse or another. They never feel comfortable unless they have a glass before them. They drink before meals, and they drink after meals; they drink when they meet a friend and they drink when they part from a friend; drink when they are talking, when they are reading, and when they are thinking. Drink another's health and spoil their own. To me, I confess the constant necessity of drinking under which mankind labors is quite unaccountable. But think, think, before you throw up your hands in horror at their ill-living, what "life" for these wretched creatures really means. Picture the squalid misery of their brutish existence, dragged on from year to year in the narrow, noisome room where, huddled like vermin in sewers, they welter, and sicken and sleep; where dirt grimed children scream and fight, where the street outside teems with roaring filth, where the house around is a bedlam of riot and stench. Think what a sapless stick this fair flower of life must be to them, devoid of mind and soul. The horse is his stall scents the sweet hay and munches

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144

the ripe corn contentedly The watch dog in his kennel blinks at the grateful sun, dreams of a glorious chase over the dewy fields and wakes with a yelp of gladness to greet the caressing hand. But the cod-like life of these human logs never knows one ray of light. From the hour when they crawl from their comfortless bed to the hour when they lounge back into it again, they never live one moment of real life. Recreation, amusement, companionship, they know not the meaning of joy, sorrow, laughter, tears, love, longing, despair, are idle words to them. From the day when their eyes first look out upon their sordid world to the day when, with an oath, they close them forever, and their bones are shovelled out of sight, they never warm to one touch of human sympathy.

Now I suppose I'm going it a little strong myself, but where's the good of abstaining from writing just as one feels? I'm sure there are many who share my views in this respect. I think my epistle is getting rather long. I'll stop and sign myself Fritz.

Just a Few Good Hints.

Saskatchewan, April 14, 1912.

Dear Editor,—As this is Sunday and it is snowing and drifting out, I thought I would pass the time away in writing to The Western Home Monthly. How many of the girls are interested in housework and cooking? I, for one, certainly enjoy it, although in warm weather it is a little unpleasant. Perhaps some of the bachelors are troubled sometimes with potatoes burning or scorching in the frying-pan. A little Dutch cleanser sifted in the pan with a little water and let come to a boil will loosen it. If your oven is too hot and is burning your cakes or pies, set a basin of cold water in the oven and it will cool off. I agree with some of you young folks on that great subject, namely dancing. I don't think it is wrong for a young person to go to a good quiet dancing party in your own district where you are acquainted and spend the long evenings. I would rather go to a quiet dancing party than one of those ridiculous kissing parties. Some of you may think I am some old maid, but not at all. I am only 24 years old, and as a girl told me once you are never an old maid unless you show it in your actions and looks. I won't take up any more of your valuable space, so will conclude. Wishing you all success, especially the farmers; for it is so discouraging to fit the ground and work hard sowing the grain, and then get nothing in return. I am living on a farm myself. I will sign myself, Holly.

Now Then, Bachelors!

Manitoba, April 29, 1912.

Dear Editor.—Just a few lines to the readers of The Western Home Monthly. I have been reading the letters in the April issue. I quite agree with everything the Man of Saskatchewan said. In some of the letters it seems as though those who write letters just sit down and scratch off something to fill up space, or perhaps to pass away some of the lonely hours without thinking how it would sound in print, and could not think of a better subject than to write about their beautiful hair and bewitching eyes and features that you would fall in love with at first sight. I think if some of the bachelors would ask us girls how to make some certain kinds of dishes, or anything that they would like some help with, I am sure we would all be very glad to help, if it was in our power at all. Now, Mr. Editor, if you think this is worth printing, I should like to see it in print. Wishing this paper and readers every success. My address is with the editor. A Manitoba Girl.

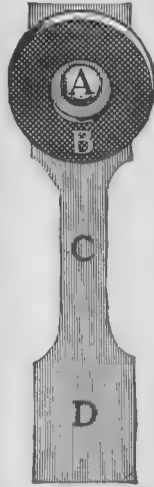
Two Bank Boys.

Manitoba, April 15, 1912.

Dear Editor,—Although not subscribers to your magazine we are interested readers. We are sending in our subscription now. While reading your magazine we were greatly taken up with the correspondence columns. We think some of the letters are splendid, but others are a little hard on the boys. We are both bank clerks, but we have homesteaded in the "Wild and Woolly West,"

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Some time ago a chemist discovered how to completely end a corn.



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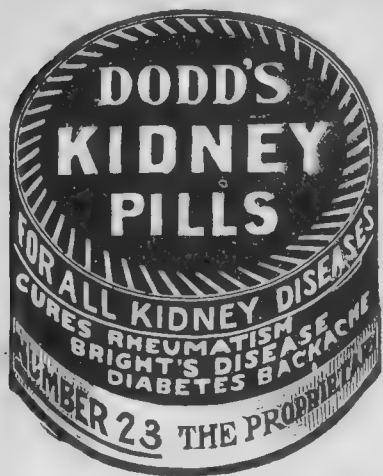
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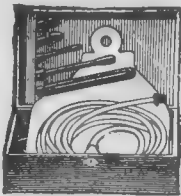
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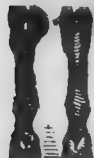
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and know what it is to be where there are no girls. Now for a description of ourselves: Our names, to start with, are Buck and Bright. Buck is a handsome youth of twenty-one winters, dark hair and brown eyes, height five feet eight inches, weight one hundred and forty-five pounds. Now for Bright. He is just like his name. He is of twenty-one summers, dark brown hair, and oh, you blue eyes! Height six feet and weight one hundred and sixty-five pounds. Now, girls, don't be backward in coming forward, but buck up and be bright, and be sure to write. We will now close. Wishing your magazine every success and hoping to see this letter in the next issue, we remain, Buck and Bright.

Now Then, Bachelors!

Tessier, Sask.

Sir,—I am interested in The Western Home Monthly, but I have only read it for a few months. I should like to correspond with some bachelor, for I like prairie life. I am English. I would like to be a subscriber, so will you kindly let me know what I have to pay. Hoping to hear soon from some bachelor. I am, yours truly, An English Girl.

Western Canada's Opportunities.

Saskatchewan, March 24, 1912.

Dear Editor, —Having been a reader of The Western Home Monthly for some time, I must say it is a splendid magazine. I like reading the Young Man and His Problem; the paper also contains a lot of useful articles besides. Like all the other readers, I admire the correspondence columns, but I am certainly amused at the way some of the young people describe themselves; the way they describe their height, weight and good looks, you would think it was a broncho they wanted to sell. I came here to the West just a year ago, and I must say Western Canada affords great opportunities to young men from Eastern Canada. I, like a good many other readers, am a lonely bachelor on a homestead, and a long way from town. I am not going to describe myself, but I can say I have never frightened a horse with my bad looks. I am fond of dancing, playing cards, but not of gambling. I also like music, especially the violin, which I often wish I could play. I don't see what harm there is in a good game of cards or in a good dance. I think it is a great thing to be able to dance; it

THE ARCTIC INDIAN'S FAITH.

Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee.

We worship the Spirit that walks unseen
Through our land of ice and snow;
We know not His face, we know not His place,

But His presence and power we know.
Does the Buffalo need the Pale-face word
To find his pathway far?
What guide has he to the hidden ford,
Or where the green pastures are?
Who teacheth the Moose that the hunter's gun
Is peering out of the shade?
Who teacheth the doe and the fawn to run
In the track the Moose has made?

Him do we follow, Him do we fear,
The Spirit of earth and sky;
Who hears with the Wapiti's eager ear.
His poor red children's cry;
Whose whisper we note in every breeze
That stirs the birch canoe;
Who hangs the reindeer-moss on the trees
For the food of the Caribou.

The Spirit we worship, who walks unseen
Through our land of ice and snow;
We know not His face, we know not His place,
But His presence and power we know.

Advice Wanted.

Darlingford, April 19, 1912.

Dear Sir, — Having been a reader of The Western Home Monthly for nearly a year, I thought it time to express myself like many others. In looking over the columns of each issue my attention seems to be drawn more to The Western Home Monthly than any other paper. I find the Young Man and His Problem, The Philosopher, and many other columns, as well as the Correspondence pages, very interesting. Well, it seems rather fashionable for people to describe themselves, but I don't think I will. It looks funny to see some describe their physical appearance. They start off telling all about themselves as if they were up for public auction. Now in nearly every letter it seems to be about the same thing. It doesn't give any of the readers any advice in farming, housekeeping, poultry or stock raising, or any other useful hints that would likely help a lonely bachelor, who has to act as cook and chore boy. Now, dear readers, space won't allow me to give any advice, but hope none of you will have any serious effect from what I have said. Wishing the paper and readers success. I will sign myself, Bonnie Gog.

is a good amusement. I admire the young lady who signs herself An Eastern Girl. I admire her letter very much indeed, and would like to correspond with her. Of course, I am awful shy and would like her to write first, but I am willing to answer all letters. Come, girls, write to a lonely bachelor. Hoping to see this in print. I will sign myself, A Lonely Bachelor.

Likes Farming.

Saskatchewan, March 25, 1912.

Dear Sir, — Have you any room in your columns for a lonely bachelor? I have read your paper for a number of years. I am a farmer and like the occupation fine. There certainly is lots of spare time in the winter and work in summer. I think Saskatchewan Hayseed describes it pretty good. Girlie says she feels sorry for us Westerners, for it is so cold, but it is not so bad, for there is not very much snow here; just enough to get in the cutter and go out to a dance or for a ride. I do not agree with Girlie on dancing lowering your good character; it depends just on the kind of dances you go to and the kind of company you keep. I, for one, don't see where dancing has hurt me any. Curly Bill sure knows what he is

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I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you \$3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K2045, Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe, contains only pure harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

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talking about. I like a good friendly game of cards also. Some think that is harmful, too, but you can take harm out of any game you play if you like. Well, this is all for this time. I would like to hear from any of the readers, especially Homely School-mam, Eastern Girl and Girlie the Poet. Will sign myself,
Lonely Boy.

A Cure for "Blues."

Saskatchewan, March 30, 1912.

Sir.—I have been an interested reader of The Western Home Monthly and particularly of the correspondence columns for a number of years, and have at last found courage to enter your circle. Will you admit a little school ma'am from the prairie? I am an enthusiastic admirer of The Western Home Monthly, and during the long, lonely evenings it is especially welcome. The only objection I have is, that it comes far too seldom. I am a farmer's daughter, but am at present teaching in a little country school. I love the country and all outdoor sports, but am particularly fond of riding. I do not dance and see no pleasure in it. Still, I do not see more harm in dancing than in skating, though the public dances are not to be thought of, since anyone who wishes can attend. But in a private dance the company is a chosen one. Another objection to dancing is heated rooms, but this can be avoided. Skating is thought of as a recreation, but it, too, is harmful when done to an excess. I heartily agree with Cheerful Cynic in her (or his) ideas of the letters that sometimes appear in The Western Home Monthly. I will not describe myself, as I am not advertising myself for sale. I would be pleased to answer any letters should anyone care to write me. I would like to correspond with An Eastern Girl or Curly Billy if they will please write first. I find letters a good cure for "blues." Hoping this will not have the misfortune to fall into the w.p.b., but find its way to the columns, I am,
Lonely Laura.

Get Busy, Girls!

Beaver Creek, Alta., Feb. 22, 1912.

Dear Editor.—I am a new subscriber to The Western Home Monthly and think it the most interesting and instructive monthly printed. I enjoy reading the correspondence columns. I thought I would join the happy circle and be with the lively crowd. I have been a Westerner for the last year. I think it is a fine country for the young man, only rather lonesome. I am not behind in the sporting world either. I enjoy card playing, driving, dancing and skating, and other outdoor sport. I would like to correspond with some of the fairer sex and will answer all letters promptly. Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success. I will sign myself,
Black Beauty.

Second Time Successful.

Saskatchewan.

Dear Editor.—I think I know the destination of my first letter since I received the February number of The Western Home Monthly. However, I am not discouraged yet, because I feel the only reason my letter was not in print was because so many other enthusiastic readers of The Western Home Monthly were ahead of me. Mildly expressing myself, would say that I enjoy reading your valuable paper immensely and imagine I cannot keep away from the magic correspondence circle any longer, and hope to be successful this time. I am very fond of letters, particularly to receive them, and would like to correspond with one or more of the young ladies for pleasure and pastime, one or all who care to of the following will suit me: Just Snooks, A Lonely Child, and Bay of Fundy. My address will be found with editor. If ladies wish they can write first, if not upon receipt of their address I will be pleased to do so. I live in a lively city, and will answer letters promptly. Wishing the paper and all its readers every success. I'll sign myself,
Alone.

Looked Good to Some.

Markinch, Sask.

Dear Editor.—Have been a subscriber to your valuable paper for the past five

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I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—with out any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow men to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines—secure what I believe is the quickest acting restorative, up-building, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: "Dr. A. E. Robinson, 4215 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge \$3.00 to \$5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

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years, but this is the first time I have endeavored to place a letter in its columns. The correspondence columns are very interesting and also educating; as for the magazine, it should be found at every fireside. I am a farmer and also a bachelor. It seems to me that nearly all the male letter writers are bachelors. What is the attraction? I would be pleased to hear from those Sunday school girls who sign themselves Two Heavenly Girl Twins and also Betsy B, and perhaps I may be able to learn something about the inside work on a farm. Trusting this letter will not take up too much of your limited space, and wishing you every success. I will sign myself,

Sissor Bill.

The Country Dance.

Dundurn, Sask.

Dear Editor, — Having been for some time a very interested reader of your paper, I take the pleasure of writing to the correspondence columns. I am a poor, lonely homesteader, living about 20 miles from town, so if some of the Eastern girls, as well as Western girls,

platter, or forfeits, Blindman's Buff, or even skating. In skating you are allowed a certain embrace, and I have known skaters to take tumbles which were far from proper. Thanking the editor in hopes of publication. I will close and sign myself,

Kansas.

The Chore Question.

Dunallen, Man., March 14, 1912.

Dear Editor,—I have been an interested reader of your valuable magazine for some time and think it the best paper in print. It gives good, sound reading from cover to cover. I like the correspondence columns. I see no other paper has this, and if they had, they would only be an imitation of the real famous magazine—The Western Home Monthly. I am a farmer's son, and like plenty of sport. I am a total abstainer from bad habits. Now, I will give my opinions on the chore question. I don't think a woman should be expected to do a great deal of chores. I think that is the man's work, and a man should not be expected to scrub floors, wash dishes, and peel potatoes; that is a



A Last Look Round.

who profess to be in sympathy with the bachelors, will write to me I will gladly answer them. Now, I will take for my argument the dance that is not attended by the lower, vulgar classes where strong drink holds a prominent place, but the country dance, for instance. I, for one, would call it an accomplishment. It teaches us to be manly and courteous to those of the opposite sex. It gives a person an easy manner and a graceful walk. According to Webster, then, the voice, ease of speech, a graceful walk, and things of that sort are not accomplishments. Then what are they? At this day and age of the world does anybody question "fashion"? And since the attitude of the dancers are as they are, and the modern dance as Josephus terms it, cannot be performed in any other form, why should we question it? I suppose when we get to be old and grey we will look back and laugh at our folly. Does it make any difference as to whether round dancing was invented by lewd dancing masters or by the Pope of Rome, since its intention of to-day is entirely different. Is dancing the only thing that leads girls to their downfall? Why is it that the dance leads them to fall? Take other games, such as spinning the

woman's work, but if a couple sincerely love each other they will not object to helping each other, and life will be much pleasanter. I like the farm in preference to the city. I have been to Saskatchewan twice. I think it is a fine part of the country. Now, if any girl between 17 and 25 will write to me I will be pleased to answer all letters, if they will write first, as I am rather backward in starting. I will close. Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success and leaving my address with the editor. I will sign myself,

Kitchenjammer.

From One Who Dances.

Viscount, Sask.

Dear Editor.—It is some time now since I had a say in your columns. But I have gall enough to come again. I am still a subscriber and a very interested reader. And as for our Western Home Monthly, I do not think there is a better magazine printed anywhere. I like the Young Man and His Problem very much, and think it would be beautiful for any young man to read it. I mean all young men, even The Doctor. Well, now, readers and members of our merry circle, there have been several good letters in the last few issues. I

WOMAN SICK FOR YEARS

**Wants Other Women to Know
How She was Finally
Restored to Health.**

Hammond, Ont. — "I am passing through the Change of Life and for two years had hot flushes very bad, headaches, soreness in the back of head, was constipated, and had weak, nervous feelings. The doctor who attended me for a number of years did not help me, but I have been entirely relieved of the above symptoms by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Blood Purifier and Liver Pills, and give you permission to publish my testimonial." — Mrs. LOUIS BEAUCAGE, Sr., Hammond, Ont., Canada.



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If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

YOUR HEART



Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet, or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets, the remedy which has made so many marvelous cures. Not a secret or "patent" medicine. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets will cure you. Here is a sample of what they are daily doing:

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MOUNTAIN, ONT., DEC. 14th. 1910

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For six years, I suffered from dreadful Kidney Disease. My legs and lower part of my body were fearfully swollen. The pain in my side and legs would be so bad that I would faint with the agony.

Five different doctors attended me and all said it was Kidney Disease and gave me no hope of getting well.

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I have gained over 30 pounds since taking "Fruit-a-fives"—and my friends look upon my recovery as a miracle."

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admire the letter written by Constance. What a boon to our country if all our young men and women entertained the same opinion. I do believe that the bar should be put out of business entirely. The story Constance relates is only one of many thousands of similar ones. However sad, they are thoroughly reliable; such stories could be told every day. We see hundreds and thousands of broken hearts, ruined homes and wrecked reputations just on account of the bar; but we will hope for the best. The masses will soon get their eyes open, and I surely know some of us will live in the day when the bar will be a thing of the past, only a black spot in the history of humanity. Come again, Constance; your letter was very sensible and deserves everybody's considerations, which I am almost sure it will get. Now, about dancing. Josephus, I think, is a little radical in his or her views on dancing. But there, we all know that dancing to excess is sin, so are many other entertainments and sports. This cannot be denied by anyone. I believe that even skating is sin, as I have seen many things occur in the rink that are just as absurd as those improprieties Josephus is setting forth in his argument against dancing. I am very fond of dancing, but you must know that it should not be over practiced. If we are to look at nothing but the improprieties of dancing, we must do so with all other things, consequently nearly all social entertainments would have to be banished. You know that there is nothing in this world but what it has a dark side, and I have known people who condemned dancing as a dreadful sin who would sanction, nay, even partake in pleasures that were just as bad as dancing or even worse. Let me tell you that bad people will make anything look improper, even religion. Now, I will give a few words to Prairie Sprite and her love at first sight. My belief is that if some men and women were granted a second sight they would not fall in love at all. And I not only think a girl should love a fellow before she marries him, but I think that there should be love on both sides. I think that marriage without love is the curse of humanity and a crime against the laws of God. Where real love does not exist there should be no marriage contract under any circumstances whatever. Now I am afraid I will be taking up too much valuable space, so I am going to cut it out. I will not describe myself this time, as I have done so before. Suffice to say that I am a bachelor and a farmer (not doctor). Now I will close by wishing the editor and readers every future success, and with a faint hope of ever seeing this in print. I will sign myself, A Dancer.

Could Not Keep Out.

Saskatchewan.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Being one of the subscribers to The Western Home Monthly, I have just thought I might be able to have a few lines of mine in the next issue, at least, I have mustered up enough nerve to hope so. I have read The Western Home Monthly for several months now (I read it before I subscribed, you know), and am very much interested and pleased with its reading. The young's man's problem, as well as that of the young woman, and other items, are, indeed, interesting and instructive. I will say, and last but by no means least, comes your correspondence columns. The letters make a fellow feel as if he could not keep out of the magic circle. The majority of correspondents, I believe, give a description of themselves. I do not think I will do the same this time, other than to say that I am between twenty and twenty-five years of age. Am naturally fond of athletic sport in almost any shape or form. I also skate, dance, etc. Would like to hear from Bay of Fundy in November number, Just Snooks and Morning Glory in the January number. I am not on the matrimonial list, but am very fond of letters, especially receiving them. I will answer all letters promptly, and leave my address with the editor. Thanking him in advance for his kind attention to this, and wishing The Western Home Monthly readers every prosperity, I will sign myself, Alone.



Discouraged

The expression occurs so many times in letters from sick women, "I was completely discouraged." And there is always good reason for the discouragement. Years of pain and suffering. Doctor after doctor tried in vain. Medicines doing no lasting good. It is no wonder that the woman feels discouraged.

Thousands of these weak and sick women have found health and courage regained as the result of the use of

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It establishes regularity, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures weakness.

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Vitality gives you the manly courage to protect those depending upon you, as portrayed in the picture. No matter what thoughtless action or early indiscretion may have sapped your strength, Vitality restores it to you. It makes you over into a strong, vital, manly man, without an ache, pain or weakness.

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This 96-page book, illustrated with photo-engravings, gives a fund of health, vigor and vitality information which no man, single or married, can afford to be without; it points out Nature's way to preserve manhood and how to restore it. I send it to you willingly, free of charge, in a plain, sealed envelope. There will be no obligation on your part; keep it in your pocket, think over what it contains, then if you need me I am here at your service. The book fully describes my Health Belt. It contains a chapter on rheumatism, stomach disorders and other ills. If you are in or near Toronto, drop in to see me; no charge whatsoever for advice. Please fill in the coupon when you send for book.

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Dear Sirs—Please forward me your Book, as advertised, free.

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ADDRESS

The Trail of the Good.

By Franklin Welles Calkins.

They had come out from the meeting-house of the new mission, where a lately arrived missionary had been preaching to the Oglalas in their own tongue. The brothers, Yellow Horse and Iron Arm, had listened to the good man's teaching with more awe than understanding.

They had led their ponies to a stream, and while the animals were drinking, Yellow Horse spoke his thoughts.

"Brother," he said, earnestly, "it seems that we should go to seek this Trail of the Good of which the White-One-Talking has told us. I, indeed, wish to live as the white people and to walk in their straight road."

Iron Arm took time for reflection before answering. The two had led their animals back to the grazing ground, and had driven their picket-pins when the younger spoke.

"It is very necessary," he said, after observing that no one was within hearing, "that we should find the white man's road and walk in it till we are become as they are. Ho, brother, I think that this Trail of the Good should be found in the sacred country which our people are talking of selling to the white ones."

"How, it is so," said the elder, with conviction. "Thither will we go to hunt for it. Let us picket our horses farther away, that we may take them secretly. Hunt ye for it in secret," said the White-One-Talking.

They repicketed their horses, saying nothing further, and shortly after midnight, having stolen away from their mother's lodge, they set out for the pine-covered hills, for which the Great Father's commissioners were at that time bargaining. This country, because of its hot springs, its mysterious rocks and colored earths, from which their sacred paints were made, the Sioux had long held as sacred ground. It was a wakan—holy country—and they did not pitch the teepee, fight or hunt among its hills.

At noon the brothers reached the Miniskanskan, or mysterious springs of hot water, which were known to be healing to many complaints of the body, and which were considered as gifts, direct to the Sioux, of the "Most Mysterious." In the neighborhood of these springs the young men thought that they might find the "Trail of the Good."

They were very much in earnest, these young barbarians. They had for two years been penned in with their tribe upon a reservation, all the freedom of the old life cut off because of their fightings. The Sioux now knew that they must come to the white man's way of living, or perish.

The missionary had been sent to instruct them in this way, and some of the young men, seeing the many things which their conquerors enjoyed, were eager to live with them. Yellow Horse and Iron Arm had grasped in a crude way the idea of a real trail, a well-defined road, as the "strait and narrow way" of life.

They hunted in vain near the springs for any trail save the crooked paths of the deer and other wild creatures. Then they passed on, going north near to the farther limits of their sacred country. Here they came suddenly upon a white man's road, straight across a plateau.

They were elated. "Hau! hau!" they exclaimed, looking at each other with shining eyes. "This must indeed be the Trail of the Good." For they had understood that these trails were in all countries, if the seeker would patiently and with a good heart endeavor to find such a road for himself.

The young Sioux did not know of General Custer's exploring expedition of the year before, save from vague report. So they little dreamed that they followed a road of the great trail-maker, the scourge of their people, whose impatient haste made all roads as straight as possible.

Soon they came out of the hill-country upon the plain, and it seemed certain that they had found the Trail of the

Good. They rode all day over a trail which, in their eyes, at least, was marvelously straight, and their hearts beat high with hope that at the end of this road they should find themselves in possession of all those things which white people enjoy.

They had been told that the Most Mysterious God of these people, and of all the world, would provide for their needs. They camped that night upon a stream, where they killed several sage-grouse and caught some fish.

Toward noon of the next day they were astonished to hear firing in front of them.

"It is to frighten us—to see if we are cowards," said Iron Arm. "Come, let us go on, as we were told, fearing nothing."

Presently they came upon a flat valley, which cut, like a huge, broad ditch, across the prairie and the trail, and from its heights they saw a number of horsemen riding back and forth, a small party on either side of a stream. These men were shooting at each other,

Although their coming had unquestionably been noted by both hostile bands, no attention was paid to them until they had ridden up to the circuit of the Gros Ventres. Then the leader of these Indians left his line and approached them.

"Ho! ho!" he shouted joyously, seeing they were Sioux. "Now, you two shall help us to beat off these carrion Crows. Come on, we've already killed one of the fellows. It's a good fight, and we are now like in number."

The brothers halted stiffly, and Yellow Horse spoke in a cold, level tone:

"We are no more at war with anyone. This is the white man's peace road—the Trail of the Good. No one should be fighting here."

As they were talking, the fighting stopped, and the men of both bands sat at ease, looking at them.

Yellow Horse's calm manner and his voice of authority astonished the Gros Ventre, who inquired further into the matter. He was enlightened according to the best of the brothers' understanding. When at the end the Sioux declared that they were about to ride on, regardless of any fighting, the chief, knowing that the Crows were enemies of all Sioux, called together his men. These, when the matter was explained, agreed with him that there should be

several sharp turns among the river bluffs, and was no longer the safe Trail of the Good.

At the top of the bluffs, with the Crows pressing them hotly, but out of sight for the instant, they wheeled to the right, dashed in at the head of another coulee, and like a pair of foxes, doubled on their tracks.

It was a cunning manoeuvre, cunningly executed, and what with those Gros Ventres on the heels of the enemy, ought certainly to have succeeded. But the foremost Crows, knowing the lay of the ravines, had divined what they would do. Three of these had turned off the road, climbed swiftly to the crest of a ridge, and now came plowing down upon them recklessly in a tempest of dust and loose stones.

Too late the brothers saw these foes coming down the steeps. They could only rein in their horses to avoid collision. The foremost Crow was almost upon them when his pony stumbled, and its mad rider was flung nearly to the bottom of the gulch, where his lifeless body lodged against the trunk of a small pine.

The brothers had but one gun between them, Iron Arm's carbine, which they carried for the killing of small game. Iron Arm aimed at the second rider's horse and fired. The pony turned a somersault, landing its rider among some rocks, and the Crow was so badly hurt that, in attempting to rise, he pitched forward helplessly upon his face.

The third rider attempted to turn his horse up the gulch, and so escape, but fatality attended the Crows. This animal also lost its footing, and the rider, losing his weapon from his grasp, was rolled to the bottom of the gulch.

The brothers dismounted and sprang upon him. The Crow made a fierce struggle, but the wiry young Sioux got him down and tied him fast.

They rose, panting, to look and listen for further enemies. But they saw no one, and heard only the whoops of the exultant Gros Ventres, chasing the Crows upon the prairie above.

When these sounds fell away, they turned their attention to their captive, only to find that the man had suffered a hemorrhage at the mouth, and had died at their feet. In his terrific struggle with them he had burst a blood-vessel.

They looked at each other, awe and wonder in their faces. "Hau! hau!" they said. "It is the doing of the Most Mysterious of all—the white man's God!"

Their enemies lying dead or helpless, themselves unscathed, all this comported with what the missionary had said of those who truly seek the Trail of the Good.

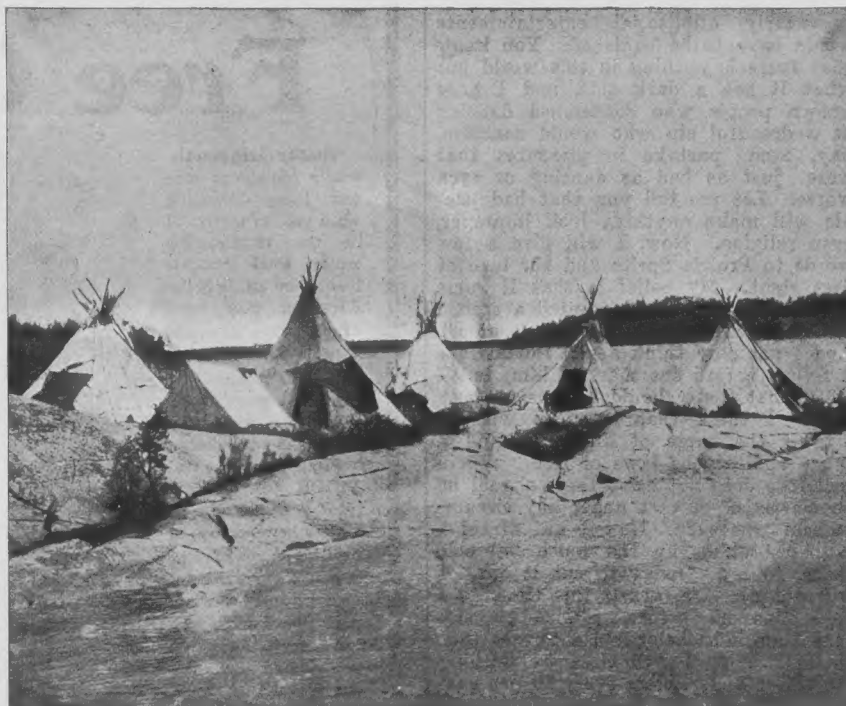
They now went to the relief of the injured rider, whose back was hurt so that he could not stand. They made him understand that they were his friends, not his enemies; that they no longer wished to fight with anyone.

Then in their rude way they bandaged the man's body, stiffening his injured spine, got him up on his horse, and set out for home. They dared not leave the Crow, for they were now certain that the Gros Ventres would be able to chase his fellows out of the country, if they did not kill them.

So, slowly, caring for the injured man, they made their way to the home reservation. When their story was told to the missionary, he talked to them long and earnestly, giving them instruction direct and personal; and at last they understood that, in refusing to fight their enemies, in nursing and caring for a once bitter foe, they had indeed set their feet firmly upon the Trail of the Good.

"How! how! how!" they assented, when the truth had dawned upon them, and their eyes shone with a new light.

Yellow Horse is now an ordained preacher to his people, and Iron Arm is an earnest and effective teacher in a Government school.



An Indian Encampment

having apparently met upon the trail and fallen to fighting.

For many minutes, sitting their horses in indecision, the Sioux watched the two small bands of Indians fighting. The brothers knew the strange warriors for Indians because of their spotted ponies and their manner of riding and fighting. Presently they saw a rider on the opposite side of the stream pitch off his horse and lie still upon the ground.

After this they heard shrill yells of triumph from the band nearest them. The shouts of these Indians determined their tribal identity. The brothers knew them for Gros Ventres, friends and old allies of the Oglalas.

"How!" said Yellow Horse, looking with deep inquiry into his brother's eyes. "I think that we ought to inform these people that they should quit fighting and killing."

"No harm can come to us if we keep to the Trail of the Good," answered Iron Arm. "So said the White-One-Talking."

Although they were young men, the younger not yet twenty years old, both had taken part in the wars of their tribe, and were proud of the fearlessness of Oglala soldiers. They rode down a steep ravine and out upon the flat land, sitting very stiff, and with a solemn dignity which was certainly in marked contrast to the eight or ten yelling Gros Ventres, who were skurrying to and fro across their trail, hanging to their horses in all sorts of positions.

no more firing until they had seen what would happen to the Oglalas.

The brothers now rode on, and crossed the creek, keeping to the trail with as much unconcern as if no tribal enemies were in front of them, awaiting their approach. "No harm can befall you so long as your feet keep to the Trail of the Good," so the missionary had told them.

A little way off the road the Crows sat looking at these unconcerned riders. When they were opposite, they hailed the brothers, demanding in the sign language to know who they were and what was the nature of their errand. The brothers answered by making signs of mystery, holding their hands aloft and waving them spirally, and signifying by other motions that their mission was holy or mysterious. The brothers avoided answering as to who they were, and had gone by out of certain shooting range before the Crows had decided that they were enemies.

The wild fellows acted promptly enough upon decision, and charged after the daring pair, yelling, "Sioux! Sioux!"

Yellow Horse and Iron Arm gave the quirt to their ponies, and looked behind to see the Crows racing upon their heels, and behind them the Gros Ventres in chase of the Crows.

It was quickly evident to the brothers that the enemy had better mounts than themselves, and that they must fight or dodge. And somehow the trail they were riding upon seemed suddenly to have become very crooked. It made

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